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THE ORIGIN
OF
THE ENGLISH DRAMA,

ILLUSTRATED IN ITS VARIOUS SPECIES,

VIZ.

MYSTERY, MORALITY, TRAGEDY,
AND COMEDY,

BY SPECIMENS FROM OUR EARLIEST WRITERS:

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES
BY THOMAS HAWKINS, M.A.
OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

— *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

OXFORD,

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M. DCC. LXX. III.

THE ORIGIN

Additional Notes.

C 2

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

ILLUSTRATED IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

MYSTERY, MORALITY, TRAGEDY,
AND COMEDY

BY SPECIMENS FROM OUR EARLIEST WRITERS:



EXPLANATORY
BY THOMAS NICHOLS, M.A.
OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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Additional Notes.

VOL. I.

Pag. 40. l. 8.

thou shalt make none attournay. i. e. *thou shalt appear personally. Alluding to the practice in our courts of justice, which in some cases require a personal appearance, but in others allow of an appearance by attorney.*

Pag. 94. l. 28.

that he stole forty pounde. stole, the prætertense of the verb steal.

Pag. 95. l. 31.

fewte, Jewte for suit.

Pag. 100. l. 21.

Hey, trolly, lolly, a common burden of old songs.

Pag. 101. l. 33.

captayne of Calays. This proves that this morality was written before the loss of Calais in Queen Mary's reign.

Pag. 109. last line.

lette be. i. e. forbear.

Pag. 144. l. 34. merely, merrily.

Pag. 184. l. 6.

mault worm, a sot, a great drinker. There is a pamphlet entitled a guide to Maltworms, directing to the best Alehouses in London.

Pag. 191. Note.

Or rather, some Image of the Virgin Mary had in peculiar reverence at Boulogne.

Pag.

Pag. 210. l. 15. Additional Notes.
toore, t'other.

Pag. 261. l. 11.
bod, i. e. abode.

Pag. 262. l. 24.
By Gogs, misprinted Gy Gogs.

Pag. 297. l. 18.
in her brome, with her broom.

VOL. II.

Pag. 308. Note.

GRIPE is a common name for a Griffin among our old writers: See in the Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poetry, Vol. 2. The old Ballad of Sir Aldingar, ver. 71. 135.

I dreamt a Grype . . . a grimlie beast,
Had carried my crowne away.

VOL. III.

Pag. 89. near the bottom.

More probably it should be

Thomas of Reading: or The Six worthy Yeomen of
the West. &c.

Pag. 142. Note.

Maid Marian was both Robin Hood's Concubine, and the
Lady of the Morris-Dance: the latter honour was conferred
on her in consequence of the former.

S U P P O S E S :

A

C O M E D Y

WRITTEN IN THE
ITALIAN TONGUE

BY

A R I O S T O,

ENGLISHED BY

G E O R G E G A S C O I G N E
O F G R A Y ' S I N N , E S Q U I R E .

A N D T H E R E P R E S E N T E D ,

1 5 6 6 .

SUPPOSE

A

COMEDY

WRITTEN IN THE

ITALIAN TONGUE

BY

ARIOSTO

ENGLISHED BY

GEORGE CASCIONE

OF GRAY'S INN, ESQUIRE

AND THERE PRESENTED

1566

S U P P O S E S.

Though this comedy be a translation from the Italian, and not of English growth, yet it comes recommended to us not only on account of its antiquity, being the first play written in prose in our language, but as having layed the foundation for SHAKESPEARE'S Taming of the Shrew. "Hence, (Mr. Farmer observes,) he borrowed part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention: there likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits and characters, and persuade a Scenæse, as he is called, to personate the Father, exactly as in The Taming of the Shrew, by the pretended danger of his coming from Sienna to Ferrara, contrary to the order of the government." See Mr. Farmer's Essay &c.

George Gascoigne esquire, translator of the above play, was an Essex man, educated at both Universities, and a poet of considerable eminence in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. His works, consisting of plays and poems, were collected together in one volume quarto, 1587, except The Glasse of Government, printed 1575. The most remarkable of his poems is The Steel-glasse, a general satire in blank verse, which notes the abuses in the several professions of life. Gascoigne was much applauded by the writers of that age. F. K. in his comment on SPENSER'S Kalendar, (Gloss. Nov.) calls him a witty gentleman, and the very chief of our late rimers.

And in a treatise, entitled The Blazon of Jealousy (translated from the Italian of Benedetto Varchi by R. T. Gent. 4^o. 1615) page 64. the translator says, "Though this new age hath brought more neat and tierce wits into the world, yet must not old George Gascoigne and Turberville (who translated Ovid's Epistles &c.) with some others be altogether rejected: since they first brake the ice for our quainter poets, who now write, that they may more safely swim through the main ocean of sweet poesie."

For a further account of this author, see Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

THE PROLOGUE, OR ARGUMENT.

I Suppose you are assembled here, supposing to reap the fruit of my travails: and, to be plain, I mean presently to present you with a comedy, called SUPPOSES; the very name whereof may, peradventure, drive into every of your heads a sundry suppose, to suppose the meaning of our supposes. Some, perchase, will suppose we mean to occupy your ears with sophistical handling of subtile suppositions: some other will suppose, we go about to decipher unto you some quaint conceits, which hitherto have been only supposed as it were in shadows: and some I see smiling, as though they supposed, we would trouble you with the vain suppose of some wanton suppose. But understand, this our suppose is nothing else but a mistaking or imagination of one thing for another: for you shall see the master supposed for the servant, the servant for the master, the freeman for a slave, and the bondslave for a freeman; the stranger for a well known friend; and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose, that even already you suppose me very fond that have so simply disclosed unto you the subtilties of these our supposes; where, otherwise indeed, I suppose, you should have heard almost the last of our supposes, before you could have supposed any of them aright. Let this then suffice.

THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

BALIA, *the nurse.*

POLYNESTA, *the young woman.*

CLEANDER, *the doctor suitor to POLYNESTA.*

PASIPHILLO, *the parasite.*

CARION, *the doctor's man.*

DULIPPO, *feigned servant, and lover of POLYNESTA.*

EROSTRATO, *feigned master, and suitor to POLYNESTA.*

DALIO and } *servants to feigned EROSTRATO.*

CRAPINO, }

SCÆNESE, *a gentleman stranger.*

PAQUETTO and } *his servants.*

PETRUCHIO, }

DAMON, *father to POLYNESTA.*

NEVOLA, *and two other his servants.*

PSYTERIA, *an old hag in his house.*

PHYLOGANO, *a Sicilian gentleman, father to EROSTRATO.*

LYTIO, *his servant.*

FERRARESE, *an inn-keeper of Ferrara.*

The comedy presented as it were in Ferrara.

S U P P O S E S.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA I.

Balia, the nurse, Polyneſta, the young woman.

Balia.

HERE is nobody; come forth, *Polyneſta*: let us look about, to be ſure left any man do hear our talk; for, I think, within the houſe the tables, the planks, the beds, the portals, yea and the cupboards themſelves have ears.

Polyneſta.

You might as well have ſaid, the windows and the doors: do you not ſee how they hearken?

Balia.

Well, you jeſt fair; but I would adviſe you take heed, I have bidden you a thouſand times beware: you will be ſpied one day talking with *Dulippo*.

Polyneſta.

And why ſhould I not talk with *Dulippo* as well as with any other, I pray you?

Balia.

I have given you a wherefore for this why many times: but go to, follow your own advice till you overwhelm us all with ſudden miſhap.

Polyneſta.

Polynesta.

A great mishap, I promise you : marry, God's blessing on their heart that set such a brooch on my cap.

Balia.

Well, look well about you : a man would think it were enough for you secretly to rejoice, that by my help you have passed so many pleasant nights together : and yet by my troth, I do it more than half against my will ; for I would rather you had settled your fancy in some noble family, yea and it is no small grief unto me, that, rejecting the suits of so many nobles and gentlemen, you have chosen for your darling a poor servant of your father's, by whom shame and infamy is the best dower you can look for to attain.

Polynesta.

And, I pray you, whom may I thank but gentle nurse, that, continually praising him, what for his personage, his courtesy, and, above all, the extreme passions of his mind, — in fine, you would never cease till I accepted him, delighted in him, and at length desired him with no less affection than he erst desired me.

Balia.

I cannot deny, but at the beginning I did recommend him unto you (as, indeed, I may say that for myself, I have a pitiful heart ;) seeing the depth of his unbridled affection, and that continually he never ceased to fill mine ears with lamentable complaints.

Polynesta.

Nay, rather, that he filled your purse with bribes and rewards, nurse.

Balia.

Well, you may judge of nurse as you list. Indeed, I have thought it always a deed of charity to help the miserable young men, whose tender youth consumeth with the furious flames of love : but be you sure, if I had thought you would have passed to the terms you now stand in, pity nor pension, penny nor pater-noster should ever have made nurse once to open her mouth in the cause.

Polynesta.

Polyneſta.

No? of honeſty, I pray you, who firſt brought him into my chamber? who firſt taught him the way to my bed but you? Fie, nurſe, fie; never ſpeak of it, for ſhame: you will make me tell a wiſe tale anon.

Balia.

And have I theſe thanks for my good will? Why then I ſee well, I ſhall be counted the cauſe of all miſhap.

Polyneſta.

Nay, rather, the author of my good hap, gentle nurſe; for I would thou kneweſt I love not *Dulippo*, nor any of ſo mean eſtate, but have beſtowed my love more worthily than thou dee-meſt: but I will ſay no more at this time.

Balia.

Then I am glad you have changed your mind yet.

Polyneſta.

Nay, I neither have changed nor will change it.

Balia.

Then I underſtand you not; how ſaid you?

Polyneſta.

Marry, I ſay — that I love not *Dulippo*, nor any ſuch as he; and yet I neither have changed, nor will change my mind.

Balia.

I cannot tell; you love to lie with *Dulippo*: this geer is *Greek* to me: either it hangs not well together, or I am very dull of underſtanding; ſpeak plain, I pray you.

Polyneſta.

I can ſpeak no plainer; I have ſworn to the contrary.

Balia.

How! make you ſo dainty to tell it nurſe, leſt ſhe ſhould reveal it? you have truſted me as far as may be (I may ſhew to you) in things that touch your honour, if they were known: and make you ſtrange to tell me this? I am ſure, it is but a triſſe in compariſon of thoſe things whereof heretofore you have made me privy.

Polyneſta.

Well, it is of greater importance than you think,
nurſe:

nurse: yet would I tell it you under condition and promise, that you shall not tell it again, nor give any sign or token to be suspected that you know it.

Balia.

I promise you of my honesty, say on.

Polyneſta.

Well, hear you me then: this young man whom you have always taken for *Dulippo*, is a noble born *Sicilian*, his right name *Eroſtrato*, ſon to *Philogano*, one of the worthieſt men in that country.

Balia.

How? *Eroſtrato*? Is it not our neighbour, which —

Polyneſta.

Hold thy talking, nurse, and hearken to me, that I may explain the whole caſe unto thee. The man whom to this day you have ſuppoſed to be *Dulippo* is, as I ſay, *Eroſtrato*, a gentleman that came from *Sicilia* to ſtudy in this city, and even at his firſt arrival met me in the ſtreet, fell enamoured of me; and of ſuch vehement force were the paſſions he ſuffered, that immediately he caſt aſide both long gown and books, and determined on me only to apply his ſtudy.* And to the end he might the more commodiouſly both ſee me, and talk with me, he exchanged both name, habit, cloths, and credit with his ſervant *Dulippo*, (whom only he brought with him out of *Sicilia*) and ſo with the turning of a hand, of *Eroſtrato* a gentleman, he became *Dulippo* a ſervingman, and ſoon after ſought ſervice of my father, and obtained it.

Balia.

Are you ſure of this?

Polyneſta.

Yea, out of doubt: on the other ſide, *Dulippo* took upon him the name of *Eroſtrato* his maſter, the habit, the credit, books, and all things needful to a ſtudent; and in ſhort ſpace profited very much, and is now eſteemed as you ſee.

* The firſt ſuppoſe and ground of all the ſuppoſes.

Balia.

SUPPOSES.

11

Balia.

Are there no other *Sicilians* here? nor none that pass this way, which may discover them?

Polyneſta.

Very few that pass this way, and few or none that tarry here any time.

Balia.

This hath been a strange adventure: but, I pray you, how hang these things together; that the student, whom you say to be the servant and not the master, is become an earnest suitor to you, and requireth you of your father in marriage?

Polyneſta.

That is a policy devised between them, to put doctor *Dotipoll* out of conceit; the old dotard, he that so instantly doth lie upon my father for me. — But look, where he comes; as God help me, it is he: out upon him! what a luskie younker is this? yet had I rather be a nun a thousand times, than be cumbered with such a coystrel.

Balia.

Daughter, you have reason; but let us go in before he come any nearer.

[*Polyneſta* goeth in, and *Balia* stayeth a little while after, speaking a word or two to the doctor, and then departeth.

SCENA II.

Cleander, doctor, Pasiphilo, parasite, Balia, nurse.

Cleander.

Were these dames here, or did mine eyes dazzle?

Pasiphilo.

Nay, sir, here were *Polyneſta* and her nurse.

Cleander.

Was my *Polyneſta* here? alas! I knew her not.

Balia.

Balia.

He must have better eyesight that should marry your *Polynesta*, or else he may chance to oversee the best point in his tables sometimes.

Pasiphilo.

Sir, it is no marvel; the air is very misty to-day: I myself know her better by her apparel than by her face.

Cleander.

In good faith, and I thank God I have mine eyesight good and perfect, little worse than when I was but twenty years old.

Pasiphilo.

How can it be otherwise? you are but young,

Cleander.

I am fifty years old,

Pasiphilo.

He tells ten less than he is.

Cleander.

What sayest thou of ten less?

Pasiphilo.

I say, I would have thought you ten less; you look like one of six and thirty, or seven and thirty at the most.

Cleander.

I am no less than I tell.

Pasiphilo.

You are like enough to live fifty more: show me your hand.

Cleander.

Why, is *Pasiphilo* a chiromancer?

Pasiphilo.

What is not *Pasiphilo*? I pray you, show me it a little.

Cleander.

Here it is.

Pasiphilo.

O, how strait and infract is this line of life! You will live to the years of *Melchisedeck*.

Cleander.

Thou wouldest say, *Methusalém*.

Pasiphilo.

Pasphilo.

Why, is it not all one?

Cleander.

I perceive, you are no very good bibler, *Pasphilo.*

Pasphilo.

Yes, sir, an excellent good bibbeler, specially in a bottle. O, what a mouth † of *Venus* here is! but this light serveth not very well; I will behold it another day, when the air is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peradventure, to your contentation.

Cleander.

You shall do me great pleasure: but tell me, I pray thee, *Pasphilo*, whom dost thou think *Polynesta* liketh better, *Erostrato* or me?

Pasphilo.

Why, you out of doubt: she is a gentlewoman of a noble mind, and maketh greater account of the reputation she shall have in marrying your worship, than that poor scholar, whose birth and parentage God knoweth, and very few else.

Cleander.

Yet, he taketh it upon him bravely in this country.

Pasphilo.

Yea; where no man knoweth the contrary: but let him brave it, boast his birth, and do what he can; the virtue and knowledge that is within this body of yours is worth more than all the country he came from.

Cleander.

It becometh not a man to praise himself; but, indeed, I may say, and say truly, that my knowledge hath stood me in better stead at a pinch, than could all the goods in the world. I came out of *Otranto* when the *Turks* won it: and, first, I came to *Padua*, after, hither; where by reading, counsailing, and pleading, within twenty years I have gathered and gained as good as ten thousand ducats.

† Perhaps mount.

Pasphilo.

Pasphilo.

Yea, marry, this is the right knowledge; philosophy, poetry, logick, and all the rest, are but pigling sciences in comparision to this.

Cleander.

But pickling indeed, whereof we have a verse:

The trade of law doth fill the boisterous bags:
They swim in silk when other roist in rags.

Pasphilo.

O, excellent verse! who made it? *Virgil?*

Cleander.

Virgil? Tush! it is written in one of our glosses.

Pasphilo.

Sure, whosoever wrote it, the moral is excellent, and worthy to be written in letters of gold. But, to the purpose: I think, you shall never recover the wealth that you lost at *Otranto*.

Cleander.

I think, I have doubled it; or, rather, made it four times as much: but, indeed, I lost mine only son there, a child of five years old.*

Pasphilo.

O, great pity!

Cleander.

Yea, I had rather have lost all the goods in the world.

Pasphilo.

Alas, alas! By God, and graffs of such a stock are very geason in these days.

Cleander.

I know not whether he were slain, or the *Turks* took him and kept him as a bondslave.

Pasphilo.

Alas! I could weep for compassion; but there is no remedy but patience: you shall get many by this young damsel, with the grace of God.

* Another suppose.

Cleander.

Cleander.

Yea, if I get her.

Pasiphilo.

Get her? why doubt you of that?

Cleander.

Why? her father holds me off with delays, so that I must needs doubt.

Pasiphilo.

Content yourself, sir; he is a wise man, and desirous to place his daughter well: he will not be too rash in his determination; he will think well of the matter: and let him think; for, the longer he thinketh, the more good of you shall he think: whose wealth, whose virtue, whose skill, or whose estimation can he compare to yours in this city?

Cleander.

And hast thou not told him, that I would make his daughter a dower of two thousand ducats?

Pasiphilo.

Why even now, I came but from thence since,

Cleander.

What said he?

Pasiphilo.

Nothing, but that *Erostrato* had proffered the like.

Cleander.

Erostrato! How can he make any dower, and his father yet alive.

Pasiphilo.

Think you, I did not tell him so? yes, I warrant you; I forgot nothing that may further your cause: and, doubt you not, *Erostrato* shall never have her unless it be in a dream.

Cleander.

Well, gentle *Pasiphilo*, go thy ways, and tell *Damon*, I require nothing but his daughter; I will none of his goods; I shall enrich her of mine own: and if this dower of two thousand ducats seem not sufficient, I will make it five hundred more, yea a thousand, or whatsoever he will

will demand rather than fail: go to, *Pasiphilo*, show thyself friendly in working this feat for me; spare for no cost; since I have gone thus far, I will be loath to be outbidden: go.

Pasiphilo.

Where shall I come to you again?

Cleander.

At my house.

Pasiphilo.

When?

Cleander.

When thou wilt.

Pasiphilo.

Shall I come at dinner time?

Cleander.

I would bid thee to dinner, but it is a saint's even, which I have ever fasted.

Pasiphilo.

Fast, till thou famish.

Cleander.

Hark.

Pasiphilo.

He speaketh of a dead man's fast.

Cleander.

Thou hearest me not.

Pasiphilo.

Nor thou understandest me not.

Cleander.

I dare say, thou art angry I bid thee not to dinner; but come if thou wilt, thou shalt take such as thou findest.

Pasiphilo.

What, think you, I know not where to dine?

Cleander.

Yes, *Pasiphilo*, thou art not to seek.

Pasiphilo.

No; be you sure, there are enough will pray me.

Cleander.

Cleander.

That I know well enough, *Pasiphilo*; but thou canst not be better welcome in any place than to me: I will tarry for thee.

Pasiphilo.

Well, since you will needs, I will come.

Cleander.

Despatch then, and bring no news but good.

Pasiphilo.

Better than my reward, by the rood.

[*Cleander exit. Pasiphilo restat.*]

SCENA III.

Pasiphilo. Dulippo.

Pasiphilo.

O miserable, covetous wretch! he findeth an excuse by St. *Nicholas*' fast, because I should not dine with him, as though I should dine at his own dish: he maketh goodly feasts, I promise you; it is no wonder, though he think me bound unto him for my fare: for, over and besides that his provision is as scant as may be, yet there is great difference between his diet and mine: I never so much as sip of the wine that he tasteth: I feed at the board's end with brown bread: marry, I reach always to his own dish, for there are no more but that only on the table; yet he thinks, that for one such dinner I am bound to do him all the service that I can, and thinks me sufficiently rewarded for all my travail, with one such festival promotion. And yet, peradventure some men think, I have great gains under him: but I may say and swear, that, this dozen year, I have not gained so much in value as the points at my hose; (which are but three, codpiece point and all:) he thinks, that I may feed upon his favour and fair words; but if I could not otherwise provide for one, *Pasiphilo* were in a wise case. *Pasiphilo* hath mo pastures to pass in than one, I

warrant you : I am of household with this scholar *Erostrato* his rival, as well as with *Domine Cleander*; now with the one, and then with the other, according as I see their caters provide good cheer at the market: and I find the means so to handle the matter, that I am welcome to both. If the one see me talk with the other, I make him believe it is to hearken news in the furtherance of his cause: and thus I become a broker on both sides. Well, let them both apply the matter as well as they can; for, indeed, I will travail for none of them both: yet will I seem to work wonders on each hand. — But is not this one of *Damon's* servants that cometh forth? It is: of him I shall understand where his master is. — Whither goeth this jolly gallant?

Dulippo.

I come to seek somebody that may accompany my master at dinner; he is alone, and would fain have good company.

Pasiphilo.

Seek no further; you could never have found one better than me.

Dulippo.

I have no commission to bring so many.

Pasiphilo.

How many? I will come alone.

Dulippo.

How canst thou come alone that hast continually a legion of ravening wolves within thee?

Pasiphilo.

Thou dost, as servants commonly do, hate all that love to visit their masters.

Dulippo.

And why?

Pasiphilo.

Because they have too many teeth as you think.

Dulippo.

Nay, because they have too many tongues.

Pasiphilo.

Pasiphilo.

Tongues? I pray you, what did my tongue ever hurt you?

Dulippo.

I speak but merrily with you, *Pasiphilo*; go in; my master is ready to dine.

Pasiphilo.

What, dineth he so early?

Dulippo.

He that riseth early dineth early.

Pasiphilo.

I would I were his man: matter doctor never dineth till noon; and how delicately then God knoweth: I will be bold to go in; for I count myself bidden.

Dulippo.

You were best do so.

[*Pasiphilo intrat. Dulippo restat.*

Dulippo.

Hard hap had I when I first began this unfortunate enterprise; for I supposed the readiest medicine to my miserable affects had been to change name, cloths, and credit with my servant, and to place myself in *Damon's* service; thinking that, as shivering cold by glowing fire, thirst by drink, hunger by pleasant repasts, and a thousand such like passions find remedy by their contraries, so my restless desire might have found quiet by continual contemplation. But, alas! I find, that only love is unsatiable; for as the fly playeth with the flame till at last she is cause of her own decay, so the lover, that thinketh with kissing and colling to content his unbridled appetite, is commonly seen the only cause of his own consumption. Two years are now past since, under the colour of *Damon's* service, I have been a sworn servant to *Cupid*; of whom I have received as much favour and grace as ever man found in his service. I have free liberty at all times to behold my desired, to talk with her, to embrace her; yea, be it spoken in secret, to lie with her. I reap the

fruits of my desire, yet as my joys abound, even so my pains increase. I fare like the covetous man, that, having all the world at will, is never yet content: the more I have, the more I desire. Alas! what wretched estate have I brought myself unto, if, in the end of all my far fetches, she be given by her father to this old dotting doctor, this buzzard, this bribing villain, that by so many means seeketh to obtain her at her father's hands: I know, she loves me best of all others; but what may that prevail when perforce she shall be constrained to marry another? Alas! the pleasant taste of my sugared joys doth yet remain so perfect in my remembrance, that the least sop of sorrow seemeth more sour than gall in my mouth. If I had never known delight, with better contentation might I have passed these dreadful dolours. And if this old *Mumpsimus* (whom the pox consume!) should win her, then may I say, farewell the pleasant talk, the kind embracings; yea, farewell the sight of my *Polynesta*: for he, like a jealous wretch, will pen her up, that, I think, the birds of the air shall not win the sight of her. I hoped to have cast a block in his way, by the means that my servant (who is supposed to be *Erostrato*, and with my habit and credit is well esteemed) should proffer himself a suitor, at the least to countervail the doctor's proffers. But my master, knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the state of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with fair words, but to accept the doctor (whom he right well knoweth) for his son-in-law. Well, my servant promised me yesterday to devise yet again some new conspiracy to drive master doctor out of conceit, and to lay a snare that the fox himself might be caught in: what it is I know not, nor I saw him not since he went about it. I will go see if he be within; that, at least, if he help me not, he may yet prolong my life for this once. But here cometh his lackey. — Ho, *Jack Pack*, where is *Erostrato*?

[Here must *Crapino* be coming in with a basket and a stick in his hand.

S C E N A

SUPPOSES.

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SCENA IIII.

Crapino the lackey, Dulippo.

Crapino.

Erostrato? Marry, he is in his skin.

Dulippo.

Ah, whoreson boy, I say, how shall I find *Erostrato*?

Crapino.

Find him? how mean you, by the week or by the year?

Dulippo.

You crack-halter, if I catch you by the ears, I'll make you answer directly.

Crapino.

Indeed!

Dulippo.

Tarry me a little.

Crapino.

In faith, sir, I have no leisure.

Dulippo.

Shall we try who can run fastest?

Crapino.

Your legs be longer than mine, you should have given me the advantage.

Dulippo.

Go to; tell me, where is *Erostrato*?

Crapino.

I left him in the street, where he gave me this casket, (this basket I would have said) and bade me bear it to *Dalio*, and return to him at the duke's palace.

Dulippo.

If thou see him, tell him I must needs speak with him immediately: or, abide awile; I will go seek him myself rather than be suspected by going to his house.

[*Crapino departeth, and Dulippo also: after, Dulippo cometh in again seeking Erostrato.*]

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Dulippo, Erostrato.

Dulippo.

I THINK, if I had as many eyes as *Argus* I could not have sought a man more narrowly in every street, and every by-lane; there are not many gentlemen, scholars, nor merchants in the city of *Ferrara*, but I have met with them except him: peradventure he is come home another way: but, look where he cometh at the last.

Erostrato.

In good time have I spied my good master.

Dulippo.

For the love of God, call me *Dulippo*, not master; maintain the credit that thou hast hitherto kept, and let me alone.

Erostrato.

But, sir, let me sometimes do my duty unto you, especially where nobody heareth.

Dulippo.

Yea, but so long the parrot useth to cry knap in sport, that at the last she calleth her master knave in earnest: so long you will use to call me master, that at the last we shall be heard. What news?

Erostrato.

Good.

Dulippo.

Indeed?

Erostrato.

Yea, excellent; we have as good as won the wager.

Dulippo.

O, how happy were I if this were true!

Erostrato.

Erostrato.

Hear you me: yesternight in the evening I walked out and found *Pasiphilo*, and with small entreating I had him home to supper; where, by such means as I used, he became my great friend, and told me the whole order of our adversary's determination: yea, and what *Damon* doth intend to do also; and hath promised me, that, from time to time, what he can espy he will bring me word of it.

Dulippo.

I cannot tell whether you know him or no; he is not to trust unto, a very flattering and a lying knave.

Erostrato.

I know him very well, he cannot deceive me: and this that he hath told me I know must needs be true.

Dulippo.

And what was it in effect?

Erostrato.

That *Damon* had purposed to give his daughter in marriage to this doctor, on the dower that he hath proffered.

Dulippo.

Are these your good news, your excellent news?

Erostrato.

Stay awhile; you will understand me before you hear me.

Dulippo.

Well, say on.

Erostrato.

I answered to that, I was ready to make her the like dower.

Dulippo.

Well said.

Erostrato.

Abide, you hear not the worst yet.

Dulippo.

O God, is there any worse behind?

Erostrato.

Erofrato.

Worse? why what assurance could you suppose that I might make without some special consent from *Philogano* my father?

Dulippo.

Nay, you can tell; you are better scholar than I.

Erofrato.

Indeed, you have lost your time; for the books that you toss now-a-days treat of small science.

Dulippo.

Leave thy jesting, and proceed.

Erofrato.

I said further, that I received letters lately from my father, whereby I understood that he would be here very shortly to perform all that I had proffered: therefore I required to request *Damon* on my behalf that he would stay his promise to the doctor for a fortnight or more.

Dulippo.

This is somewhat yet; for by this means I shall be sure to linger and live in hope one fortnight longer; but at the fortnight's end when *Philogano* cometh not, how shall I then do? yea, and though he came, how may I any way hope of his consent, when he shall see, that, to follow this amorous enterprize, I have set aside all study, all remembrance of my duty, and all dread of shame. Alas, alas! I may go hang myself.

Erofrato.

Comfort yourself, man, and trust in me: there is a salve for every sore; and, doubt you not, to this mischief we shall find a remedy.

Dulippo.

O friend, revive me, that hitherto since I first attempted this matter have been continually dying.

Erofrato.

Well, hearken awhile then: this morning I took my horse, and rode into the fields to solace myself; and, as I passed the ford beyond St. *Antony's* gate, I met at the
foot

foot of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men: and, as methought by his habit and his looks, he should be none of the wisest. He saluted me, and I him: I asked him from whence he came, and whither he would. He answered, that he had come from *Venice*, then from *Padua*; now was going to *Ferrara*, and so to his country, which is *Scienna*. As soon as I knew him to be a *Scenese*, suddenly lifting up mine eyes, (as it were, with an admiration) I said unto him, Are you a *Scenese*, and come to *Ferrara*? Why not, said he. Quoth I, (half and more with a trembling voice) Know you the danger that should ensue if you be known in *Ferrara* to be a *Scenese*? He, (more than half amazed) desired me earnestly to tell him what I meant.

Dulippo.

I understand not whereto this tendeth.

Erostrato.

I believe you; but hearken to me.

Dulippo.

Go to, then.

Erostrato.

I answered him in this sort: Gentleman, because I have heretofore found very courteous entertainment in your country, being a student there, I account myself as it were bound to a *Scenese*; and, therefore, if I knew of any mishap towards any of that country, God forbid, but I should disclose it. And I marvel, that you knew not of the injury that your countrymen offered this other day to the ambassadors of county *Hercules*.

Dulippo.

What tales he telleth me! What appertain these to me?

Erostrato.

If you will hearken awhile, you shall find them no tales, but that they appertain to you more than you think for.

Dulippo.

Dulippo.

Forth.

Erostrato.

I told him further, these ambassadors of county *Hercules* had divers mules, waggons, and chariots, laden with divers costly jewels, gorgeous furniture, and other things, which they carried as presents (passing that way) to the king of *Naples*: the which were not only stayed in *Sciene* by the officers whom you call customers, but searched, ransacked, tossed, and turned, and in the end, exacted for tribute, as if they had been the goods of a mean merchant.

Dulippo.

Whither the devil will he? Is it possible, that this gear appertain any thing to my cause? I find neither head nor foot in it.

Erostrato.

O, how impatient you are! I pray you, stay awhile.

Dulippo.

Go to, yet awhile then.

Erostrato.

I proceeded, that, upon these causes, the duke sent his chancellor to declare the case unto the senate there, of whom he had the most uncourteous answer that ever was heard: whereupon he was so enraged with all of that country, that, for revenge, he had sworn to spoil as many of them as ever should come to *Ferrara*, and to send them home in their doublet, and their hose.

Dulippo.

And I pray thee, how couldst thou upon the sudden devise or imagine such a lie, and to what purpose?

Erostrato.

You shall hear by and by a thing as fit for our purpose as any could have happened.

Dulippo.

I would fain hear you conclude.

Erostrato.

Erostrato.

You would fain leap over the stile, before you come at the hedge: I would you had heard me, and seen the gestures that I enforced to make him believe this.

Dulippo.

I believe you; for, I know, you can counterfeit well.

Erostrato.

Further I said, the duke had charged upon great penalties, that the innholders and victualers should bring word daily of as many *Sceneses* as came to their houses. The gentleman being (as I guessed at the first) a man of small *sapientia*, when he heard these news, would have turned his horse another way.

Dulippo.

By likelihood he was not very wise, when he would believe that of his country, which, if it had been true, every man must needs have known it.

Erostrato.

Why not, when he had not been in his country for a month past? and I told him, this had happened within these seven days.

Dulippo.

Belike, he was of small experience.

Erostrato.

I think, of as little as may be: but best of all for our purpose, and good adventure it was that I met with such an one. Now hearken, I pray you.

Dulippo.

Make an end, I pray thee.

Erostrato.

He, as I say, when he heard these words, would have turned the bridle: and I, feigning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensive and careful for him, paused awhile; and, after, with a great sigh said unto him, — Gentleman, for the courtesy that, as I said, I have found in your country, and because your affairs shall be the better despatched, I will find the means to lodge you in my house;

house; and you shall say to every man, that you are a *Sicilian* of *Cathanea*, your name *Philogano*, father to me that am indeed of that country and city, called here *Erofrato*. And I, to pleasure you, will, during your abode here, do you reverence as you were my father.

Dulippo.

Out upon me! what a gross-headed fool am I? Now I perceive whereto this tale tendeth.

Erofrato.

Well, and how like you of it?

Dulippo.

Indifferently; but, one thing I doubt.

Erofrato.

What is that?

Dulippo.

Marry, that, when he hath been here two or three days he shall hear of every man that there is no such thing between the duke and the town of *Sciene*.

Erofrato.

As for that, let me alone: I do entertain, and will entertain him so well, that, within these two or three days, I will disclose unto him all the whole matter; and doubt not but to bring him in for performance of as much as I have promised to *Damon*: for what hurt can it be to him, when he shall bind a strange name and not his own?

Dulippo.

What, think you he will be entreated to stand bound for a dower of two thousand ducats by the year?

Erofrato.

Yea, why not? if it were ten thousand, as long as he is not indeed the man that is bound?

Dulippo.

Well, if it be so, what shall we be the nearer to our purpose?

Erofrato.

Why, when we have done as much as we can, how can we do any more?

Dulippo.

Dulippo.

And where have you left him?

Erostrato.

At the inn, because of his horses: he and his man shall lie in my house.

Dulippo.

Why brought you him not with you?

Erostrato.

I thought better to use your advise first.

Dulippo.

Well, go take him home; make him all the cheer you can; spare for no cost, I will allow it.

Erostrato.

Content; look, where he cometh.

Dulippo.

Is this he? go meet him: by my troth, he looks like a good soul; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead: I will rest here awhile to decipher him.

[*Erostrato spies the Scenese, and goeth towards him: Dulippo stands aside.*]

SCENA II.

*The Scenese, Paquetto and Petruchio,
his Servants. Erostrato.*

Scenese.

He that travelleth in this world passeth by many perils.

Paquetto.

You say true, sir; * if the boat had been a little more laden this morning at the ferry we had been all drowned; for, I think, there are none of us that could have swom.

* *Another suppose.*

Scenese.

Scenese.

I speak not of that.

Paquette.

O, you mean the foul way that we had since we came from this *Padua*; I promise you, I was afraid twice or thrice that your mule would have lien fast in the mire.

Scenese.

Jesu! what a blockhead thou art! I speak of the peril we are in presently since we came into this city.

Paquette.

A great peril, I promise you, that we were no sooner arrived, but you found a friend that brought you from the inn, and lodged you in his own house.

Scenese.

Yea, marry; God reward the gentle young man that we met, for else we had been in a wiser case by this time. † But have done with these tales, and take you heed, — and you also, *sirrah*, — take heed that none of you say we be *Sceneses*, and remember that you call me *Philogano* of *Cathanea*.

Paquette.

Sure, I shall never remember these outlandish words; I could well remember *Haccanea*.

Scenese.

I say, *Cathanea*, and not *Haccanea*, with a vengeance.

Paquette.

Let another name it then when need is, for I shall never remember it.

Scenese.

Then hold thy peace; and take heed thou name not *Scene*.

Paquette.

How say you, if I feign myself dumb, as I did once in the house of *Crisobolus*?

Scenese.

Do as thou thinkest best: — but look, where cometh the gentleman whom we are so much bound unto.

† *A doltish suppose,*

Erostrato.

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Erostrato.

Welcome, my dear father, *Philogano*.

Scenese.

Gramercy, my good son *Erostrato*.

Erostrato.

That is well said: be mindful of your tongue, for these *Ferrateses* be as crafty as the devil of hell.

Scenese.

No, no; be you sure, we will do as you have bidden us.

Erostrato.

For, if you should name *Scene*, they would spoil you immediately, and turn you out of the town, with more shame than I would should befall you for a thousand crowns.

Scenese.

I warrant you; I was giving them warning, as I came to you: and I doubt not but they will take good heed.

Erostrato.

Yea, and trust not the servants of my household too far, for they are *Ferrareses* all; and never knew my father, nor never came in *Sicilia*: this is my house; will it please you to go in? I will follow.

[They go in. Dulippo tarrieth, and espieth the doctor coming in with his man.]

SCENA III.

Dulippo alone.

This gear hath had no evil beginning, if it continue so, and fall to happy end. But is not this the silly doctor with the fide bonnet, the doting fool, that dares presume to become a suitor to such a peerless paragon! O, how covetousness doth blind the common sort of men! *Damon*, more desirous of the dower, than mindful of his gentle and gallant daughter, hath determined to make him his son-in-law, who, for his age, may be his father-in-law;

in-law; and hath greater respect to the abundance of goods, than to his own natural child. He beareth well in mind to fill his own purse, but he little remembereth that his daughter's purse shall be continually empty, unless master doctor fill it with double duck eggs. Alas! I jest, and have no joy: I will stand here aside, and laugh a little at this lobcock.

[*Dulippo espieth the doctor and his man coming.*]

Carion the doctor's man, Cleander, Dulippo.

Carion.

Master, what the devil mean you to go seek guests at this time of the day? the mayor's officers have dined ere this time, which are always the last in the market.

Cleander.

I come to seek *Pasiphilo*, to the end he may dine with me.

Carion.

As though six mouths, and the cat for the seventh, be not sufficient to eat an harlotry shotrel, a pennyworth of cheese, and half a score spurlings; this is all the dainties you have dressed for you and your family.

Cleander.

Ah, greedy gut, art thou afeard thou shalt want?

Carion.

I am afeard indeed; it is not the first time I have found it so.

Dulippo.

Shall I make some sport with this gallant? what shall I say to him?

Cleander.

Thou art afeard, belike, that he will eat thee and the rest.

Carion.

Nay, rather, that he will eat your mule, both hair and hide.

Cleander.

Cleander.

Hair and hide! and why not flesh and all?

Carion.

Because she hath none. If she had any flesh, I think, you had eaten her yourself by this time.

Cleander.

She may thank you then for your good attendance.

Carion.

Nay, she may thank you for your small allowance.

Dulippo.

In faith now, let me alone.

Cleander.

Hold thy peace, drunken knave, and espy me *Pasiphilo*.

Dulippo.

Since I can do no better, I will set such a stance between him and *Pasiphilo*, that all this town shall not make them friends.

Carion.

Could you not have sent to seek him, but you must come yourself? surely, you come for some other purpose; for, if you would have had *Pasiphilo* to dinner, I warrant you, he would have tarried here an hour since.

Cleander.

Hold thy peace; here is one of *Damon's* servants, of him I shall understand, where he is. — Good fellow, art not thou one of *Damon's* servants?

Dulippo.

Yes, sir, at your knamandement.

Cleander.

Gramercy; tell me then, hath *Pasiphilo* been here this day or no?

Dulippo.

Yes, sir; and, I think, he be there still: ah, ah, ah.

Cleander.

What laughest thou?

Dulippo.

At a thing that every man may not laugh at.

* Another suppose.

VOL. III.

C

Cleander.

Cleander.

What ?

Dulippo.

Talk, that *Pasipbilo* had with my master this day.

Cleander.

What talk, I pray thee ?

Dulippo.

I may not tell it.

Cleander.

Doth it concern me ?

Dulippo.

Nay, I will say nothing.

Cleander.

Tell me.

Dulippo.

I can say no more.

Cleander.

I would but know if it concern me : I pray thee, tell me.

Dulippo.

I would tell you, if I were sure you would not tell it again.

Cleander.

Believe me, I will keep it close : — *Carion*, give us leave a little, go aside.

Dulippo.

If my master should know that it came by me, I were better die a thousand deaths.

Cleander.

He shall never know it, say on.

Dulippo.

Yea, but what assurance shall I have ?

Cleander.

I lay thee my faith and honesty in pawn.

Dulippo.

A pretty pawn ; the fulkers will not lend you a farthing upon it.

Cleander.

Yea, but amongst honest men it is more worth than gold.

Dulippo.

Dulippo.

Yea, marry, sir; but where be they? but will you needs have me to tell it unto you?

Cleander.

Yea, I pray thee, if it any thing appertain to me.

Dulippo.

Yes, it is of you; and I would gladly tell it you, because I would not have such a man of worship so scorned by a villain ribauld.

Cleander.

I pray thee, tell me then.

Dulippo.

I will tell you so that you will swear never to tell it to *Pasiphilo*, to my master, nor to any other body.

Carion.

Surely, it is some toy devised to get some money of him.

Cleander.

I think, I have a book here.

Carion.

If he knew him as well as I, he would never go about it; for he may as soon get one of his teeth from his jaws with a pair of pincers, as a penny out of his purse with such a conceit.

Cleander.

Here is a letter will serve the turn: I swear to thee by the contents hereof never to disclose it to any man.

Dulippo.

I will tell you, I am sorry to see how *Pasiphilo* doth abuse you, persuading you that always he laboureth for you; where, indeed, he lieth on my master continually, as it were, with tooth and nail for a stranger, a scholar, born in *Silicia*: they call him *Roscus* or *arsekifs*; he hath a mad name, I can never hit upon it.

Cleander.

And thou reckonest it as madly: is it not *Erostrato*?

Dulippo.

That same, I should never have remembered it:

C c

and

and the villain speaketh all the evil of you that can be devised.

Cleander.

To whom?

Dulippo.

To my master; yea and to *Polyneſta* herſelf ſometimes.

Cleander.

Is it poſſible? Ah, ſlave! and what ſaith he?

Dulippo.

More evil than I can imagine: that you are the miſerableſt and moſt niggardly man that ever was.

Cleander.

Saith *Pafipbilo* ſo by me?

Dulippo.

And that as often as he cometh to your houſe, he is like to die for hunger, you fare ſo well.

Cleander.

That the devil take him elſe!

Dulippo.

And that you are the teſtieſt man, and moſt divers to pleaſe in the whole world; ſo that he cannot pleaſe you, unleſs he ſhould even kill himſelf with continual pain.

Cleander.

O devilish tongue!

Dulippo.

Furthermore, that you cough continually and ſpit, ſo that a dog cannot abide it.

Cleander.

I never ſpit nor cough more than this, who, who; and that but ſince I caught this murre: but who is free from it?

Dulippo.

You ſay true, ſir; yet further he ſaith, your arm-holes ſtink; your feet worſe than they; and your breath worſt of all.

Cleander.

If I quit him not for this gear, —

Dulippo.

Dulippo.

And that you are bursten in the cods.

Cleander.

O villain! he lieth, and if I were not in the street, thou shouldest see them.

Dulippo.

And he saith, that you desire this young gentlewoman, as much for other men's pleasure as for your own.

Cleander.

What meaneth he by that?

Dulippo.

Peradventure, that by her beauty you would entice many young men to your house.

Cleander.

Young men? to what purpose?

Dulippo.

Nay, guess you that.

Cleander.

Is it possible, that *Pasiphilo* speaketh thus of me?

Dulippo.

Yea, and much more.

Cleander.

And doth *Damon* believe him?

Dulippo.

Yea, more than you would think; in such sort, that, long ere this, he would have given you a flat repulse, but *Pasiphilo* entreated him to continue you a suitor for his advantage.

Cleander.

How, for his advantage?

Dulippo.

Marry, that, during your suit, he might still have some reward for his great pains.

Cleander.

He shall have a rope, and yet that is more than he deserveth: I had thought to have given him these hose when I had worn them a little nearer, but he shall have a, &c,

Dulippo.

In good faith, fir, they were but lost on him. Will you any thing else with me, fir?

Cleander.

Nay, I have heard too much of thee already.

Dulippo.

Then will I take my leave of you.

Cleander.

Farewel; but tell me, may I not know thy name?

Dulippo.

Sir, they call me, *Foul fall you.*

Cleander.

An illfavoured name, by my troth: art thou this countryman?

Dulippo.

No, fir; I was born by a castle men call, *Scab catch you*: fare you well, fir.

Cleander.

Farewel: — O God, how have I been abused! what a spokesman, what a messenger had I provided!

Carion.

Why, fir, will you tarry for *Pasiphilo*, till we die for hunger?

Cleander.

Trouble me not: that the devil take you both!

Carion.

These news, whatsoever they be, like him not.

Cleander.

Art thou so hungry yet? I pray to God, thou be never satisfied.

Carion.

By the mass, no more I shall as long as I am your servant.

Cleander.

Go with a mischance!

Carion.

Yea, and a mischief to you, and to all such covetous wretches!

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI.

A C T U S III. S C E N A I.

Dalio *the cook*, Crapine *the lackey*, Erostrato, Dulippo.

Dalio.

BY that time we come to the house, I trust, that of these twenty eggs in the basket we shall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to talk to him. What the devil, wilt thou never lay that stick out of thy hand? He fighteth with the dogs, beateth the bears, at every thing in the street he findeth occasion to tarry: if he spy a slip-string by the way, such another as himself, a page, a lackey, or a dwarf, the devil of hell cannot hold him in chains, but he will be doing with him: I cannot go two steps, but I must look back for my younker: — Go to, halter-sick; if you break one egg, I may chance break &c.

Crapine.

What will you break? your nose in mine &c.

Dalio.

Ah, beast!

Crapine.

If I be a beast, yet I am no horned beast.

Dalio.

Is it even so? is the wind in that door? if I were unladen, I would tell you whether I be a horned beast or no.

Crapine.

You are alway laden either with wine or with ale.

Dalio.

Ah, spiteful boy! shall I suffer him?

Crapine.

S U P P O S E S.

Crapine.

Ah, cowardly beast! darest thou strike and say never a word?

Dalio.

Well, my master shall know of this gear: either he shall redress it, or he shall lose one of us.

[*Erostrato et Dulippo, ex improvise.**Erostrato.*

What noise, what a rule is this?

Crapine.

Marry, sir, he striketh me because I tell him of his swearing.

Dalio.

The villain lieth deadly, he reviles me, because I bid him make haste.

Erostrato.

Holla! no more of this. — *Dalio*, do you make in a readiness those pigeons, stockdoves, and also the breast of veal: and let your vessel be as clear as glass against I return; that I may tell you which I will have roasted, and which boiled. — *Crapino*, lay down that basket, and follow me. — O, that I could tell where to find *Pasipbilo*! but, look, where he cometh that can tell me of him.

[*Dulippo is espied by Erostrato.**Dulippo.*

What have you done with *Philogano* your father?

Erostrato.

I have left him within; I would fain speak with *Pasipbilo*, can you tell me where he is?

Dulippo.

He dined this day with my master; but whether he went from thence I know not, what would you with him?

Erostrato.

I would have him go tell *Damon*, that *Philogano* my father is come, and ready to make assurance of as much as he will require. Now shall I teach master doctor a school point; he travaileth to none other end but to catch

cornua,

SUPPOSES.

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cornua, and he shall have them; for, as old as he is, and as many subtleties as he hath learned in the law, he cannot go beyond me one ace.

Dulippo.

O dear friend, go thy ways; seek *Pasiphilo*; find him out, and conclude somewhat to our contentation.

Erostrato.

But where shall I find him?

Dulippo.

At the feasts, if there be any; or else in the market with the poulterers or fishmongers.

Erostrato.

What should he do with them?

Dulippo.

Marry, he watcheth whose caters buy the best meat. If any buy a fat capon, a good breast of veal, fresh salmon, or any such good dish, he followeth to the house; and other with some news, or some stale jest, he will be sure to make himself a guest.

Erostrato.

In faith, and I will seek there for him.

Dulippo.

Then must you needs find him; and when you have done I will make you laugh.

Erostrato.

Whereat?

Dulippo.

At certain sport I made to-day with master doctor.

Erostrato.

And why not now?

Dulippo.

No, it asketh further leisure; I pray thee, despatch, and find out *Pasiphilo* that honest man.

[*Dulippo tarrieth. Erostrato goeth out.*]

SCENA

S C E N A II.

Dulippo alone.

Dulippo.

This amorous cause that hangs in controversy betwixt *Domine Doctor* and me, may be compared to them that play at primero: of whom one, peradventure, shall leese a great sum of money before he win one stake; and, at last, half in anger shall set up his rest: win it: and after that another, another, and another; till, at last, he draw the most part of the money to his heap: the other by little and little still diminishing his rest, till at last he be come as near the brink, as erst the other was: yet again, peradventure, fortune smiling on him, he shall as it were by piecemeal, pull out the guts of his fellow's bags, and bring him barer than he himself was tofore; and so in play continue still (fortune favouring now this way now that way) till at last the one of them is left with as many crosses as God hath brethren. O, how often have I thought myself sure of the upper hand herein! But I triumphed before the victory. And then how often again have I thought the field lost? Thus have I been tossed now over now under, even as fortune list to whirl the wheel, neither sure to win, nor certain to lose the wager. And this practice that now my servant hath devised, although hitherto it hath not succeeded amiss, yet can I not count myself assured of it; for I fear still that one mischance or other will come and turn it topsy turvy. But look, where my master cometh.

[Damon coming in, espieth Dulippo and calleth him.]

S C E N A

SCENA III.

Damon, Dulippo, Nevola, and two mo Servants.

Damon.

Dulippo, —

Dulippo.

Here, fir.

Damon.

Go in, and bid *Nevola* and his fellows come hither, that I may tell them what they shall go about; and go you into my study: there upon the shelf you shall find a roll of writings which *John* of the dean made to my father, when he sold him the grange farm, endorfed with both their names; bring it hither to me.

Dulippo.

It shall be done, fir.

Damon.

Go; I will prepare other manner of writings for you than you are aware of. O, fools that trust any man but themselves now-adays! O spiteful fortune, thou dost me wrong, I think, that from the depth of hell pit thou hast sent me this servant to be the subversion of me and all mine. —

[The servants come in.]

Come hither, firs; and hear what I shall say unto you: go into my study, where you shall find *Dulippo*; step to him all at once; take him; and, with a cord that I have lay'd on the table for the nonce, bind him hand and foot; carry him into the dungeon under the stairs; make fast the door, and bring me the key, it hangeth by upon a pin on the wall. Despatch, and do this gear as privily as you can: — and thou, *Nevola*, come hither to me again with speed.

Nevola.

Well, I shall.

Damon.

Damon.

Alas, how shall I be revenged of this extreme despite ! if I punish my servant according to his devilish deserts, I shall heap further cares upon mine own head ; for to such detestable offences no punishment can seem sufficient, but only death, and in such cases it is not lawful for a man to be his own carver. The laws are ordained, and officers appointed to minister justice for the redress of wrongs : and if to the potestates I complain me, I shall publish mine own reproach unto the world. Yea, what should it prevail me to use all the punishments that can be devised ? the thing once done cannot be undone. My daughter is deflowred, and utterly dishonested : how can I then wipe that blot off my brow ? and on whom shall I seek revenge ? Alas, alas ! I myself have been the cause of all these cares, and have deserved to bear the punishment of all these mishaps. Alas, I should not have committed my dearest darling in custody to so careless a creature as this old nurse : for we see by common proof, that these old women be either peevish, or pitiful : either easily inclined to evil, or quickly corrupted with bribes and rewards. O wife, my good wife (that now lyest cold in the grave) now may I well bewail the want of thee, and mourning now may I bemoan that I miss thee : if thou hadst lived (such was thy government of the least things) that thou wouldst prudently have provided for the preservation of this pearl. A costly jewel may I well account her, that hath been my chief comfort in youth, and is now become the corrosive of mine age. O *Polynesta* ! full evil hast thou requited the clemency of thy careful father, and yet to excuse thee guiltless before God, and to condemn thee guilty before the world, I can count none other but my wretched self, the cause and causer of all my cares. For of all the duties that are requisite in human life, only obedience is by the parents to be required of the child ; where on the other side the parents are bound first to beget them, then to bring them forth, after to nourish them,

to

to preserve them from bodily perils in the cradle, from danger of soul by godly education, to match them in comfort inclined to virtue, to banish them all idle and wanton company, to allow them sufficient for their sustentation, to cut † off excess the open gate of sin, seldom or never to smile on them unless it be to their encouragement in virtue, and finally, to provide them marriages in time convenient, lest (neglected of us) they learn to serve either too much or too little by themselves. Five years are past since I might have married her, when by continual excuses I have prolonged it to my own perdition. Alas, I should have considered, she is a collop of my own flesh: what should I think to make her a princess? Alas, alas! a poor kingdom have I now caught to endow her with: it is too true, that of all sorrows this is the head source, and chief fountain of all furies: the goods of the world are uncertain, the gains to be rejoiced at, and the loss not greatly to be lamented: only the children cast away, cutteth the parents throat with the knife of inward care; which knife will kill me surely, I make none other account.

[Damon's servants come to him again.

S C E N A III.

Nevola, Damon, Pasiphilo.

Nevola.

Sir, we have done as you bade us, and here is the key.

Damon.

Well, go then, *Nevola*, and seek master *Castling* the jailer, he dwelleth by *St. Anthony's* gate, desire him to lend me a pair of the fetters he useth for his prisoners, and come again quickly.

Nevola.

Well, sir.

† *cull.*

Damon.

Damon.

Hear you, if he ask what I would do with them, say you cannot tell; and tell neither him nor any other, what is become of *Dulippo*. [Damon goeth out.

Nevola.

I warrant you, sir. * Fie upon the devil, it is a thing almost impossible for a man now-a-days to handle money; but the metal will stick on his fingers: I marvelled alway at this fellow of mine *Dulippo*, that of the wages he received he could maintain himself so bravely apparelled; but now I perceive the cause, he had the disburfing and receipt of all my master's affairs, the keys of the granary, *Dulippo* here, *Dulippo* there, in favour with my master, in favour with his daughter, what would you more? he was *magister fac totum*, he was as fine as the *Crusado*, and we silly wretches as coarse as *Canvas*: well, behold what it is come to in the end; he had been better to have done less.

[*Pasiphilo subito et improvise venit.*

Pasiphilo.

Thou sayest true, *Nevola*, he hath done too much indeed.

Nevola.

From whence comest thou in the devil's name?

Pasiphilo.

Out of the same house thou camest from, but not out of the same door.

Nevola.

We had thought thou hadst been gone long since.

Pasiphilo.

When I arose from the table, I felt a rumbling in my belly, which made me run to the stable, and there I fell on sleep upon the straw, and have lay'd there ever since: and thou whither goest thou?

Nevola.

My master hath sent me on an errand in great haste.

Pasiphilo.

Whither, I pray thee?

* *Another suppose*

Nevola.

Nevola.

Nay, I may not tell: farewell.

Pasiphilo.

As though I need any further instructions: O God, what news I heard even now as I lay in the stable! O good *Erostrato* and poor *Cleander*, that have so earnestly stroven for this damsel! happy is he that can get her, I promise you; he shall be sure of more than one at a clap that catcheth her, either *Adam* or *Eve* within her belly. O God, how men may be deceived in a woman! who would have believed the contrary but that she had been a virgin? Ask the neighbours and you shall hear very good report of her: mark her behaviours, and you would have judged her very maidenly: seldom seen abroad but in place of prayer, and there very devout, and no gazer at outward sights, no blazer of her beauty above in the windows, no stale at the door for the bypassers: you would have thought her a holy young woman. But much good do it *Domine Doctor*; he shall be sure to lack no corn in a dear year, whatsoever he have with her else: I beshrew me, if I let the marriage any way. But is not this the old scabbed quean that I heard disclosing all this gear to her master, as I stayed in the stable ere now? it is she. — Whither goeth *Pfiteria*?

[*Pasiphilo* espieth *Pfiteria* coming.]

S C E N A V.

Pfiteria, *Pasiphilo*.

Pfiteria.

To a gossip of mine hereby.

Pasiphilo.

What, to tattle of the goodly stir that thou kepest concerning *Polyneſta*?

* *Another suppose.*

Pfiteria.

Pfiteria.

No, no; but how knew you of that gear?

Pasipbilo.

You told me.

Pfiteria.

I! When did I tell you?

Pasipbilo.

Even now when you told it to *Damon*, I both saw you and heard you, though you saw not me: a good part I promise you, to accuse the poor wench, kill the old man with care, over and besides the danger you have brought *Dulippo* and the nurse unto, and many mo; fie, fie, fie.

Pfiteria.

Indeed I was to blame; but not so much as you think.

Pasipbilo.

And how not so much? did I not hear you tell?

Pfiteria.

Yea; but I will tell you how it came to pass: I have known for a great while, that this *Dulippo* and *Polynesta* have lain together, and all by means of the nurse: yet I held my peace, and never told it. Now this other day the nurse fell on scolding with me, and twice or thrice called me drunken old whore, and such names that it was too bad: and I called her bawd, and told her that I knew well enough how often she had brought *Dulippo* to *Polynesta's* bed: yet all this while I thought not that any body had heard me, but it befell clean contrary: for my master was on the other side of the wall, and heard all our talk; whereupon he sent for me, and forced me to confess all that you heard.

Pasipbilo.

And why wouldst thou tell him? I would not for, &c.

Pfiteria.

Well, if I had thought my master would have taken it so, he should rather have killed me.

Pasipbilo.

Why, how could he take it?

Pfiteria.

Psiteria.

Alas, it pitieth me to see the poor young woman how she weeps, wails, and tears her hair, not esteeming her own life half so dear as she doth poor *Dulippo's*: and her father, he weeps on the other side, that it would pierce an heart of stone with pity: but I must be gone.

Pasipbilo.

Go: — That the gunpowder consume the old trot!

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Erostrato feigned.

Erostrato.

WHAT shall I do? Alas, what remedy shall I find for my rueful estate? What escape, or what excuse may I now devise to shift over our subtle supposes? for though to this day I have usurped the name of my master, and that without check or control of any man, now shall I be openly deciphered, and that in the sight of every man: now shall it openly be known, whether I be *Erostrato* the gentleman, or *Dulippo* the servant. We have hitherto played our parts in abusing others: but now cometh the man that will not be abused, the right *Philogano*, the right father of the right *Erostrato*. Going to seek *Pasipbilo*, and hearing that he was at the water gate, behold I espied my fellow *Litio*, and by and by my old master *Philogano* setting forth his first step on land: I to fuge † and away hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right *Erostrato* of his right father *Philogano*, that to so sudden a mishap some subtle shift might be on the sudden devised. But what can

† Perhaps, *took fuge*, took flight.

be imagined to serve the turn, although we had months respite to beat our brains about it, since we are commonly known, at the least supposed in this town, he for *Dulippo*, a slave and servant to *Damon*, and I for *Erostrato* a gentleman and a student? But behold, run, *Crapine*, to yonder old woman before she get within the doors, and desire her to call out *Dulippo*: but hear you? If she ask who would speak with him, say thyself and none other.

[*Erostrato* *espies* *Pfiteria* coming, and sendeth his lackey to her.

S C E N A II.

Crapine, *Pfiteria*, *Erostrato* feigned.

Crapine.

Honest woman, you gossip, thou rotten whore, hearest thou not, old witch?

Pfiteria.

A rope stretch your young bones! either you must live to be as old as I, or be hanged while you are young.

Crapine.

I pray thee, look if *Dulippo* be within.

Pfiteria.

Yes, that he is I warrant him.

Crapine.

Desire him then to come hither and speak a word with me, he shall not tarry.

Pfiteria.

Content yourself, he is otherwise occupied.

Crapine.

Yet tell him so, gentle girl.

Pfiteria.

I tell you, he is busy.

Crapine.

Why, is it such a matter to tell him so, thou crooked crone?

Pfiteria.

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Pfisteria.

A rope stretch you, marry.

Crapine.

A pox eat you, marry.

Crapine.

Thou wilt be hanged I warrant thee, if thou live to it.

Crapine.

And thou wilt be burnt I warrant thee, if the canker consume thee not.

Pfisteria.

If I come near you, hempstring, I will teach you to sing sol fa.

Crapine.

Come on, and if I get a stone I will scar crows with you.

Pfisteria.

Go with a mischief, I think thou be some devil that would tempt me.

Erostrato.

Crapine, hear you? come away, let us go with a vengeance; why come you not? Alas, look where my master *Philogano* cometh: what shall I do? where shall I hide me? he shall not see me in these cloths, nor before I have spoken with the right *Erostrato*.

Erostrato *espies* *Philogano* coming, and runneth about to hide him.

S C E N A III.

Philogano, *Ferrarese the innkeeper*, *Litio a servant*.

Philogano.

Honest man, it is even so: be you sure, there is no love to be compared like the love of the parents towards their children. It is not long since I thought that a very weighty matter should not have made me come out of

D 2

Scicilia,

Scitilia, and yet now I have taken this tedious toil and travail upon me, only to see my son, and to have him home with me.

Ferrarese.

By my faith, sir, it hath been a great travail indeed, and too much for one of your age.

Philogano.

Yea, be you sure: I came in company with certain gentlemen of my country, who had affairs to despatch as far as to *Aneona*, from thence by water to *Ravenna*, and from *Ravenna* hither, continually against the tide.

Ferrarese.

Yea, and I think that you had but homely lodging by the way.

Philogano.

The worst that ever man had: but that was nothing to the stir the searchers kept with me when I came aboard the ship: *Jesus*, how often they untrussed my mail, and ransacked a little capcase that I had, tossed and turned all that was within it, searched my bosom, yea my breeches; that, I assure you, I thought they would have slayed me to search between the fell and the flesh for farthings.

Ferrarese.

Sure, I have heard no less, and that the merchants bob them sometimes, but they play the knaves still.

Philogano.

Yea, be you well assured, such an office is the inheritance of a knave, and an honest man will not meddle with it.

Ferrarese.

Well, this passage shall seem pleasant unto you when you shall find your child well and in health: but I pray you, sir, why did you not rather send for him into *Scitilia*, than to come yourself, specially since you had none other business? peradventure you had rather endanger yourself by this noisome journey, than hazard to draw him from his study.

Philogano.

Philogano.

Nay, that was not the matter; for I had rather have him give over his study altogether, and come home.

Ferrarese.

Why? if you minded not to make him learned, to what end did you send him hither at the first?

Philogano.

I will tell you: when he was at home he did as most young men do; he played many mad pranks, and did many things that liked me not very well: and I, thinking that by that time he had seen the world he would learn to know himself better, exhorted him to study, and put in his election what place he would go to. At the last he came hither, and I think he was scarce here so soon as I felt the want of him in such sort, as from that day to this I have passed few nights without tears. I have written to him very often that he should come home, but continually he refused, still beseeching me to continue his study, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profit greatly.

Ferrarese.

Indeed he is very much commended of all men, and specially of the best reputed students.

Philogano.

I am glad, he hath not lost his time; but I care not greatly for so much knowledge. I would not be without the sight of him again so long for all the learning in the world. I am old now, and if God should call me in his absence, I promise you I think it would drive me into desperation.

Ferrarese.

It is commendable in a man to love his children, but to be so tender over them is more womanlike.

Philogano.

Well, I confess it is my fault: and yet I will tell you another cause of my coming hither, more weighty than this. Divers of my country have been here since he came hither, by whom I have sent unto him, and some of them

have been thrice, some four or five times at his house, and yet could never speak with him. I fear he applies his study so, that he will not leese the minute of an hour from his book. What, alas! he might yet talk with his countrymen for a while: he is a young man, tenderly brought up, and if he fare thus continually night and day at his book, it may be enough to drive him into a frenzy.

Ferrarese.

Indeed enough were as good as a feast. Lo you, sir, here is your son *Erostrato's* house; I will knock.

Philogano.

Yea, I pray you knock.

Ferrarese.

They hear not.

Philogano.

Knock again.

Ferrarese.

I think, they be on sleep.

Litio.

If this gate were your grandfather's soul, you could not knock more softly: let me come. — Ho, ho! is there any body within?

Dalio cometh to the window, and there maketh them answer.

S C E N A IV.

Dalio the cook, Ferrarese the innholder, Philogano, Litio his man.

Dalio.

What devil of hell is there? I think, he will break the gates in pieces.

Litio.

Marry, sir, we had thought you had been on sleep within, and therefore we thought best to wake you: what doth *Erostrato*?

Dalio.

Dalio.

He is not within.

Philogano.

Open the door, good fellow, I pray thee.

Dalio.

If you think to lodge here, you are deceived I tell you, for here are guests enough already.

Philogano.

A good fellow, and much for thy master's honesty by our lady: and what guests, I pray thee?

Dalio.

Here is *Philogano* my master's father, * lately come out of *Scicilia*.

Philogano.

Thou speakest truer than thou art aware of; he will be, by that time thou hast opened the door: open, I pray thee heartily.

Dalio.

It is a small matter for me to open the door, but here is no lodging for you; I tell you plain, the house is full.

Philogano.

Of whom?

Dalio.

I told you: here is *Philogano* my master's father come from *Cathanea*.

Philogano.

And when came he?

Dalio.

He came three hours since or more; he lighted at the *Angel*, and left his horses there, afterwards my master brought him hither.

Philogano.

Good fellow, I think thou hast good sport to mock me.

Dalio.

Nay, I think you have good sport to make me tarry here, as though I have nothing else to do: I am matched

* Another suppose.

with

with an unruly mate in the kitchen, I will go look to him another while.

Philogano.

I think he be drunken.

Ferrarese.

Sure, he seems so: see you not how red he is about the gills?

Philogano.

Abide, fellow: what *Philogano* is it whom thou talkest of?

Dalio.

An honest gentleman, father to *Erostrato* my master.

Philogano.

And where is he?

Dalio.

Here within.

Philogano.

May we see him?

Dalio.

I think you may, if you be not blind.

Philogano.

Go to, go tell him here is one would speak with him.

Dalio.

Marry, that I will willingly do.

Philogano.

I cannot tell what I should say to this gear.—*Litio*, what thinkest thou of it?

Litio.

I cannot tell you what I should say, fir: the world is large and long; * there may be more *Philoganos* and mo *Erostratos* than one, yea and mo *Ferraras*, mo *Scicilias* and mo *Catbaneas*: peradventure this is not that *Ferrara* which you sent your son unto.

Philogano.

Peradventure thou art a fool, and he was another that

* Another suppose.

answered

answered us even now. But be you sure, honest man, that you mistake not the house?

Ferrarese.

Nay then God help, think you I know not *Erostrato's* house? Yes and himself also: I saw him here no longer since than yesterday. But here comes one that will tell us tidings of him; I like his countenance better than the other's that answered us at the window erewhile.

Dalio draweth his head in at the window, the Scenese cometh out.

S C E N A V.

Scenese, Philogano, Dalio.

Scenese.

Would you speak with me, sir?

Philogano.

Yea, sir, I would fain know whence you are.

Scenese.

Sir, I am a *Sicilian*, at your commandment.

Philogano.

What part of *Sicilia*?

Scenese.

Of *Catbanea*.

Philogano.

What shall I call your name?

Scenese.

My name is *Philogano*.

Philogano.

What trade do you occupy?

Scenese.

Merchandise.

Philogano.

What merchandise brought you hither?

Scenese.

Scenese.

None; I came only to see a son that I have here, whom I saw not these two years.

Philogano.

What call they your son?

Scenese.

Erostrato.

Philogano.

Is *Erostrato* your son?

Scenese.

Yea verily.

Philogano.

And are you *Philogano*?

Scenese.

The same.

Philogano.

And a merchant of *Cathanea*?

Scenese.

What need I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lie.

Philogano.

Yes, you have told me a false lie; and thou art a villain, and no better.

Scenese.

Sir, you offer me great wrong with these injurious words.

Philogano.

Nay, I will do more than I have yet proferred to do; for I will prove thee a liar, and a knave to take upon thee that thou art not.

Scenese.

Sir, I am *Philogano* of *Cathanea* out of all doubt; * if I were not, I would be loath to tell you so.

Philogano.

O, see the boldness of this brute beast! what a brazen face he setteth on it!

* *A stout suppose.*

Scenese.

Scenese.

Well, you may believe me if you list; what wonder you?

Philogano.

I wonder at thy impudency; for thou, nor nature that framed thee can ever counterfeit thee to be me, ribauld villain, and lying wretch that thou art.

Dalio.

Shall I suffer a knave to abuse my master's father thus? Hence, villain, hence, or I will sheath this good falchion in your paunch: if my master *Erostrato* find you prating here on this fashion to his father, I would not be in your coat for more coneyskins than I gat these twelve months: come you in again, sir, and let this cur bark here till he burst.

[*Dalio pulleth the Scenese in at the doors.*]

SCENA VI.

Philogano, Litio, Ferrarese.

Philogano.

Litio, how likest thou this gear?

Litio.

Sir, I like it as evil as may be: but have you not often heard tell of the falsehood of *Ferrara*? and now may you see it falleth out accordingly.

Ferrarese.

Friend, you do not well to slander the city; these men are no *Ferrareses*, you may know by their tongue.

Litio.

Well, there is never a barrel better herring, between you both: but indeed your officers are most to blame, that suffer such faults to escape unpunished.

* *A pleasant suppose.*

Ferrarese.

Ferrarese.

What know the officers of this? think you they know of every fault?

Litio.

Nay, I think they will know as little as may be, specially when they have no gains by it; but they ought to have their ears as open to hear of such offences, as the inn gates be to receive guests.

Philogano.

Hold thy peace, fool.

Litio.

By the mass, I am afraid that we shall be proved fools both two.

Philogano.

Well, what shall we do?

Litio.

I would think, best we should go seek *Erostrato* himself.

Ferrarese.

I will wait upon you willingly, and either at the schools, or at the convocations we shall find him.

Philogano.

By our lady, I am weary; I will run no longer about to seek him, I am sure hither he will come at the last.

Litio.

Sure, my mind gives me that we shall find a new *Erostrato* ere it be long.

Ferrarese.

Look where he is: whither runs he? † stay you awhile; I will go tell him that you are here: — *Erostrato, Erostrato*, ho! *Erostrato*, I would speak with you.

Erostrato is espied upon the stage, running about.

† *A true suppose.*

SCENA

SCENA VII.

Feigned Erostrato, Ferrarese, Philogano, Litio, Dalio.

Erostrato.

Now I can hide me no longer. Alas, what shall I do?
I will set a good face on, to bear out the matter.

Ferrarese.

O, *Erostrato*, *Philogano* your father is come out of *Scitilia*.

Erostrato.

Tell me that I know not, I have been with him, and
seen him already.

Ferrarese.

Is it possible? and it seemeth by him that you know
not of his coming.

Erostrato.

Why, have you spoken with him? when saw you him,
I pray you?

Ferrarese.

Look, where he stands: why go you not to him? —
Look you, *Philogano*, behold your dear son *Erostrato*.

Philogano.

Erostrato? this is not *Erostrato*. This seemeth rather to
be *Dulippo*; and it is *Dulippo* indeed.

Litio.

Why, doubt you of that?

Erostrato.

What faith this honest man?

Philogano.

Marry, sir, indeed you are so honourably clad, it is no
marvel if you look big.

Erostrato.

To whom speaketh he?

Philogano.

What, God help, do you not know me?

Erostrato.

As far as I remember, sir, I never saw you before.

Philogano.

Philogano.

Hark *Litio*, here is good gear, this honest man will not know me.

Erostrato.

Gentleman, you take your mark amiss.

Litio.

Did not I tell you of the falsehood of *Ferrara*, master? * *Dulippo* hath learned to play the knave indifferently well since he came hither.

Philogano.

Peace, I say.

Erostrato.

Friend, my name is not *Dulippo*, ask you throughout this town of great and small, they know me: ask this honest man that is with you, if you will not believe me.

Ferrarese.

Indeed, I never knew him otherwise called than *Erostrato*; and so they call him, as many as know him.

Litio.

Master, now you may see the falsehood of these fellows: † this honest man your host is of council with him, and would face us down that it is *Erostrato*: beware of these mates.

Ferrarese.

Friend, thou doest me wrong to suspect me; for sure I never heard him otherwise called than *Erostrato*.

Erostrato.

What name could you hear me called by, but by my right name? But I am wise enough to stand prating here with this old man; I think he be mad.

Philogano.

Ah, runagate, ah villain, traitor, dost thou use thy master thus? what hast thou done with my son, villain?

Dalio.

Doth this dog bark here still? and will you suffer him, master, thus to revile you?

* *A shameless suppose.*

† *A needless suppose.*

Erostrato.

Erostrato.

Come in, come in; what wilt thou do with this pestil?

Dalio.

I will rap the old cakabed on the costard.

Erostrato.

Away with it: — and you, firrah, lay down these stones: — come in at door, every one of you: — bear with him for his age; I pass not for his evil words.

[*Erostrato taketh all his servants in at the door.*]

S C E N A VIII.

Philogano, Ferrarese, Litio.

Philogano.

Alas, who shall relieve my miserable estate? to whom shall I complain? since he whom I brought up of a child, yea and cherished him as if he had been mine own, doth now utterly deny to know me: and you whom I took for an honest man, and he that should have brought me to the sight of my son, are compact with this false wretch, and would face me down that he is *Erostrato*. † Alas, you might have some compassion of my age, to the misery I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comfort in this country: or at the least, you should have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts) in bearing this false witness with him, whom heaven and earth do know to be *Dulippo* and not *Erostrato*.

Litio.

If there be many such witnesses in this country, men may go about to prove what they will in controversies here.

Ferrarese.

Well, fir, you may judge of me as pleaseth you: and how the matter cometh to pass I know not, but truly ever since he came first hither, I have known him by the name

† *Another suppose.*

of

of *Erostrato*, the son of *Philogano* a *Cathaneſe*: now whether he be ſo indeed, or whether he be *Dulippo* (as you alledge) let that be proved by them that knew him before he came hither. But I proteſt before God, that which I have ſaid, is neither a matter compaſt with him, nor any other, but even as I have heard him called and reputed of all men.

Philogano.

Out and alas, † he whom I ſent hither with my ſon to be his ſervant, and to give attendance on him, hath either cut his throat, or by ſome evil means made him away, and hath not only taken his garments, his books, his money, and that which he brought out of *Sicilia* with him, but uſurpeth his name alſo, and turneth unto his own commodity the bills of exchange that I have always allowed for my ſon's expenſes. O, miſerable *Philogano*, o unhappy old man: o eternal God, is there no judge? no officer, no higher powers whom I may complain unto for redreſs of theſe wrongs?

Ferrareſe.

Yes, ſir, we have poteſtates, we have judges, and above all, we have a moſt juſt prince: doubt you not but you ſhall have juſtice, if your cauſe be juſt.

Philogano.

Bring me then to the judges, to the poteſtates, or to whom thou thinkeſt beſt: for I will diſcloſe a pack of the greateſt knavery, a fardle of the fouleſt falſehood that ever was heard of.

Litio.

Sir, he that will go to the law, muſt be ſure of four things, firſt a right and a juſt cauſe, then a righteous advocate to plead, next favour *coram judice*, and above all, a good purſe to procure it.

Ferrareſe.

I have not heard that the law hath any reſpect to favour; what you mean by it I cannot tell.

† *A ſhrewd ſuppoſe.*

Philogano.

Philogano.

Have you no regard to his words, he is but a fool.

Ferrarese.

I pray you, sir, let him tell me what is favour.

Litio.

Favour call I to have a friend near about the judge who may so solicit thy cause, as, if it be right, speedy sentence may ensue without any delays: if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the last, thine adversary being weary, shall be glad to compound with thee.

Ferrarese.

Of thus much (although I never heard thus much in this country before) doubt you not, *Philogano*, I will bring you to an advocate that shall speed you accordingly.

Philogano.

Then shall I give myself, as it were a prey to the lawyers; whose insatiable jaws I am not able to feed, although I had here all the goods and lands which I possess in mine own country: much less being a stranger in this misery. I know their cautels of old: at the first time I come they will so extol my cause, as though it were already won: but within a seven'ight or ten days, if I do not continually feed them as the crow doth her brats, twenty times in an hour, they will begin to wax cold, and to find cavils in my cause, saying, that at the first I did not well instruct them, till at the last, they will not only draw the stuffing out of my purse, but the marrow out of my bones.

Ferrarese.

Yea, sir, but this man that I tell you of, is half a saint.

Litio.

And the other half a devil, I hold a penny.

Philogano.

Well said, *Litio*; indeed I have but small confidence in their smooth looks.

Ferrarese.

Well, sir, I think this whom I mean is no such manner

of man; but if he were, † there is such hatred and evil will between him and this gentleman (whether he be *Erostrato* or *Dulippo*, whatsoever he be) that I warrant you, he will do whatsoever he can do for you, were it but to spite him.

Philogano.

Why, what hatred is betwixt them?

Ferrarese.

They are both in love and suitors to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a wealthy man in this city.

Philogano.

Why, is the villain become of such estimation that he dare presume to be a suitor to any gentlewoman of a good family?

Ferrarese.

Yes, sir, out of all doubt.

Philogano.

How call you his adversary?

Ferrarese.

Cleander, one of the excellentest doctors in our city.

Philogano.

For God's love, let us go to him.

Ferrarese.

Go we then.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Erostrato feigned.

Erostrato.

WHAT a mishap was this! that before I could meet with *Erostrato*, I have light even full in the lap of *Philogano*, where I was constrained to deny my name, to deny

† *Another suppose.*

my

my master, and to feign that I knew him not, to contend with him, and to revile him in such sort, that, hap what hap can, I can never hap well in favour with him again. Therefore if I could come to speak with the right *Erostrato*, I will renounce unto him both habit and credit, and away as fast as I can trudge into some strange country, where I may never see *Philogano* again. Alas, he that of a little child hath brought me up unto this day, and nourished me as if I had been his own: † and indeed (to confess the truth) I have no father to trust unto but him. But, look where *Pasiphilo* cometh, the fittest man in the world to go on my message to *Erostrato*.

[*Erostrato* *espieth* *Pasiphilo* coming toward him.]

S C E N A II.

Pasiphilo, *Erostrato*.

Pasiphilo.

Two good news have I heard to-day already: one, that *Erostrato* prepareth a great feast this night; the other, that he seeketh for me. And I, to ease him of his travel, lest he should run up and down seeking me, and because no man loveth better than I to have an errand where good cheer is, come in posthaste even home to his own house: and look where he is.

Erostrato.

Pasiphilo, thou must do one thing for me if thou love me.

Pasiphilo.

If I love you not, who loves you? command me.

Erostrato.

Go then a little there to *Damon's* house, ask for *Dulippo*, and tell him, —

† *Another suppose.*

Pasipbilo. Wot you what? I cannot speak with him, he is in prison.

Erostrato. In prison? how cometh that to pass? where is he in prison?

Pasipbilo. In a vile dungeon there within my master's house.

Erostrato. Canst thou tell wherefore?

Pasipbilo. Be you content to know he is in prison, I have told you too much.

Erostrato. If ever you will do any thing for me, tell me.

Pasipbilo. I pray you, desire me not: what were you the better if you knew?

Erostrato. More than thou thinkest, *Pasipbilo*, by God.

Pasipbilo. Well, and yet it stands me upon more than you think to keep it secret.

Erostrato. Why, *Pasipbilo*, is this the trust I have had in you have these the fair promises you have always made me?

Pasipbilo. By the mass, I would I had fasted this night with master doctor, rather than have come hither.

Erostrato. Well, *Pasipbilo*, either tell me, or, at few words, never think to be welcome to this house from henceforth!

Pasipbilo. Nay, yet I had rather see all the gentlemen in this town. But if I tell you any thing that displease you, blame nobody but yourself now.

Erostrato.

Erostrato.

There is nothing can grieve me more than *Dulippo's* mishap, no not mine own: and therefore, I am sure, thou canst tell me no worse tidings.

Pasiphilo.

Well, since you would needs have it, I will tell you:† he was taken a-bed with your beloved *Polynesta*.

Erostrato.

Alas, and doth *Daman* know it?

Pasiphilo.

An old trot in the house disclosed it to him; whereupon he took both *Dulippo* and the nurse which hath been the broker of all this bargain, and clap'd them both in a cage, where I think they shall have sorrow sops to their sweet meats.

Erostrato.

Pasiphilo, go thy ways into the kitchen, command the cook to boil and roast what liketh thee best; I make thee supervisor of this supper.

Pasiphilo.

By the mass, if you should have studied this seven'ight, you could not have appointed me an office to please me better. You shall see what dishes I will devise.

[*Pasiphilo* goeth in, *Erostrato* tarrieth.]

S C E N A III.

Feigned Erostrato alone.

Erostrato.

I was glad to rid him out of the way, lest he should see me burst out of these swelling tears, which hitherto with great pain I have prisoned in my breast, and lest he should hear the echo of my doubled sighs, which bounce from the bottom of my heavy heart. O cursed I! o cruel

† Another plain and homely supposé.

fortune, that so many dispersed griefs as were sufficient to subvert a legion of lovers, hast suddenly assembled within my careful carcase to fret this fearful heart in sunder with desperation. Thou that hast kept my master all his youth within the realm of *Sicilia*, reserving the wind and waves in a temperate calm (as it were at his command) now to convey his aged limbs hither, neither sooner nor later: but even in the worst time that may be. If at any time before thou hadst conducted him, this enterprise had been cut off without care in the beginning: and if never so little longer thou hadst lingered his journey, this happy day might then have fully finished our drifts and devises. But alas, thou hast brought him even in the very worst time, to plunge us all in the pit of perdition. Neither art thou content to entangle me alone in thy ruinous ropes, but thou must also catch the right *Erostrato* in thy crooked claws, to reward us both with open shame and rebuke. Two years hast thou kept secret our subtle supposes, even this day to decipher them with a sorrowful success. What shall I do? Alas, what shift shall I make? It is too late now to imagine any farther deceit, for every minute seemeth an hour till I find some succor for the miserable captive *Erostrato*. Well, sith there is no other remedy, I will go to my M. *Philogano*, and to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may provide in time, before his son feel the smart of some sharp revenge and punishment. This is the best, and thus will I do. Yet I know, that for mine own part I shall do better penance for my faults forepassed: but such is the good will and duty that I bear to *Erostrato*, as even with the loss of my life I must not stick to adventure any thing which may turn to his commodity. But what shall I do? shall I go seek my master about the town, or shall I tarry his return hither? If I meet him in the streets, he will cry out upon me, neither will he hearken to any thing that I shall say, till he have gathered all the people wondering about me as
it

it were an owl. Therefore I were better to abide here ; and yet if he tarry long I will go seek him, rather than prolong the time to *Erostrato's* peril.

[*Pasiphilo* returneth to *Erostrato*.]

S C E N A IV.

Pasiphilo, feigned *Erostrato*.

Pasiphilo.

Yea, dress them, but lay them not to the fire, till they will be ready to sit down. This gear goes in order : but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foul fault.

Erostrato.

And what fault I pray thee ?

Pasiphilo.

Marry, *Dalio* would have lay'd the shoulder of mutton and the capon both to the fire at once, like a fool : he did not consider, that the one would have more roasting than the other.

Erostrato.

Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

Pasiphilo.

Why ? and either the one should have been burned before the other had been roasted, or else he must have drawn them off the spit : and they would have been served to the board either cold or raw.

Erostrato.

Thou hast reason, *Pasiphilo*.

Pasiphilo.

Now, sir, if it please you I will go into the town and buy oranges, olives, and caphers ; for without such sauce the supper were more than half lost.

Erostrato.

There are within already, doubt you not, there shall lack nothing that is necessary.

[*Erostrato* exit.]

Pasiphilo.

S U P P O S E S.

Pasipbilo.

Since I told him these news of *Dulippo*, he is clean beside himself: he hath so many hammers in his head, that his brains are ready to burst: and let them break, so I may sup with him to-night, what care I? * But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that comes before? well said by my troth, we will teach master doctor to wear a corner'd cap of a new fashion. By God, *Polynesta* shall be his, he shall have her out of doubt; for I have told *Erostrato* such news of her, that he will none of her.

[*Cleander and Philogano come in, talking of the matter in controversy.*]

S C E N A V.

Cleander, Philogano, Litio, Pasipbilo.

Cleander.

Yea, but how will ye prove that he is not *Erostrato*, having such presumptions to the contrary? or how shall it be thought that you are *Philogano* when another taketh upon him this same name, and for proof bringeth him for a witness, which hath been ever reputed here for *Erostrato*?

Philogano.

I will tell you, sir: let me be kept here fast in prison; and at my charges let there be some man sent into *Sicilia*, that may bring hither with him two or three of the honestest men in *Cathanea*, and by them let it be proved if I or this other be *Philogano*, and whether he be *Erostrato*, or *Dulippo* my servant: and if you find me contrary, let me suffer death for it.

Pasipbilo.

I will go salute master doctor.

Cleander.

It will ask great labour and great expenses to prove it this way; but it is the best remedy that I can see.

* *A knavish suppose.*

Pasipbilo.

Pasipbilo.

God save you, fir.

Cleander.

And reward you as you have deserved.

Pasipbilo.

Then shall he give me your favour continually.

Cleander.

He shall give you a halter, knave and villain that thou art.

Pasipbilo.

I know I am a knave, but no villain, I am your servant.

Cleander.

I neither take thee for my servant, nor for my friend.

Pasipbilo.

Why, wherein have I offended you, fir?

Cleander.

Hence to the gallows, knave.

Pasipbilo.

What, soft and fair, fir, I pray you; *I præ, sequar*, you are mine elder.

Cleander.

I will be even with you, be you sure, honest man.

Pasipbilo.

Why, fir, I never offended you.

Cleander.

Well, I will teach you: out of my sight, knave.

Pasipbilo.

What? I am no dog, I would you wist.

Cleander.

Pratest thou yet, villain? I will make thee.

Pasipbilo.

What will you make me? I see well, the more a man doth suffer you, the worse you are.

Cleander.

Ah villain, if it were not for this gentleman, I would tell you what I—

Pasipbilo.

Pasipbilo.

Villain? nay, I am as honest a man as you.

Cleander.

Thou liest in thy throat, knave.

Philogano.

O sir, stay your wisdom.

Pasipbilo.

What, will you fight? marry, come on.

Cleander.

Well, knave, I will meet with you another time, go your way.

Pasipbilo.

Even when you list, sir, I will be your man.

Cleander.

And if I be not even with thee, call me cut.

Pasipbilo.

Nay, by the mas, all is one, I care not, for I have nothing: if I had either lands or goods, peradventure you would pull me into the law.

Philogano.

Sir, I perceive your patience is moved.

Cleander.

This villain, — but let him go, I will see him punished as he hath deserved. Now to the matter, how said you?

Philogano.

This fellow hath disquieted you, sir, peradventure you would be loath to be troubled any farther. †

Cleander.

Not a whit, say on, and let him go with a vengeance.

Philogano.

I say, let them send at my charge to *Cathanea*.

Cleander.

Yea, I remember that well, and it is the surest way as this case requireth: but tell me, how is he your servant? and how came you by him? inform me fully in the matter.

† Lawyers are never weary to get money.

Philogano.

Philogano.

I will tell you, sir: When the *Turks* won *Otranto*, —

Cleander.

O, you put me in remembrance of my mishap; —

Philogano.

How, sir?

Cleander.

For I was driven among the rest out of the town: it is my native country, and there I lost more than ever I shall recover again while I live.

Philogano.

Alas, a pitiful case by *S. Anne*.

Cleander.

Well, proceed.

Philogano.

At that time (as I said) there were certain of our country that scoured those coasts upon the seas, with a good bark well appointed for the purpose, and had espial of a *Turky* vessel that came laden from thence with great abundance of riches. *

Cleander.

And peradventure most of mine.

Philogano.

So they boarded them, and in the end overcame them; and brought the goods to *Palerno*, from whence they came; and amongst other things that they had, was this villain my servant, a boy at that time, I think not past five years old.

Cleander.

Alas, I lost one of that same age there.

Philogano.

And I being there, and liking the child's favour well, proffered them four and twenty ducats for him, and had him.

Cleander.

What, was the child a *Turk*? or had the *Turks* brought him from *Otranto*?

* *A gentle supposè.*

Philgano.

Philogano.

—They said, he was a child of *Otranto*; but what is that to the matter? once xxiii. ducats he cost me, that I wot well.

Cleander.

Alas, I speak it not for that, sir; I would it were he whom I mean.

Philogano.

Why, whom mean you, sir?

Litio.

Beware, sir, be not too lavish.

Cleander.

Was his name *Dulippo* then, or had he not another name?

Litio.

Beware what you say, sir.

Philogano.

What the devil hast thou to do? —*Dulippo*? No, sir, his name was *Carino*.

Litio.

Yea, well said, tell all and more too, do.

Cleander.

O Lord, if it be as I think, how happy were I! and why did you change his name then?

Philogano.

We called him *Dulippo* because when he cried as children do sometimes, he would always cry on that name *Dulippo*.

Cleander.

Well, then I see well he is mine own only child whom I lost, when I lost my country; he was named *Carino* after his grandfather, and this *Dulippo* whom he always remembered in his lamenting, was his foster father that nourished and brought him up.

Litio.

Sir, have I not told you enough of the falsehood of *Ferara*? this gentleman will not only pick your purse, but

but beguile you of your servant also, and make you believe he is his son.

Cleander.

Well, good fellow, I have not used to lie.

Litio.

Sir, no, but every thing hath a beginning.

Cleander.

Fie, *Philogano*, have you not the least suspect that may be of me?

Litio.

No, marry, but it were good he had the most suspect that may be.

Cleander.

Well, hold thou thy peace a little, good fellow.—I pray you tell me, *Philogano*, hath the child any remembrance of his father's name, his mother's name, or the name of his family?

Philogano.

He did remember them, and could name his mother also; but sure I have forgotten the name.

Litio.

I remember it well enough.

Philogano.

Tell it then.

Litio.

Nay, that I will not, marry; you have told him too much already.

Philogano.

Tell it I say, if thou can.

Litio.

Can! yes, by the mass, I can well enough: but I will have my tongue pulled out, rather than tell it, unless he tell it first: do you not perceive, sir, what he goeth about?

Cleander.

Well, I will tell you then: my name you know already; my wife his mother's name was *Sophronia*, the house that I came of *Spiagia*.

Litio.

Litio.
I never heard him speak of *Spiagia*, but indeed I have heard him say his mother's name was *Sophronia*: but what of that? A great matter I promise you. It is like enough that you two have compact together to deceive my master.

Cleander.

What needeth me more evident tokens? this is my son out of doubt whom I lost xviii years since; and a thousand thousand times since have I lamented for him: he should have also a mould on his left shoulder.

Litio.

He hath a mould there indeed: and an hole in another place too, I would your nose were in it.

Cleander.

Fair words, fellow *Litio*: O, I pray you, let us go talk with him. O fortune, how much am I bound to thee if I find my son!

Philogano.

Yea, how little am I beholden to fortune, that know not where my son is become; and you, whom I choose to be mine advocate, † will now (by the means of this *Dulippo*) become mine adversary.

Cleander.

Sir, let us go first find mine: and I warrant you, yours will be found also ere it be long.

Philogano.

God grant, go we then.

Cleander.

Sith the door is open, I will never knock nor call, but we will be bold to go in.

Litio.

Sir, take you heed, lest he lead you to some mischief.

Philogano.

Alas, *Litio*, if my son be lost, what care I what become of me?

Litio.

Well, I have told you my mind, sir, do you, as you please.

Exeunt: Damon and Pfleria come in.

† A right suppose.

SCENA VI.

Damon, Psiteria.

Damon.

Come hither, you old callat, you tattling hufwife: that the devil cut out your tongue! tell me, how could *Pasipbilo* know of this gear but by you?

Psiteria.

Sir, he never knew it of me, he was the first that told me of it.

Damon.

Thou liest, old drab; but I would advise you tell me the truth, or I will make those old bones rattle in your skin.

Psiteria.

Sir, if you find me contrary, kill me.

Damon.

Why, where should he talk with thee?

Pasipbilo.

He talked with me of it here in the street.

Damon.

What did you here?

Psiteria.

I was going to the weavers for a web of cloth you have there.

Damon.

And what cause could *Pasipbilo* have to talk of it, unless thou began the matter first?

Psiteria.

Nay, he began with me, sir, reviling me, because I had told you of it. I asked him how he knew of it, and he said he was in the stable when you examined me ere while.

Damon.

Alas, alas! what shall I do then? in at doors, old whore, I will pluck that tongue of thine out by the roots one day. Alas, it grieveth me more that *Pasipbilo* knoweth it,

it, than all the rest. He that will have a thing kept secret, let him tell it to *Pasiphilo*: the people shall know it, and as many as have ears and no mo. By this time he hath told it in a hundred places. *Cleander* was the first, *Erostrato* the second; and so from one to another throughout the city. Alas, what dower, what marriage shall I now prepare for my daughter? O poor dolorous *Damon*, more miserable than misery itself! 'would God it were true that *Polynesta* told me erewhile: * that he who hath deflowered her, is of no servile estate (as hitherto he hath been supposed in my service) but that he is a gentleman born of a good parentage in *Sicilia*. Alas, small riches should content if he be but of an honest family: but I fear he hath devised these toys to allure my daughter's love. Well, I will go examine her again; my mind giveth me that I shall perceive by her tale whether it be true or not. But is not this *Pasiphilo* that cometh out of my neighbour's house? What the devil aileth him to leap and laugh so like a fool in the high way?

[*Pasiphilo cometh out of the town laughing.*]

SCENA VII.

Philogano, Damon.

Philogano.

O God, that I might find *Damon* at home.

Damon.

What the devil would he with me?

Pasiphilo.

That I may be the first that shall bring him these news.

Damon.

What will he tell me, in the name of God?

Pasiphilo.

O Lord, how happy am I? Look where he is,

* The first suppose brought to conclusion.

Damon.

Damon.

What news, *Pasiphilo*, that thou art so merry?

Pasiphilo.

Sir, I am merry to make you glad: I bring you joyful news.

Damon.

And that I have need of, *Pasiphilo*.

Pasiphilo.

I know, sir, that you are a sorrowful man for this mishap that hath chanced in your house; peradventure you thought I had not known of it. But let it pass, pluck up your spirits, and rejoice: for he that hath done you this injury is so well born, and hath so rich parents, that you may be glad to make him your son-in-law.

Damon.

How knowest thou?

Pasiphilo.

His father *Philegano*, one of the worthiest men in all *Cathanea*, is now come to the city, and is here in your neighbour's house.

Damon.

What, in *Erostrato's* house?

Pasiphilo.

Nay, in *Dulippo's* house; for where you have always supposed this gentleman to be *Erostrato*, it is not so, but your servant whom you have imprisoned, hitherto supposed to be *Dulippo*, he is indeed *Erostrato*: and that other is *Dulippo*. And thus they have always even since their first arrival in this city, exchanged names, to the end that *Erostrato* the master, under the name of *Dulippo* a servant, might be entertained in your house, and so win the love of your daughter.

Damon.

Well then, I perceive, it is even as *Polynesta* told me.

Pasiphilo.

Why, did she tell you so?

Damon.

Yea: but I thought it but a tale.

Pasiphilo.

Well, it is a true tale: and here they will be with you by and by; both *Philogano* this worthy man, and master doctor *Cleander*.

Damon.

Cleander? What to do?

Pasiphilo.

Cleander? Why thereby lies another tale, the most fortunate adventure that ever you heard: wot you what? this other *Dulippo*, whom all this while we supposed to be *Erostrato*, is found to be the son of *Cleander*, whom he lost at the loss of *Otranto*, and was after sold in *Scicilia* to this *Philogano*, the strangest case that ever you heard; a man might make a comedy of it: they will come even straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselves.

Damon.

Nay, I will first go hear the story of this *Dulippo*, be it *Dulippo* or *Erostrato*, that I have here within, before I speak with *Philogano*.

Pasiphilo.

So shall you do well, sir: I will go tell them that they may stay a while, and look where they come.

[*Damon goeth in. Scenese, Cleander, and Philogano come upon the stage.*]

SCENE VIII.

Scenese, Cleander, Philogano.

Scenese.

Sir, you shall not need to excuse the matter any farther: since I have received no greater injury than by words, let them pass, like wind; I take them well in worth, and am rather well pleased than offended: for it shall both be a good warning to me another time how to trust every man

at

at the first sight; yea, and I shall have good game here-
after to tell this pleasant story another day in mine own
country.

Cleander.

Gentleman, you have reason: and be you sure that as
many as hear it, will take great pleasure in it. And you,
Philogano, may think, that God in heaven above hath
ordained your coming hither at this present, to the end
I might recover my lost son, whom by no other means I
could ever have found out.

Philogano.

Surely, I think no less; for I think that not so much
as a leaf falleth from the tree, without the ordinance of
God. But let us go seek *Damon*; for, methinketh, every
day a year, every hour a day, and every minute too much
till I see my *Erastrato*.

Cleander.

I cannot blame you, go we then. — *Carino*, take you
that gentleman home in the mean-time; the fewer the
better to be present at such affairs.

[Pasiphilo stayeth their going in.]

S C E N A IX.

Pasiphilo, Cleander.

Pasiphilo.

Master doctor, will you not show me this favour, to tell
me the cause of your displeasure?

Cleander.

Gentle *Pasiphilo*, I must needs confess I have done thee
wrong, and that I believed tales of thee, which indeed
I find now contrary.

Pasiphilo.

I am glad then, that it proceeded rather of ignorance
than of malice.

Cleander.
Yea, believe me, *Pasipbilo*.

Pasipbilo.

O fir, but yet you should not have given me such foul words.

Cleander.

Well, content thyself *Pasipbilo*, I am thy friend as I have always been: for proof whereof, come sup with me to-night; and from day to day this seven'ight be thou my guest. But behold, here comes *Damon* out of his house.

[Here they come all together.]

SCENA X.

Cleander, Philogano, Damon, Erostrato, Pasipbilo, Polynesta, Nevola, and other servants.

Cleander.

We are come unto you, fir, to turn your sorrow into joy and gladness: the sorrow we mean, that of force you have sustained since this mishap of late fallen in your house. But be you of good comfort, fir, and assure yourself, that this young man which youthfully and not maliciously hath committed this amorous offence, is very well able (with consent of this worthy man his father) to make you sufficient amends: being born in *Cathanea* of *Sicilia*, of a noble house, no way inferiour unto you, and of wealth (by the report of such as know it) far exceeding that of yours.

Philogano.

And I here in proper person do present unto you, fir, not only my assured friendship and brotherhood, but do earnestly desire you to accept my poor child (though unworthy) as your son-in-law: and for recompence of the injury he hath done you, I proffer my whole lands in dower to your daughter: yea, and more would, if more I might.

Cleander.

Cleander.

And I, fir, who have hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in marriage, do now willingly yield up and quit claim to this young man, who both for years and for the love he beareth her, is most meetest to be her husband. For where I was desirous of a wife by whom I might have issue, to leave that little which God hath sent me, now have I little need, that (thanks be to God) have found my dearly beloved son, whom I lost of a child at the siege of *Otranto*.

Damon.

Worthy gentleman, your friendship, your alliance, and the nobility of your birth are such, as I have much more cause to desire them of you, than you to request of me that which is already granted. Therefore I gladly, and willingly receive the same, and think myself most happy now of all my life past, that I have gotten so toward a son-in-law to myself, and so worthy a father-in-law to my daughter: yea, and much the greater is my contentation, since this worthy gentleman, master *Cleander*, doth hold himself satisfied. And now behold your son.

Erostrato.

O, father.

Pasiphilo.

Behold the natural love of the child to the father, for inward joy he cannot pronounce one word; instead whereof he sendeth sobs and tears to tell the effect of his inward invention. But why do you abide here abroad? will it please you to go into the house, fir?

Damon.

Pasiphilo hath said well: will it please you to go in, fir?

Nevola.

Here I have brought you, fir, both fetters and bolts.

Damon.

Away with them now.

Nevola.

Yes, but what shall I do with them?

Damon.

Marry, I will tell thee, *Nevola*: To make a right end of our supposes, lay one of those bolts in the fire, and make thee a suppository as long as mine arm, God save the sample. — Nobles, and gentlemen, if you suppose that our supposes have given you sufficient cause of delight, show some token whereby we may suppose you are content.

Et plausuerunt.

N. B. The notes that occur in this play are in *Gafoigne's* edition printed in the margin.

F I N I S.

SATIROMASTIX,

OR

THE UNTRUSSING OF THE
HUMOROUS POET:

BY THOMAS DEKKER.

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis, idque coætus.

SA TIRO MAS TEX

THE UNRUSSING OF THE
HUMOROUS POET:

BY THOMAS DEKKER.

Non rectis cupimus uti Axiis, ipse coactus.

SATIRO-MASTIX,

Or,

THE UNTRUSSING OF THE HUMOROUS POET.

Thomas Dekker, the author of this comedy, was a voluminous as well as miscellaneous writer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles the first. He is said to have contended for the bays with the celebrated Ben Jonson; but, being of subordinate merit to his antagonist, is handed down to posterity as a very contemptible poet. Langbaine condemns his works in general, and severely censures the play before us, pronouncing it far inferiour to JONSON'S Poetaster, (in which Dekker was lashed under the character of Crispinus) as, indeed, proceeds he, his abilities in poetry were no ways comparable to his. Now, though the latter be confessedly true, if compared with Jonson's best pieces (for it is well known, that Ben sometimes descended to the lowest farce) yet, on the other hand, it must be allowed, that Dekker had, and that justly, his admirers, and was not devoid of genius; how far he succeeded in the present contest with his rival, is left to the judgment of those who have read Jonson's Poetaster.

Langbaine has omitted many things written by this author, which prove that his works were in general well received by his contemporaries. Oldys, in a MS. often referred to in these volumes, has completed the list of his productions: viz.

His English Villaines &c. a pamphlet, had eight impressions; the last in the year 1638.

Thomas of Reading: or, The six Worthys, yeomen of the west: now six times corrected and enlarged. 1632.

The Guls Horne Booke. 4°. 1609.

This treats of the humours and fashions of the times among the gallants and Paul's walkers, also at the ordinaries, play-houses, and taverns &c.

The

Jests to make you merry &c. 4°. 1607.

The dead term, *or* Westminster complaint &c. 4°. 1608.

A Knight's conjuring done in earnest, discovered in jest. 4°. 1607.

London triumphant, *or*, Sir John Swinnerton's London Maiors show. 4°. 1612.

Dekker's magnificent entertainment given to king James by the city of London. 4°. 1604.

Besides which are the following plays:

The Wonder of a Kingdome. *Written by* Tho. Dekker. 4°. 1636. *And*

The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat, with the Coronation of Queen Mary and the Coming of King Philip: as it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Servants, written by Thomas Dekker and John Webster. 4°. 1607.

Witch of Edmonton, a known true story, composed into a Tragi-comedy, by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c. never printed till now. 4°. 1658. *with a wooden cut.*

The following play is not divided into Acts.

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TO THE WORLD.

WORLD, I was once resolved to be round with thee, because I know 'tis thy fashion to be round with every body; but the wind shifting his point, the vein turned: yet, because thou wilt sit as judge of all matters, (though for thy labour thou wearest *Midas'* ears, and art

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum, whose great *Poliphemian* eye is put out) I care not much if I make description, before thy universality, of that terrible *Poetomachia*, lately commenced between *Horace the second*, and a band of lean-witted *Poetasters*. They have been at high words; and so high, that the ground could not serve them, but, for want of *Chopins*, have stalked upon stages.

Horace haled his *Poetasters* to the bar; the *Poetasters* untrussed *Horace*: how worthily either, or how wrongfully, *World*, leave it to the jury. *Horace*, questionless, made himself believe, that his *Burgonian* † wit might desperately challenge all comers, and that none durst take up the foils against him: it's likely, if he had not so believed, he had not been so deceived, for he was answered at his own weapon. And if before *Apollo* himself, who is *Coronator Poetarum*, an inquisition should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of innocent poetry, all mount *Helicon* to *Bunhill*, it would be found on the *Poetasters'* side, *se defendendo*. Notwithstanding the doctors think otherwise. I meet one, and he runs full-but at me with his satyr's horns, for that in untrussing *Horace*, I did only whip his fortunes, and condition of life; where the more noble reprehension had been of his mind's deformity, whose greatness, if his critical *Lynx* had with as narrow eyes observed in

† Alluding to the bastard of Burgundy, who was overthrown in Smithfield by Anthony Woodville earl Rivers.

himself,

himself, as it did little spots upon others, without all disputation *Horace* would not have left *Horace* out of *Everyman in his Humour*. His fortunes? why does not he tax that only in others? Read his *Arraignment*, and see. A second cat-a-mountain mews, and calls me barren, because my brains could bring forth no other *stigmatick* than *Tucca*, whom *Horace* had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder, what language *Tucca* would have spoke, if honest captain *Hannam* had been born without a tongue. Is it not lawful then for me to imitate *Horace*, as *Horace Hannam*? Besides, if I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow (of what test soever) he had been outfaced, and outweighed by a settled former approbation: neither was it much improper to set the same dog upon *Horace*, whom *Horace* had set to worry others.

I could here, even with the feather of my pen, wipe off other ridiculous imputations; but my best way to answer them is, to laugh at them: only thus much I protest, and swear by the divinest part of true poesy, that, however the limbs of my naked lines may be, and I know have been tortured on the rack, they are free from conspiring the least disgrace to any man, but only to our new *Horace*; neither should this ghost of *Tucca* have walked up and down *Paul's* churchyard, but that he was raised up, in print, by new exorcisms. *World*, if thy hugeness will believe this, do; if not, I care not: for I dedicate my book, not to thy greatness, but to the greatness of thy scorn: defying which, let that mad dog *detraction* bite till his teeth be worn to the stumps: *Envy*, feed thy snakes so fat with poison, till they burst! *World*, let all thy adders shoot out their *Hydra*-headed, forked stings; *Ha, Ha, Nanci*; if none will take my part, as I desire none, yet I thank thee, thou true *Venusian Horace*, for these good words thou givest me, *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo*. *World*, farewell.

Malim convivis quam placuisse coquis.

A D L E C T O R E M.

INSTEAD of the trumpet's sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amiss, for him that will read, first to behold this short comedy of errours; † and where the greatest enter, to give them, instead of a hiss, a gentle correction.

In letter C. Page 1. for ——— &c.

† The errours of the press to which the author alludes are corrected in the present edition, and therefore are not enumerated: but, there being some quaint humour in this address to the reader, it was thought proper to retain it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Sir WALTER TERILL.

Sir REES AP VAUGHAN.

Sir QUINTILIAN SHORTHOSE.

Sir ADAM PRICKSHAFT.

BLUNT.

CRISPINUS.

DEMETRIUS FANNIUS.

TUCCA.

HORACE.

ASINIUS BUBO.

PETER FLASH.

CÆLESTINE.

Mistress MINIVER.

Ladies.

Ad Detractorem.

*Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi. Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

THE UNTRUSSING
OF THE
HUMOROUS POET.

Enter two Gentlewomen strewing flowers.

1 Gentlewoman.

COME, bedfellow, come; strew apace, strew,
strew: in good troth, 'tis pity that these flowers
must be trodden under feet, as they are like to
be anon.

2 Gentlewoman.

Pity! alack, pretty heart, thou art sorry to see any
good thing fall to the ground: pity! no more pity, than
to see an innocent maidenhead delivered up to the ruffling
of her new-wedded husband. Beauty is made for use;
and he that will not use a sweet soul well, when she is
under his fingers, I pray *Venus*, he may never kiss a fair,
and a delicate, soft, red, plump lip.

1 Gentlewoman.

Amen; and that's torment enough.

2 Gentlewoman.

Pity! Come, fool, fling them about lustily: flowers
never die a sweeter death, than when they are smothered
to death in a lover's bosom; or else pave the highways,
over which these pretty, simp'ring, jetting things, called
brides, must trip.

1 Gentlewoman.

1 *Gentlewoman.*

I pray thee, tell me; why do they use at weddings to furnish all places thus, with sweet herbs and flowers?

2 *Gentlewoman.*

One reason is, because 'tis — o a most sweet thing to lie with a man.

1 *Gentlewoman.*

I think, 'tis a — o more, more, more, more sweet to lie with a woman.

2 *Gentlewoman.*

'I warrant, all men are of thy mind: another reason is, because they sicken like the scutcheons of madam Chastity, on the sable ground, weeping in their stalks, and winking with their yellow, sunk eyes, as loath to behold the lamentable fall of a maidenhead: what senseless thing in all the house, that is not now as melancholly, as a new set-up schoolmaster!

1 *Gentlewoman.*

Troth, I am.

2 *Gentlewoman.*

Troth, I think thou mournest, because thou'lt miss'd thy turn; I do, by the quiver of *Cupid*: you see, the torches melt themselves away in tears; the instruments wear their heart-strings out for sorrow; and the silver ewers weep most pitiful rose-water; five or six pair of the white, innocent, wedding gloves, did, in my sight, choose rather to be torn in pieces than to be drawn on: and, look, this rosemary, a fatal herb, this dead-man's nosegay, has crept in amongst these flowers to deck th' invisible coarse of the bride's maidenhead, when, (o how much do we poor wenches suffer!) about eleven or twelve, or one o'clock at midnight at farthest, it descends to purgatory, to give notice that *Cælestine* (heigh ho!) will never come to lead apes in hell.

1 *Gentlewoman.*

If I had as many maidenheads, as I have hairs on my head, I'd venture them all rather than to come into so hot

hot a place: prithee, strew thou, for my little arms are weary.

1 *Gentlewoman.*

I am sure, thy little tongue is not.

2 *Gentlewoman.*

No, 'faith, that's like a woman bitten with flees, it never lies still: Fye upon't! what a miserable thing 'tis to be a noble bride! there's such delays in rising, in fitting gowns, in tiring, in pinning rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in supper, in revels, and, last of all, in cursing the poor nodding fidlers for keeping mistress bride so long up from sweeter revels; that, o, I could never endure to put it up without much bickering.

1 *Gentlewoman.*

Come, thou'rt an odd wench: hark, hark! musick? nay then, the bride's up.

2 *Gentlewoman.*

Is she up? nay then, I see she has been down: Lord ha' mercy on us! we women fall and fall still; and, when we have husbands, we play upon them like virginal jacks, they must rise and fall to our humours, or else they'll never get any good strains of musick out of us: but, come now; have at it for a maidenhead. [Strew.

As they strew, enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose, with Peter Flash, and two or three servingmen, with lights.

Sir Quintilian.

Come, knaves, night begins to be like myself, an old man; day plays the thief, and steals upon us: — O, well done, wenches, well done, well done; you have covered all the stony way to church with flowers: 'tis well, 'tis well; there's an emblem too to be made out of these flowers and stones: but you are honest wenches, in, in, in.

2 Gentlewoman.

When we come to your years, we shall learn what honesty is: — Come, pew-fellow. *[Exeunt.]*

Sir Quintilian.

Is the musick come yet? So much to do! Is't come?

Omnes.

Come, fir.

Sir Quintilian.

Have the merry knaves pull'd their fiddle cases over their instruments' ears?

Flash.

As soon as e'er they enter'd our gates, the noise went: before they came near the great hall, the faint-hearted villiacoes sounded at least thrice.

Sir Quintilian.

Thou shouldst have revived them with a cup of burnt wine and sugar: — Sirra, you, horse-keeper, go bid them curry their strings: — Is my daughter up yet?

[Exit Servant.]

Flash.

Up, fir? she was seen up an hour ago.

Sir Quintilian.

She's an early stirrer, ah, sirra?

Flash.

She'll be a late stirrer soon at night, fir.

Sir Quintilian.

Go to, *Peter Flash*, you have a good sudden flash of brain, your wit's husky; and no marvel, for 'tis like one of our comedian's beards, still i' the stubble: about your business, and look you be nimble to fly from the wine, or the nimble wine will catch you by the nose.

Flash.

If your wine play with my nose, fir, I'll knock's coxcomb.

Sir Quintilian.

Do, *Peter*, and wear it for thy labour: Is my son-in-law, fir *Walter Terill* ready yet?

Omnes.

Omnes.

Ready, fir.

[*Exit another.*

Sir Quintilian.

One of you attend him: — Stay, *Flash*, where's the note of the guests you have invited?

Flash.

Here, fir; I'll pull all your guests out of my bosom: the men, that will come, I have cross'd; but all the gentlewomen have at the tail of the last letter a prick, because you may read them the better.

Sir Quintilian.

My spectacles: — light, light, knaves. *Sir Adam Pricksfast*: — thou hast cross'd him, he'll come?

Flash.

I had much ado, fir, to draw *sir Adam Pricksfast* home, because I told him 'twas early; but he'll come.

Sir Quintilian.

Justice Crop: — what, will he come?

Flash.

He took physick yesterday, fir.

Sir Quintilian.

O, then *Crop* cannot come.

Flash.

O Lord, yes, fir, yes; 'twas but to make more room in his crop for your good cheer, *Crop* will come.

Sir Quintilian.

Widow Minever: —

Flash.

She's prick'd, you see, fir, and will come.

Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaughan ap Rees: — o, he's cross'd twice: so, so, so; then all these ladies, that fall downwards here will come, I see, and all these gentlemen that stand right before them.

Flash.

All will come.

Sir Quintilian.

Well said : here, write them out again, and put the men from the women ; and, *Peter*, when we are at church bring wine and cakes : be light and nimble, good *Flash* ; for your burden w^{ill} be but light.

Enter sir Adam, a light before him.

Sir Adam Prickshaft, god morrow, god morrow : go, in, in, in to the bridegroom, taste a cup of burnt wine this morning ; 'twill make you fly the better all the day after.

Sir Adam.

You are an early stirrer, sir *Quintilian Shorthose*.

Sir Quintilian.

I am so ; it behooves me at my daughter's wedding : in, in, in : — Fellow, put out thy torch, and put thyself into my buttery ; the torch burns ill in thy hand, the wine will burn better in thy belly : in, in.

Flash.

'Ware, there ; room for sir *Adam Prickshaft* : your worship — [Exit.

Enter sir Vaughan, and mistress Minever.

Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaughan ! — and widow *Minever* ! — welcome, welcome, a thousand times : — My lips, mistress widow, shall bid you god morrow : — In, in, one to the bridegroom, the other to the bride.

Sir Vaughan.

Why then, sir *Quintilian Shorthose*, I will step into mistress bride, and widow *Minever* shall go upon master bridegroom.

Mistress Minever.

No ; pardon ; for by my truly, sir *Vaughan*, I'll ha' no dealings with any master bridegrooms.

Sir

Sir Quintilian.

In, widow, in: — In, honest knight, in.

Sir Vaughan.

I will usher you, mistress widow.

Flash.

Light there for sir *Vaughan*: — Your good worship —

Sir Vaughan.

Drink that filling, master *Peter Flash*, in your guts and belly.

Flash.

I'll not drink it down, sir; but I'll turn it into that which shall run down, O, merrily! [*Exit Sir Vaughan.*]

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, and others,
with Ladies; lights before them.*

Sir Quintilian.

God morrow to these beauties; and gentlemen, that have ushered this troop of ladies to my daughter's wedding: welcome, welcome, all. — Musick? nay, then the bridegroom's coming. — Where are these knaves here?

Flash.

All here, sir.

*Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Cælestine, Minever,
and other ladies, and attendants with lights.*

Terill.

God morrow, ladies, — and fair troops of gallants, — That have depos'd the drowsy king of sleep,
To crown our train with your rich presences:
I salute you all;
Each one share thanks from thanks in general.

Crispinus.

God morrow, master bridegroom, and mistress bride.

Omnes.

God morrow, master bridegroom.

Terill.

Gallants, I shall entreat you to prepare
For masks and revels to defeat the night;
Our sov'reign will in person grace our marriage.

Sir Quintilian.

What, will the king be here?

Terill.

Father, he will.

Sir Quintilian.

Where be these knaves? More rosemary, and gloves,
gloves, gloves: — Choose, gentlemen: — Ladies, put on
soft skins upon the skin of softer hands: so, so. — Come,
mistress bride, take you your place; the old men first,
and then the bachelors; maids, with the bride; widows
and wives together: the priest's at church, 'tis time that
we march thither.

Terill.

Dear *Blunt*, at our return from church, take pains to
step to *Horace* for our nuptial songs: — Now, father, when
you please.

Sir Quintilian.

Agreed, set on: come, good sir *Vaughan*, must we lead
the way?

Sir Vaughan.

Peter, you go too fast for mistress pride: so; gingerly,
gingerly: I muse, why sir *Adam Prickshaft* sticks so short
behind?

Sir Quintilian.

He follows close: not too fast: hold up knaves:
Thus we lead youth to church, they us to graves.

[*Exeunt.*]*Horace*

Horace sitting in a study behind a curtain, a candle by him burning, books lying confusedly.

Horace, to himself.

To thee whose forehead swells with roses,
 Whose most haunted bower
 Gives life and scent to every flower,
 Whose most adored name incloses
 Things abstruse, deep and divine,
 Whose yellow tresses shine,
 Bright as Eoan fire,
 O, me thy priest inspire!
 For I to thee, and thine immortal name, —
 In — in — in golden tunes,
 For I to thee, and thine immortal name, —
 In — sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming,
 In sacred raptures swimming,
 Immortal name, — game, dame, tame, lame, lame; —
 Pux, hath, — shame, proclaim, — O —
 In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaim, — not —
 O, me thy priest inspire!
 For I to thee, and thine immortal name,
 In flowing numbers fill'd with sprite and flame,
 Good, good!
 In flowing numbers fill'd with sprite and flame, —

Enter *Asinius Bubo*.

Asinius.

Horace, *Horace*, — my sweet ningle is always in labour when I come: The nine muses be his midwives, I pray *Jupiter*! — Ningle, —

† In flowing measure fill'd with flame and sprite.

Postast. P. 35. Whalley's Ed.

Horace.

Horace.

*In flowing numbers fill'd with sprite and flame,
To thee, —*

Asinius.

To me? I pledge thee, sweet ningle: By *Bacchus*' quaffing bowl, I thought, thou'dst drunk to me.

Horace.

It must have been in the divine liquor of *Parnassus* then; in which, I know, you would scarce have pledg'd me: but come, sweet rogue, fit, fit, fit.

Asinius.

Over head and ears, y'faith! I have a sack full of news for thee; thou shalt plague some of them, if God send us life and health together.

Horace.

It's no matter, empty thy sack anon; but come here first, honest rogue, come.

Asinius.

Is't good? is't good? pure *Helicon*? ha?

Horace.

Damn me, if't be not the best that ever came from me, if I have any judgment: look, fir, 'tis an *Epithalamium* for fir *Walter Terill's* wedding; my brains have given assault to it but this morning.

Asinius.

Then I hope to see them fly out, like gunpowder, ere night.

Horace.

Nay, good rogue, mark; for they are the best lines that ever I drew.

Asinius.

Here's the best leaf in *England*: but, on, on; I'll but tune this pipe.

Horace.

Mark!

To thee, whose forehead swells with roses, —

Asinius.

O, sweet! but will there be no exceptions taken, because forehead and swelling comes together?

Horace.

Horace.

Puff! away, away! it's proper; besides, 'tis an elegance to say, the forehead swells.

Asinius.

Nay, an't be proper, let it stand for God's love.

Horace.

*Whose most haunted bower
Gives life and scent to every flower,
Whose most adored name incloses
Things abstruse, deep and divine,
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire, —*

Asinius.

O, pure! rich! there's heat in this; on, on.

Horace.

*Bright as Eoan fire,
O, me thy priest inspire!
For I to thee, and thine immortal name, —
Mark this:*

In flowing numbers fill'd with sprite and flame, —

Asinius.

Ay, marry; there's sprite and flame in this.

Horace.

A pox o' this tobacco!

Asinius.

'Wou'd this case were my last, if I did not mark: nay, all's one; I have always a consort of pipes about me: mine ingle is all fire and water; I mark'd, by this candle, (which is none of God's angels;) I remember, you started back at *sprite and flame*.

Horace.

*For I to thee, and thine immortal name,
In flowing numbers fill'd with sprite and flame,
To thee, love's mightiest king,
Hymen, o, Hymen, does our chaste muse sing.*

Asinius.

There's musick in this.

Horace.

Horace.

Mark now, dear *Asinius*:

*Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the bride;
Though their blushing cheeks they hide,
Yet with kisses will they see thee,
To untie their virgin zone;
They grieve to lie alone.*

Asinius.

So do I, by *Venus*.

Horace.

Yet with kisses will they see thee.

My muse has march'd, dear rogue, no farther yet: But, how is't? how is't? nay, prithee, good *Asinius*, deal plainly; do not flatter me; come, how?

Asinius.

If I have any judgment, —

Horace.

Nay, look you, sir; and then follow a troop of other rich and labour'd conceits: O, the end shall be admirable! But how is't, sweet *Bubo*? how? how?

Asinius.

If I have any judgment, 'tis the best stuff that ever drop'd from thee.

Horace.

You ha' seen my acrosticks?

Asinius.

I'll put up my pipes, and then I'll see any thing.

Horace.

Thou'lt a copy of mine odes too, hast not, *Bubo*?

Asinius.

Your odes? O, that which you spake by word o'mouth at the ordinary, when *Musco* the gull cried mew at it?

Horace.

A pox on him, poor brainless rook! And you remember, I told him, his wit lay at pawn with his new fatten suit, and both would be lost, for not fetching home by a day.

Asinius.

Afinius.

At which he would fain ha' blush'd, but that his painted cheeks would not let him.

Horace.

Nay, firra, the *Palinode*, which I mean to stich to my revels, shall be the best, and ingenious piece that ever I swet for: stay, rogue; I'll sat thy spleen, and make it plump with laughter.

Afinius.

Shall I? 'faith, ningle, shall I see thy secrets?

Horace.

Puh! my friends.

Afinius.

But what fardle's that, what fardle's that?

Horace.

Fardle! away; 'tis my packet: here lies intomb'd the loves of knights and earls; here 'tis, here 'tis, here 'tis, sir *Walter Terill's* letter to me, and my answer to him: I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious angels, whom I ador'd, as subjects do their sovereigns: the honest knight angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baits, — But why dost laugh, my good rogue? How is my answer, prithee; how, how?

Afinius.

Answer? As God judge me, ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any justice of peace in *England*, I warrant: thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too, I like that; and read'st as legibly as some that have been sav'd by their neck-verse.

Horace.

But how dost like the knight's inditing?

Afinius.

If I have any judgment, — A pox on't! here's worshipful lines, indeed, here's stuff! But, firra ningle, of what fashion is this knight's wit, of what block?

Horace.

Why, you see; well, well, an ordinary ingenuity, a
good

good wit for a knight, you know how : before God, I am haunted with some the most pitiful dry gallants.

Asinius.

Troth, so I think : good pieces of landskip show best afar off.

Horace.

Ay, ay, ay ; excellent sumpter horses carry good clothes : But, honest rogue, come ; what news, what news abroad ? I have heard o' the horse's walking o' the top of *Paul's*. †

Asinius.

Ha'ye ? Why then, captain *Tucca* rails upon you most preposterously behind your back ; did you not hear him ?

Horace.

A pox upon him ! By the white and soft hand of *Minerva*, I'll make him the most ridiculous, — damn me, if I bring not's humour o' the stage ; and — scurvy limping-tongu'd captain ! poor, greasy, buff-jerkin, hang him ! 'tis out of his element to traduce me ; I am too well rank'd, *Asinius*, to be stab'd with his dudgeon wit : firra, I'll compose an epigram upon him, shall go thus, —

Asinius.

Nay, I ha' more news : there's *Crispinus*, and his journeyman poet *Demetrius Fannius* too ; they swear, they'll bring your life and death upon the stage like a bricklayer in a play.

Horace.

Bubo, they must prefs more valiant wits than their own to do it : me o' the stage ! ha, ha ; I'll starve their poor copper lace workmasters, that dare play me : I can bring (and that they quake at) a prepar'd troop of gallants, who for my sake shall distaste every unsalted line, in their fly-blown comedies.

Asinius.

Nay that's certain ; I'll bring a hundred gallants of my rank.

† Alluding, probably to Bank's horse.

Horace.

Horace.

That same *Crispinus* is the silliest dor, and *Fannius* the
slightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet! — O God!
Why * should I care what every dor doth buz
In credulous ears? It is a crown to me,
That the best judgments can report me wrong'd.

Asinius.

I am one of them that can report it.

Horace.

I think but what they are, and am not mov'd:
The one † a light, voluptuous reveller,
The other, a strange, arrogating puff;
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Asinius.

S'lid, do not, *Criticus*, revel in these lines, ha, ningle,
ha? [Knocking.

Horace.

Yes, they're mine own.

Crispinus.

Horace!

Demetrius.

Flaccus!

Crispinus,

Horace! not up yet?

Horace.

Peace! tread softly; hide my papers: — Who's this so
early? — Some of my rooks? Some of my gulls?

Crispinus.

Horace! Flaccus!

Horace.

Who's there? — Stay, tread softly; *Wat Terill*, on my
life: — Who's there? — My gown, sweet rogue: so; —
Come up, come in.

* *What should I care &c.* *Cynthia's Revels.* p. 344.

† *The one &c.* *Ibid.*

Enter

Enter Crispinus, and Demetrius,

Crispinus,

God morrow, *Horace*.

Horace,

O, God save you, gallants.

Crispinus,

Afinius Bubo, well met.

Afinius.

Nay, I hope so, *Crispinus*; yet I was sick a quarter of a year ago of a vehement great toothach: a pox on't! it bit me vilely, as God sa' me, la. I knew 'twas you by your knocking, so soon as I saw you: — *Demetrius Fannius*, will you take a whiff this morning? I have tickling gear now; here's that will play with your nose, and a pipe of mine own scouring too.

Demetrius.

Ay, and a hoghead too of your own; but that will never be scour'd clean, I fear.

Afinius.

I burn'd my pipe, yesternight, and 'twas never us'd since: if you will, 'tis at your service, gallants, and tobacco too; 'tis right pudding, I can tell you: a lady or two took a pipe full or two at my hands, and prais'd it for the heavens: — Shall I fill, *Fannius*?

Demetrius.

I thank you, good *Afinius*, for your love, I seldom take that physick; 'tis enough Having so much fool, to take him in snuff.

Horace.

Good *Bubo*, read some book, and give us leave.

Afinius.

Leave have you, dear ningle; marry, for reading any book, I'll take my death upon't, (as my ningle says) 'tis out of my element: no, 'faith, ever since I felt one hit me i'the teeth, that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, could I abide to go to school; I was at *As in præ-senti*,

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senti, and left there : yet because I'll not be counted a worse fool than I am, I'll turn over a new leaf.

[*Afinius reads, and takes tobacco.*

Horace.

To see my fate, that, when I dip my pen
In distill'd roses, and do strive to drain
Out of mine ink all gall ; that, when I weigh
Each syllable I write or speak, because
Mine enemies, with sharp and searching eyes,
Look through and through me, carving my poor labours
Like an anatomy : o heavens, to see,
That, when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As even parallels, 'tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawn awry.
The error is not mine, but in their eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Crispinus.

Horace, Horace,

To stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt: for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaves of heav'n, the clouds,
Or speak with angels' tongues; yet wise men know,
That some would shake the head, tho' saints should sing:
Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with stings.

Horace.

'Tis true.

Crispinus.

Do we not see fools laugh at heav'n, and mock
The maker's workmanship? be not you griev'd,
If that which you mould fair, upright and smooth,
Be screw'd awry, made crooked, lame, and vile,
By racking comments, and calumnious tongues;
So to be bit it rankles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs;
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pills,
And only offer you the bitter core.

Horace.

*Horace.**Crispinus, —**Crispinus.*

Say, that you have not sworn unto your paper,
 To blot her white cheeks with the dregs and bottom
 Of your friends' private vices; say, you swear
 Your love and your allegiance to bright virtue
 Makes you descend so low, as to put on
 The office of an executioner,
 Only to strike off the swoln head of sin,
 Where'er you find it standing; say, you swear,
 And make damnation parcel of your oath,
 That, when your lashing jests make all men bleed,
 Yet you whip none: court, city, country friends,
 Foes, all must smart alike; yet court, nor city,
 Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you: great pity.

Demetrius.

If you swear, damn me, *Fannius*, or, *Crispinus*,
 Or to the law, (our kingdom's golden chain)
 To poets, damn me, or to players, damn me,
 If I brand you, or you; tax you, scourge you:
 I wonder then, that of five hundred four hundred five
 Should all point with their fingers in one instant
 At one and the same man.

*Horace.*Dear *Fannius*, —*Demetrius.*

Come, you cannot excuse it.

Horace.

Hear me, I can.

Demetrius.

You must daub on thick colours then to hide it.

Crispinus.

We come, like your physicians, to purge
 Your sick and dangerous mind of her disease.

Demetrius.

In troth, we do; out of our loves we come,
 And not revenge: but if you strike us still,
 We must defend our reputations;

Our

Our pens shall, like our swords, be always sheath'd,
Unless too much provoked, *Horace*: if then
They draw blood of you, blame us not, we are men.
Come, let thy muse bear up a smother fail;
'Tis the easiest and the basest art to rail.

Horace.

Deliver me your hands: I love you both,
As dear as my own soul; prove me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorn of men.

Both.

Enough, we are friends.

Crispinus.

What reads *Asinius*?

Asinius.

By my troth, here's an excellent comfortable book;
it's most sweet reading in it.

Demetrius.

Why, what does it smell of, *Bubo*?

Asinius.

Mas, it smells of rose-leaves a little too.

Horace.

Then it must needs be a sweet book; he would fain
perfume his ignorance.

Asinius.

I warrant, he had wit in him that pen'd it.

Crispinus.

'Tis good, yet a fool will confess truth.

Asinius.

The whoreson made me meet with a hard stile in two
or three places, as I went over him.

Demetrius.

I believe thee; for they had need to be very low and
easy stiles of wit that thy brains go over.

Enter Blunt, and Tucca.

Blunt.

Where's this gallant? — Morrow, gentlemen: — What,
's this device done yet, *Horace*?

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Horace.

Gods fo, what mean you to let this fellow dog you into my chamber?

Blunt.

O, our honest captain: Come, prithee, let us see.

Tucca.

Why, you bastards of nine whores, the muses, why do you walk here in this gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions, with that whoreson, poor lime-and-hair rascal? why —

Crispinus.

O, peace, good *Tucca*; we are all sworn friends.

Tucca.

Sworn! that *Judas* yonder that walks in rug will dub you knights o'the post, if you serve under his band of oaths; the copper-fac'd rascal will for a good supper out-swear twelve dozen of grand juries.

Blunt.

A pox on't! not done yet? and been about it three days?

Horace.

By *Jesu*, within this hour. — Save you, captain *Tucca*.

Tucca.

Damn thee, thou thin-bearded hermaphrodite, damn thee; I'll save myself for one, I warrant thee: Is this thy tub, *Diogenes*?

Horace.

Yes, captain, this is my poor lodging.

Asinius.

Morrow, captain *Tucca*; will you whiff this morning?

Tucca.

Art thou there, goat's pizzle? No, godamercy, *Cain*; I am for no whiffs I: Come hither sheep-skin weaver; s'foot, thou look'st as though thou'dst beg'd out of a jail: draw; I mean not thy face, (for 'tis not worth drawing:) but draw near, this way, march, follow your commander, you scoundrel. — So, thou must run of an errand for me, *Mephostophilus*.

Horace.

Horace.

To do you pleasure, captain, I will : but whither ?

Tucca.

To hell, thou know'st the way ; to hell, my fire and
brimstone, to hell : dost stare, my *Saracen's* head at
Newgate ? Dost gloat ? I'll march through thy *Dunkirk's*
guts, for shooting jests at me,

Horace.

Dear captain, but one word.

Tucca.

Out, bench-whistler, out ; I'll not take thy word for
a dagger pie : you brown-bread-mouth flinker, I'll teach
thee to turn me into *Banks* his horse, and to tell gentle-
men, I am a jugler, and can show tricks.

Horace.

Captain *Tucca*, but half a word in your ear.

Tucca.

No, you starv'd rascal, thou't bite off mine ears then :
you must have three or four suits of names, when, like
a lowsy pediculous vermin, thou'st but one suit to thy
back : you must be call'd *Asper*, and *Criticus*, and *Horace* ;
thy title's longer o' reading than the stile o'the big *Turk's* :
Asper, *Criticus*, *Quintus*, *Horatius*, *Flaccus*.

Horace.

Captain, I know upon what even bases I stand, and
therefore —

Tucca.

Bases ! — 'Would the rogue were but ready for me.

Blunt.

Nay, prythee, dear *Tucca* ; come, you shall shake —

Tucca.

Not hands with great *Hunks* there, not hands ; but I'll
shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skin,

Crispinus and Demetrius.

For our sake, captain; nay, prythee, hold.

Tucca.

Thou wrong'st here a good honest rascal *Crispinus*, and a poor varlet *Demetrius Fannius*, brethren in thine own trade of poetry: thou say'st *Crispinus*' satiric doublet is ravell'd out here, and that this penurious sneaker is out at elbows: go to, my good full-mouth'd bandog; I'll ha' thee friends with both.

Horace.

With all my heart, captain *Tucca*, and with you too; I'll lay my hands under your feet to keep them from aching.

Omnes.

Can you have any more?

Tucca.

Say'st thou me so, old Coal? come, do't then: yet 'tis no matter neither; I'll have thee in league first with these two rollypoolies: they shall be thy *Demons*, and thou their *Pitbiases*; *Crispinus* shall give thee an old cast satiric suit, and *Demetrius* shall write thee a scene or two in one of thy strong garlick comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and swear 'tis thine own, old lad, 'tis thine own: thou never yet fell'st into the hands of satiric, didst?

Horace.

Never, captain, I thank God.

Tucca.

Go to, thou shalt now, king *Gorboduc*, thou shalt; because I'll ha' thee damn'd, I'll ha' thee all in satiric: *Asper*, *Criticus*, *Quintus*, *Horatius*, *Flaccus*, *Crispinus* shall do't; thou shalt do't heir-apparent of *Helicon*, thou shalt do't.

Afinius.

Mine ingles wear an old cast satiric suit?

Tucca.

Tucca.

Ay, wafer-face, your ningle.

Asinius.

If he carry the mind of a gentleman, he'll scorn it at his heels.

Tucca.

Marry, muff, my man o'gingerbread, wilt eat any small coal?

Asinius.

No, captain; 'would you should well know it, great coal shall not fill my belly.

Tucca.

Scorn it? — Dost scorn to be arrested at one of his old suits?

Horace.

No, captain; I'll wear any thing.

Tucca.

I know, thou wilt: I know, thou'rt an honest, low-minded pigmy; for I ha' seen thy shoulders lap'd in a player's old cast cloak, like a fly knave as thou art: and when thou ran'st mad for the death of *Horatio*,* thou borrow'dst a gown of *Roscius* the stager, that honest *Nicodemus*, and send'st it home lowsy, didst not? *responde*, didst not?

Blunt.

So, so; no more of this: within this hour —

Horace.

If I can sound retreat to my wits, with whom this leader is in skirmish, I'll end within this hour.

Tucca.

What, wou't end? wou't hang thyself now? Has he

* Ben Jonson, who is lashed under the character of Horace, played the part of old Hieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy*; as appears from this, and the following passage in this play: "Thou hast forgot how thou ambld'st in leather pilch, by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Jeroni-mo's part, to get service among the mimicks."

not writ *finis* yet, *Jack*? What, will he be fifteen weeks about this cockatrice's egg too? Has he not cackled yet? not lay'd yet?

Blunt.

Not yet; he swears, he will within this hour.

Tucca.

His wits are somewhat hard-bound: the punck his muse has fore labour, ere the whore be delivered; the poor saffron-cheek, sun-burnt gipsy wants physick: give the hungry-face pudding-pie-eater ten pills; ten shillings, my fair *Angelica*: they'll make his muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blunt.

He shall not want for money, if he'll write.

Tucca.

Go by, *Ieronimo*, go by: and here, drop the ten shillings into this bason: do, drop; when, *Jack*? He shall call me, his *Mæcenæ*: besides, I'll dam up's oven-mouth for railing at's. So; is't right, *Jack*? is't sterling? Fall off now to the vaward of yonder four stinkers, and ask aloud if we shall go. The knight shall defray, *Jack*, the knight; when it comes to *summa totalis*, the knight, the knight.

Blunt.

Well, gentlemen, we'll leave you: — Shall we go, captain? — Good *Horace*, make some haste.

Horace.

I'll put on wings.

Asinius.

I never saw mine ingle so dash'd in my life before.

Crispinus.

Yes, once, *Asinius*.

Asinius.

Mafs, you say true; he was dash'd worse once, going, in a rainy day, with a speech to the tilt-yard: By God's lid, has call'd him names, a dog would not put up, that had any discretion.

Tucca.

Tucca.

Hold, hold up thy hand; I ha' seen the day thou didst not scorn to hold up thy golls: there's a souldier's spur-royal, twelve pence: stay, because I know thou canst not write without quicksilver, up again, this goll again; I give thee double press-money: stay, because I know thou hast a noble head, I'll divide my crown, o royal *Porrex*, [there's a teston more; go, thou and thy muse munch; do, munch: come, my dear mandrake, if skeldring fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish: Farewel, my sweet *Amadis de Gaul*, farewel.

Horace.

Dear captain!

Tucca.

Come, *Jack*.

Demetrius.

Nay, captain, stay; we are of your band.

Tucca.

March fair then.

Crispinus.

Horace, farewel; — adieu, *Asinius*. [Exeunt.

Asinius.

Ningle, let's go to some tavern, and dine together; for my stomach rises at this scurvy leather captain.

Horace.

No, they have choak'd me with mine own disgrace; Which, fools, I'll spit again ev'n in your face. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Minever, with Servingmen.

Sir Quintilian.

Knaves, varlets! what, *Lungis*! give me a dozen of stools there.

Sir Vaughan.

Jesu pless us all in our five sences a piece: — What mean you, sir *Kintilian Sorthose* to stand so much on a dozen

dozen stools? here be not preeches enough to hide a dozen stools; unless you wisse some of us preak his sins.

Sir Quintilian.

I say, fir *Vaughan*, no shin shall be broken here: —What, *Lungis*! a chair with a strong back, and a soft belly, great with child, with a cushion for this reverend lady.

Minever.

God never gave me the grace to be a lady; yet I ha' been worship'd in my conscience to my face a thousand times: I cannot deny, fir *Vaughan*, but that I have all implements, belonging to the vocation of a lady.

Sir Vaughan.

I trust, mistress *Minever*, you have all a honest 'oman shou'd have?

Minever.

Yes, perdie, as my coach, and my fan,* and a man or two that serve my turn, and other things which I'd be loath every one should see, because they shall not be common; I am in manner of a lady in one point.

Sir Vaughan.

I pray, mistress *Minevers*, let us all see that point for our better understanding.

Minever.

For I ha' some things that were fetch'd, I am sure, as far as some of the *Low Countries*; and I pay'd sweetly for them too, and they told me, they were good for ladies.

Sir Quintilian.

And much good do't thy good heart, fair widow, with them.

* *When it is considered, that the handle of the fan was made of the most costly materials, there will appear no impropriety in making the fan one of the implements belonging to the vocation of a lady.*

The handle of the fan was a very considerable booty for the nimmers and conycatchers of that age. See Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 2, Sc. 2,

Falstaff. — And when Mrs. Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou badst it not.

Pistol. Didst thou not share? badst thou not fifteen pence?

Hammer's Shakespeare, 2d edit. Gloss.

Minever.

Minever.

I am fair enough to be a widow, fir *Quintilian*.

Sir Vaughan.

In my soul and conscience, and wellfavour'd enough to be a lady: — here is fir *Kintilian Sortbosc*, — and here is fir *Adam Prickshaft*, a s Gentleman of a very good brain, and well-headed; you see he shoots his bolt sildom, but when *Adam* lets go, he hits: And here is fir *Vaughan ap Rees*; and, I believe, if God sud take us all from his mercy, as, I hope, he will not yet, we all three love you, at the bottom of our bellies and our hearts: and therefore, mistress *Minever*, if you please, you shall be knighted by one of us, whom you shall desire to put into your device and mind.

Minever.

One I must have, fir *Vaughan*.

Sir Quintilian.

And one of us thou shalt have, widow.

Minever.

One I must have; for now every one seeks to crow over me.

Sir Vaughan.

By *Sesju*, and if I find any crowing over you, and he were a cock, come as far as in *Turkey's* country, 'tis possible to cut his comb off.

Minever.

I muse, why fir *Adam Prickshaft* flies so far from us.

Sir Adam.

I am in a brown study, my dear, if love should be turned into a beast, what beast he were fit to be turned into.

Sir Quintilian.

I think, fir *Adam*, an ass; because of his bearing.

Minever.

I think, (saving your reverence,) fir *Adam*, a puppy; for a dog is the most loving creature to a christian that is, unless it be a child.

Sir

Sir Adam.

No; I think, if love should be turned away, and go to serve any beast, it must be an ape: and my reason —

Sir Vaughan.

Sir Adam, an ape? there's no more reason in an ape, than in a very plain monkey; for an ape has no tail, but, we all know, or 'tis our duty to know, love has two tails: in my judgment, if love be a beast, that beast is a bunce of reddis; for a bunce of reddis is wise meat without mutton, and so is love.

Minever.

There's the yawning captain (saving your reverence, that has such a sore mouth,) would, one day, needs persuade me, that love was a rebato: and his reason was (saving your reverence) that a rebato was worn out with pinning too often; and so, he said love was.

Sir Vaughan.

And master captain *Tucca* said wisely too, love is a rebato indeed: a rebato must be poak'd; now many women wear rebatoes, and many that wear rebatoes —

Sir Adam.

Must be poak'd.

Sir Vaughan.

Sir Adam Pricksbait has hit the clout.

[*Musick.*

Sir Quintilian.

The musick speaks to us: we'll have a dance before dinner.

Enter Sir Walter Terill, Cælestine, Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, every one with a lady.

All.

The king's at hand.

Terill.

Father, the king's at hand. —

Musick, talk louder, that thy silver voice
May reach my sov'reign's ears.

Sir

Sir Vaughan.

I pray, do so: Musicians, bestir your fingers, that you may have us all by the ears.

Sir Quintilian.

His grace comes. — A hall, varlets! Where be my men? — Blow, blow your cold trumpets till they sweat; tickle them till they sound again.

Blunt.

Best, go meet his grace.

All.

Agreed.

Sir Vaughan.

Pray, all stand bare, as well men as women: — Sir Adam, is best you hide your head for fear your wife brains take key-cold: — On, afore, sir Kintilian: — Sentlemen, fall in before the ladies, in seemly order and fashion: so, this is comely.

Enter trumpets sounding; they go to the door, and meet the King, and his train: and whilst the trumpets sound, the King is welcomed; kisses the Bride, and honours the Bridegroom, in dumb show.

King.

Nay, if your pleasures shrink at sight of us,
We shall repent this labour: — Mistress bride,
You that, for speaking but one word to-day,
Must lose your head at night; you, that do stand
Taking your last leave of virginity;
You, that being well begun, must not be maid;
Win you the ladies, I the men will woo:
Ourself will lead, my blushing bride, with you.

Sir Vaughan.

God bless your majesty, and send you to be a long king William Rufus over us, when he sees his times and pleasures.

King.

King.

We thank you, good fir *Vaughan*; we will take your meaning, not your words.

Sir *Quintilian*.

Loud musick there!

Sir *Vaughan*.

I am glad, your majesty will take any thing at my hands: my words, I trust in *Sesü*, are spoken between my soul and body together, and have neither felonies nor treasons about them, I hope.

King.

Good words, fir *Vaughan*; I prythee, give us leave.

Sir *Vaughan*.

Good words, fir *Vaughan*? — That's by interpretation in *Englisch*, you're best give good words, fir *Vaughan*: God and his anfalls blefs me; what ails his majesty, to be so tedious, and difficult in his right minds now? I hold my life, that file rascal-rhymer *Horace* hath puz'd and puz'd above a hundred merry tales and lice into his great and princely ears: By God, and he use it, his being *Phæbus*' priest cannot save him; if he were his sapline too, I'd press upon his coxcomb: Good Lord blefs me out of his majesty's cellar! — King *Williams*, I hope, 'tis none offences to make a supplication to God a'mighty for your long life: for by *Sesü*, I have no meaning in't in all the world, unless rascals be here that will have your grace take shalk for shees, and unless *Horace* has sent lice to your majesty.

King.

Horace! What's he, fir *Vaughan*?

Vaughan:

As hardfavour'd a fellow as your majesty has seen in a summer's day: he does pen, an't please your grace, toys that will not please your grace; 'tis a poet, (we call them bards in our country,) sings ballads and rhymes; and I was mighty sealous, that his ink which is black and full of gall, had brought my name to your majesty, and so lifted up your high and princely choler.

King.

King.

I neither know that *Horace*, nor mine anger;
If as thou say'st, our high and princely choler
Be up, we'll tread it down with dances: — Ladies,
Lose not your men: fair measures must be tread,
When by so fair a dancer you are led.

Vaughan.

Mistress *Minever*, —

Minever.

Perdie, sir *Vaughan*, I cannot dance.

Vaughan.

Perdie, by this minever cap, and according to his
majesty's leave too, you shall be put in among these ladies,
and dance ere long, I trest in God, the faking of the
feets.

[*They dance a strain; and, whilst the others keep on,
the king and Cælestine stay.*]

King.

That turn, fair bride, shows you must turn at night
In that sweet dance which steals away delight.

Cælestine.

Then pleasure is a thief, a fit, a fever.

King.

True; he's the thief, but women the receiver.

[*Another change; they fall in, the rest go on.*]
This change, sweet maid, says you must change your
life,
As virgins do.

Cælestine.

Virgins ne'er change their life;
She that is wiv'd a maid, is maid and wife.

King.

But she that dies a maid —

Cælestine.

Thrice happy then.

King.

Leads apes in hell.

Cælestine.

Cælestine.

Better lead apes than men.

[*At this third change they end, and she meets the king.*]

King.

Well met.

Cælestine.

'Tis overtaken.

King.

Why, fair sweet?

Cælestine.

Women are overtaken, when they meet.

King.

Your blood speaks like a coward.

Cælestine.

It were good,
If every maiden blush had such a blood.

King.

A coward blood? why, whom should maidens fear?

Cælestine.

Men; were maids cowards, they'd not come so near.
My lord, the measure's done, I plead my duty.

King.

Only my heart takes measure of thy beauty.

Sir Quintilian.

Now, by my hose I swear, that's no deep oath,
This was a fine sweet earthquake, gently mov'd
By the soft wind of whisp'ring filks: — Come, ladies,
Whose joints are made out of the dancing orbs;
Come, follow me, walk a cold measure now
In the bride's chamber: your hot beauties melt,
Take every one her fan, give them their places,
And wave the northern wind upon your faces.

[*Cælestine, and all the ladies doing obeysance to the king,
who only kisses her; exeunt, Shorthose manning them:
the gallants stand aloof.*]

King.

Sir Walter Terill, —

Terill.

Terill.

My confirmed liege.

King.

Beauty, out of her bounty, thee hath lent
More than her own with liberal extent.

Terill.

What means my lord?

King.

Thy bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little subjects
Kneel at thy feet, obey in every thing:
So every father is a private king.

Terill.

My lord, her beauty is the poorest part,
Chiefly her virtues did endow my heart.

King.

Do not backbite her beauties; they all shine
Brighter on thee, because the beams are thine,
To thee more fair, to others her two lips
Show like a parted moon in thine eclipse;
That glance, which lovers' mongst themselves devise,
Walks as invisible to others' eyes:
Give me thine ear.

Crispinus.

What means the king?

Demetrius.

'Tis a quaint strain.

Terill.

My lord, —

King.

Thou dar'st not, *Wat.*

Terill.

She is too coarse an object for the court:

King.

Thou dar'st not *Wat.*: let to-night be to-morrow.

Terill.

For she's not yet mine own.

King,

*King.*Thou dar'st not, *Wat.**Terill.*

My lord, I dare; but —

King.

But I see, thou dar'st not.

Terill.

This night?

King.

Yea, this night: tush! thy mind repairs not;
 The more thou talk'st of night, the more thou dar'st not:
 Thus far I tend, I wou'd but turn this sphere
 Of ladies' eyes, and place it in the court,
 Where thy fair bride should for the zodiack shine;
 And every lady else fit for a sign.
 But all thy thoughts are yellow; thy sweet blood
 Rebels, thou'rt jealous, *Wat*: thus with proud revels
 To emulate the masking firmament,
 Where stars dance in the silver hall of heaven;
 Thy pleasure should be season'd, and thy bed
 Relish thy bride: But, but thou dar'st not, *Wat*.

Terill.

My lord, I dare.

King.

Speak that again.

Terill.

I dare.

*King.*Again, kind *Wat*; and then, I know, thou dar'st.*Terill.*

I dare and will, by that joint holy oath,
 Which she and I swore to the book of heaven:
 This very day, when the surveying sun
 Ris like a witness to her faith and mine;
 By all the loyalty that subjects owe
 To majesty; by that, by this, by both,
 I swear to make a double guarded oath,

This

This night untainted by the touch of man,
She shall a virgin come.

King.

To court?

Terill.

To court.

I know, I took a woman to my wife,
And I know women to be earthly moons,
That never shine till night; I know, they change
Their orbs (their husbands) and in fickle hearts,
Steal to their sweet *Endimions*, to be cur'd
With better physick, sweeter diet-drinks,
Than home can minister: all this I know,
Yet know not all; but give me leave, o king,
To boast of mine, and say, that I know none;
I have a woman, but not such a one.

King.

Why, she's confirm'd in thee: I now approve her;
If constant in thy thoughts, who then can move her?

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir Quintilian.

Will't please your highness, take your place within?
The ladies attend the table.

King.

I go, good knight: — *Wat*, thy oath.

Terill.

My lord,
My oath's my honour; my honour is my life:
My oath is constant; so, I hope, my wife. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horace in his true attire, Asinius bearing his cloak.

Asinius.

If you fly out, ningle, here's your cloak; I think, it
rains too.

Horace.

Hide my shoulders in't.

Afinius.

'Troth, so thou'dst need; for now thou art in thy pee and cue: thou hast such a villanous broad back, that, I warrant, thou'rt able to bear away any man's jests in *England*.

Horace.

It's well, fir, I ha' strength to bear yours, methinks; 'fore God, you are grown a piece of a critist, since you fell into my hands: ah, little rogue, your wit has pick'd up her crumbs pretty and well.

Afinius.

Yes, 'faith; I find, my wit o'the mending hand, ningle: 'troth, I do not think but to proceed poetaster next commencement, if I have my grace perfectly: every one that confer with me now, stop their nose in merriment, and swear I smell somewhat of *Horace*; one calls me *Horace's* ape; another, *Horace's* beagle; and such poetical names, it passes.* I was but at barber's last day, and, when he was rincing my face, did but cry out, — Fellow, thou mak'st me *connive* too long; and says he — Master *Afinius Bubo*, you have e'en *Horace's* words as right as if he had spit them into your mouth.

Horace.

Well; away, dear *Afinius*, deliver this letter to the young gallant *Druso*, he that fell so strongly in love with me yesternight.

Afinius.

It's a sweet musk-cod, a pure spic'd-gull; by this feather, I pity his *Ingenuities*: but, hast writ all this since, ningle? I know, thou hast a good running head and thou listest.

* It passes i. e. it passes all expression: a common way of speaking in our author's days. Shakespeare, *Mer. Wiv. of Windf.* Act. 1. S. 5.

Horace.

Horace.

Foh! come, your great bellied wit must long for every thing too; why, you rook, I have a set of letters † ready starch'd to my hands, which to any fresh suited gallant that but newly enters his name into my roll, I send the next morning, ere his ten o'clock-dream has ris from him, only with clapping my hand to't, that my novice shall start; ho, and his hair stand an end, when he sees the sudden flash of my writing: what, you pretty diminutive rogue, we must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master justice *Shallow*.

Asinius.

I would always have thee fauce a fool thus.

Horace.

Away, and — stay: here be epigrams upon *Tucca*, divulge these among the gallants; as for *Crispinus*, that *Crispine-as*, and *Fannius* his play-dresser, who, to make

† This brings to mind a similar method that was practised many years after by Elkanah Settle, who was wont when he published any party-poem to send copies round to all the chiefs of his party, accompanied with addressees, in order to get pecuniary presents from them. Settle had latterly one standard elegy and epithegium printed off with blanks, which he filled up with the name of any considerable person who either died, or married, in order to extort money from them or their families. The following is the copy of a letter addressed to Ch. Du. of Somerset, accompanying a presentation copy of his poem in Lat. and Eng. entitled: *Eusebia Triumphans. Carmen Hannonianis Imperiali Coronæ Angliæ successoribus Dicatum. Auctore Elkanah Settle. Lond. 1702.* — *Eusebia Triumphans. The Hannover succession to the Imperial Crown of England, an Heroick Poem. Pro aris et Focis. Lond. Printed for John Nutt, near Stationers Hall. 1702.* [*In tbin folio, addressed in a prose English dedication to the lords and commons of England. 51 pages.*] P.

Sir,

Nothing but the greatness of the Subject could encourage my presumption in laying the enclosed essay at your Grace's feet, being with all profound humility,

Your Grace's

most dutiful servant

E. Settle.

Elkanah Settle was city poet, whose business was to compose yearly panegyrics on the lord mayor, and verses for the pageants: but since the abolition of that part of the shows, that preferment ceased, and Settle had no successor. O.

the muses believe their subjects' ears were starv'd, and that there was a dearth of poesy, cut an innocent moor i' the middle, to serve him in twice; and when he had done, made *Poules-work* of it; as for these twins,

These *Poet-apes*, their mimick tricks shall serve
With mirth to feast our muse, whilst their own starve.

Afinius.

Well, ningle, I'll trudge; but where's the rendezvous?

Horace.

Well thought of; marry, at fir *Vaughan's* lodging, the *Welsh* knight: I have compos'd a love-letter for the gallant's worship to his *Rosamond* the second, mistress *Minever*, because she does not think so soundly of his lame *English* as he could wish: I ha' gull'd his knightship here to his face, yet have given charge to his winking understanding not to perceive it: nay, Gods so, away, dear *Bubo*.

Afinius.

I am gone.

[Exit.]

Horace.

The muses' birds the bees were hiv'd and fled,
Us in our cradle thereby prophesying,
That we to learned ears should sweetly sing,
But to the vulgar and adulterate brain
Should loath to prostitute our virgin strain.

No, our sharp pen shall keep the world in awe:

Horace, thy poesy wormwood wreaths shall wear;

We hunt not for men's loves, but for their fear. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Adam, and Minever.

Minever.

O, fir *Adam Pricksbast*, you are o'the bow-hand wide a long yard, I assure you; and as for suitors, truly, they all go down with me, they have all one flat answer.

Sir Adam.

All, widow? not all; let fir *Adam* be your first man still.

Enter

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir Quintilian.

Widow, art stol'n from table? Ay, fir *Adam*,
Are you my rival? Well, fly fair, you're best:
The king's exceeding merry at the banquet;
He makes the bride blush with his merry words,
That run into her ears: ah! he's a wanton;
Yet I dare trust her, had he twenty tongues,
And ev'ry tongue a stile of majesty.
Now, widow, let me tell thee in thine ear,
I love thee, widow, by this ring; nay, wear it.

Minever.

I'll come in no rings, perdie; I'll take no gold.

Sir Adam.

Hark in thine ear; take me, I am no gold.

Enter Sir Vaughan, and Peter Flash.

Sir Vaughan.

Master *Peter Flash*, I will grope about fir *Quintilian*,
for his terminations, touching and considering you.

Flash.

I thank your worship; for I have as good a stomach to
your worship, as a man could wish.

Sir Vaughan.

I hope in God a'mighty, I shall fill your stomach, ma-
ster *Peter*. — What, two upon one gentleman? — Mistress
Minever, much good do't you: — fir *Adam*, —

Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaughan, have you din'd well, fir *Vaughan*?

Sir Vaughan.

As good seere as would make any hungry man, and
a'were in the vilest prison in the world, eat, and he had
any stomach: One word, fir *Quintilian*, in hugger mugger;
here is a gentleman of yours, master *Peter Flash*, is tefirous
to have his blue coat pull'd over his ears, and —

I 3

Flash.

Flash.

No, fir; my petition runs thus, — that your worship would thrust me out of doors, and that I may follow fir *Vaughan*.

Sir Vaughan.

I can tell you, master *Flash*, and you follow me, I go very fast; I think in my conscience, I am one of the lightest knights in *England*.

Flash.

It's no matter, fir; the *Flashes* have ever been known to be quick, and light enough.

Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaughan, he shall follow you; he shall dog you, good fir *Vaughan*.

Enter Horace, walking.

Sir Vaughan.

Why then, *Peter Flash*, I will set my four marks o' year, and a blue coat upon you.

Flash.

Godamercy to your worship; I hope, you shall never repent for me.

Sir Vaughan.

You bear the face of an honest man; for you blush passing well, *Peter*: I will quench the flame out of your name, and you shall be christened *Peter Salamander*.

Peter Flash.

The name's too good for me; I thank your worship.

Sir Vaughan.

Are you come, master *Horace*? you sent me the copy of your letter's countenance; and I did write, and read it: your wits, truly, have done very valiantly; 'tis a good inditements, you ha' put in enough for her, ha' you not?

Horace.

According to my instructions.

Sir

Sir Vaughan.

'Tis passing well: I pray, master *Horace*, walk a little beside yourself; I will turn upon you incontinent.

Sir Quintilian.

What gentleman is this in the *Mandilian*? a soldier?

Sir Vaughan.

No; though he has a very bad face for a soldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as ever any scholar went to cuffs for; 'tis a gentleman poet, he has made rhymes, called *Thalamiums*, for master pridegroom. — On 'urd,† widow.

Sir Quintilian.

Is this he? — Welcome, fir; your name? Pray you, walk not so stately, but be acquainted with me boldly: your name, fir?

Horace.

Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus.

Sir Quintilian.

Good master *Flappus*, welcome.

[*He walks up and down.*]

Sir Vaughan.

Mistress *Minever*, one 'urd in your corner heer: I desire you, to break my arms here, and read this paper; you shall feel my minds and affections in it, at full and at large.

Minever.

I'll receive no love-libels, perdie, but by word o' mouth.

Sir Vaughan.

By *Sesü*, 'tis no libel; for here is my hand to it. *

† On 'urd, i. e. one word. In the uncertain orthography of our language, one was frequently spelt and pronounced by our ancestors on: See vol. 1. p. 307. This will explain Speed's quibble in *Shakesp: 2 Gent. of Ver. A. 2. S. 1.*

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Valentine. Not mine, my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then, this may be yours; for this is but one.

* *Lup. Know it? his hand is at it, Cæsar.*

Cæf. Then, 'tis no libel, Poetast. p. 97.

Minever.

Minever.

I'll ha' no hand in it, fir *Vaughan*; I'll not deal with you.

Sir Vaughan.

Why then, widow, I'll tell you by word o' mouth my devices.

Minever.

Your devices come not near my mouth, fir *Vaughan*, perdie: I was, upon a time, in the way to marriage; but now I am turn'd o't'other side, I ha' sworn to lead a single and simple life.

Sir Adam.

She has answer'd you, fir *Vaughan*.

Sir Vaughan.

'Tis true, but at wrong weapons, fir *Adam*: — will you be an afs, mistress *Minevers*?

Minever.

If I be, you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaughan.

A simple life! By *Sesú*, 'tis the life of a fool. A simple life!

Sir Quintilian.

How now, fir *Vaughan*?

Sir Vaughan.

My brains has a little fine quawm come under it; and therefore, fir *Adam*, and fir *Quintilian*, and mistress *Minever* caps, God bo'y.

All.

Good fir *Vaughan*.

Sir Vaughan.

Master *Horace*, your inventions do her no good in the universalities; yet, here is two shillings for your wits: nay, by *Sesú* you shall take it, if't were more. Yonder bald *Adams* is put my nose from his joint; but, *Adam*, I will be even to you: This is my cogitations; I will indite the ladies and *Minever* caps to a dinner of plumbs: — and I shall desire you, master *Horace*, to speak or rail; you can rail, I hope in God a'mighty.

Horace.

Horace.

You mean to speak bitterly.

Sir Vaughan.

Right, to spit bitterly upon baldness, or the thinness of hair: you shall eat down plumbs to sweeten your mouth; and here is a good aniel to defend you. — *Peter Salamander*, follow me.

Flash.

With hue and cry, and you will, sir.

Sir Vaughan.

Come, master *Horace*; I will go pull out the ladies.

Horace.

And I'll set out my wits: Baldness, the theme?
My words shall flow high in a silver stream. [Exeunt.

Enter Tucca, brushing off the crumbs.

Tucca.

Where's my most costly and sumptuous *Shorthose*?

Sir Quintilian.

Is the king risen from the table, captain *Tucca*?

Tucca.

How, risen? no, my noble *Quintilian*; kings are greater men than we knights and cavaliers, and therefore must eat more than lesser persons. Godamercy, good *Dives*, for these crumbs. How now? has not friar *Tuck* din'd yet, he falls so hard to that oister-pie yonder?

Sir Quintilian.

Oister-pie, captain? Ha, ha: he loves her, and I love her; and fear, both shall go without her.

Tucca.

Dost love her, my finest and first part of the *Mirror of Knighthood*? Hang her, she looks like a bottle of ale, when the cork flies out, and the ale foams at mouth; she looks, my good button-breech, like the sign of capricorn, or like tiburn when it is cover'd with snow?

Sir

Sir Quintilian.

All's one for that; she has a vizard in a bag, will make her look like an angel: I wou'd I had her, upon condition, I gave thee this chain, manly *Tucca*.

Tucca.

Ay? say'st thou so, friskin? I have her o'the hip for some causes; I can sound her, she'll come at my beck.

Sir Quintilian.

'Would I could sound her too, noble commander.

Tucca.

Thou shalt do't; that lady o'the lake is thine, fir *Trifram*: lend me thy chain; do, lend it: I'll make her take it as a token, I'll link her unto thee; and thou shalt wear her glove in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch: nay, and thou mistrusts thy collar, be tied in't still.

Sir Quintilian.

Mistrust, captain? no, here 'tis; give it her, if she'll take it, or wear it thyself: if she'll take me, I'll watch him well enough too.

Tucca.

No more; I'll shoot away yonder *Prickshaft*, and then belabour her: and fly you after yonder cuckow; dost hear me, my noble goldfinch?

Sir Quintilian.

No more.

Tucca.

How dost thou, my smug *Belimperia*? how dost thou? — Hands off, my little bald *Derrick*, hands off. — Hark hither, *Susanna*; beware o'these wicked *Elders*: shall I speak well or ill of thee?

Minever.

Nay, e'en as you please, captain; it shall be at your choice.

Tucca.

Why, well said, my nimble *Shorthose*.

Sir Quintilian.

I hear her, I hear her.

Tucca.

Tucca.

Art angry, father Time? art angry, because I took mother winter aside? I'll hold my life, thou art struck with *Cupid's* bird-bolt, my little *Pricksbait*, art? Dost love that mother mumble-crust, dost thou? dost long for that whimwham?

Sir Adam.

'Would I were as sure to lie with her, as to love her.

Tucca.

Have I found thee, my learned dunce? have I found thee? If I might ha' my will, thou shouldst not put thy spoon into that bumble-broth; — for, indeed, I'd taste her myself: — no, thou shouldst not; yet, if her beauty blind thee, she's thine, I can do't; thou heard'st her say e'en now, it should be at my choice.

Sir Adam.

She did so; work the match, and I'll bestow —

Tucca.

Not a silk point upon me: little *Adam*, she shall be thy *Eve*, for less than an apple: but send, be wise, send her some token; she's greedy, she'll take it; do, send; thou shalt stick in her, *Pricksbait*; but send.

Sir Adam.

Here's a purse of gold; think thou, that will be accepted?

Tucca.

Go to, it shall be accepted, and 'twere but silver, when that flee-bitten *Shorthose* steps hence: vanish too, and let me alone with my granam in *Gutter-Lane* there, and this purse of gold; do, let me alone.

Sir Quintilian.

The king, Gods Lord; I do forget the king: — Widow, think on my words, I must be gone To wait his rising; I'll return anon.

Sir Adam.

Stay, sir *Quintilian*; I'll be a waiter too.

Sir Quintilian.

Widow, we'll trust that captain there with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tucca.

Now, now, mother *Bunch*, how dost thou? what, dost frown queen *Gwyniver*? dost wrinkle? what made these pair of shuttlecocks here? what do they fumble for? I'll ha' none o' these kites fluttering about thy carcase; for thou shalt be my *West-Indies*, and none but trim *Tucca* shall discover thee.

Minever.

Discover me? discover what thou canst of me.

Tucca.

What I can? thou know'st what I can discover: but I will not lay thee open to the world.

Minever.

Lay me open to the world?

Tucca.

No, I will not, my mouldy decay'd *Charing-cross*, I will not.

Minever.

Hang thee, patch-pannel; I am none o' thy *Charing-cross*: I scorn to be cross to such a scab as thou mak'st thyself.

Tucca.

No; 'tis thou mak'st me so, my long *Meg* o' *Westminster*; thou breed'st a scab, thou —

Minever.

I? damn thee, filthy captain; damn thyself.

Tucca.

My little devil o' *Dowgate*, I'll dam thee; (thou know'st my meaning :) I'll dam thee up, my wide mouth at *Bishop's-gate*.

Minever.

'Would I might once come to that damming.

Tucca.

Why, thou shalt, my sweet dame *Annis a Clere*, thou shalt; for I'll drown myself in thee: ay, for thy love, I'll sink; ay, for thee.

Minever.

So thou wilt, I warrant, in thy abominable † sins:

† See Vol. 1. p. 138.

Lord,

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Lord, lord, how many filthy words hast thou to answer for?

Tucca.

Name one, madge-owlet, name one; I'll answer for none, my words shall be forth-coming at all times, and shall answer for themselves, my nimble cat o'mountain: they shall, *Sissy Bum-trinket*; for I'll give thee none but sugar-candy words, I will not, *Puff*; good *Tripe-wife*, I will not.

Minever.

Why dost call me such horrible, ungodly names then?

Tucca.

I'll name thee no more, mother *Red-cap*, upon pain of death, if thou wilt, *Grimalkin*, *Maggot-a-pie*, I will not.

Minever.

'Would, thou shouldst well know, I am no magot, but a mere gentlewoman born.

Tucca.

I know, thou art a gentle, and I'll nibble at thee; thou shalt be my cap-o'-maintenance, and I'll carry my naked sword before thee, my reverend lady *Lettice-cap*.

Minever.

Thou shalt carry no naked swords before me to fright me, thou —

Tucca.

Go too, let not thy tongue play so hard at hot-cockles; for, *Gammer-Gurton*, I mean to be thy needle: I love thee, I love thee, because thy teeth stand like the arches under *London-bridge*; for thou'lt not turn satyr, and bite thy husband, no: come, my little cub, do not scorn me because I go in stag, in buff; here's velvet too, thou fcest I am worth thus much in bare velvet.

Minever.

I scorn thee not, not I.

Tucca.

I know, thou dost not; thou shalt see that I could march with two or three hundred links before me: look here; what? I could show gold too, if that would tempt thee,

thee, but I will not make myself a goldsmith's stall, I; I scorn to go chain'd, my lady o' the hospital, I do; yet I will, and must be chain'd to thee.

Minever.

To me? why, master captain, you know, that I have my choice of three or four pair of knights; and therefore have small reason to fly out, I know not how, in a man of war.

Tucca.

A man of war? come, thou know'st not what a worshipful focation 'tis to be a captain's wife: Three or four pair of knights? Why, dost hear, *Jone-o' Bedlam*, I'll enter into bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt; when the next action is lay'd upon me, thou shalt be ladified.

Minever.

You know I am offered that by half a dozen.

Tucca.

Thou shalt, little *Minever*, thou shalt: I'll ha' this frock turn'd into a foot-cloth; and thou shalt be carted, drawn, I mean, coach'd, coach'd; thou shalt ride jig-a-jog; a hood shall flap up and down here, and this sheep-skin cap shall be put off.

Minever.

Nay, perdie, I'll put off my cap for no man's pleasure,

Tucca.

Wout thou be proud, little *Lucifer*? well, thou shalt go how thou wilt, *Maid-Marian*: * come bus thy little *Anthony* now, now, my clean *Cleopatra*: so, go thy ways, *Alexis*' secrets; th'ast a breath as sweet as the rose, that grows by the bear-garden, as sweet as the proudest head o' garlick in *England*: come, wout march in to the gentle-folks?

* *Maid-marian* seems here to mean Robin Hood's concubine, not the lady of the Morris; as most of the names *Tucca* throws out are taken from the popular old story-books, and romances of the times. The ballad recording the exploits of Mary Ambree is given in *Dr. Percy's Reliques* &c. V. 2. p. 216.

Minever.

Minever.

Nay, truly, captain, you shall be my leader.

Tucca.

I say, *Mary Ambree*, thou shalt march foremost;
Because I'll mark how broad thou'rt in the heels.

Minever.

Perdie, I will be set o'the last for this time.

Tucca.

Why then, come; we'll walk arm in arm,
As though we were leading one another to *Newgate*.

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius,
with papers, laughing.*

Crispinus.

Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

Demetrius.

Mine has the sharpest tooth: yonder he is.

Blunt.

Captain *Tucca*!

[*All hold up papers.*]

Tucca.

How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now.

Crispinus.

They're bitter epigrams compos'd on you
By *Horace*.

Demetrius.

And dispers'd among the gallants
In sev'ral copies, by *Asinius Bubo*.

Tucca.

By that live cel? Read, *lege, legito*; read thou, *Jack*.

Blunt.

Tucca's grown monstrous; how? rich? that I fear,
He's to be seen for money every where.

Tucca.

Why, true; shall not I get in my debts? Nay, and
the rogue write no better, I care not: Farewel, black
Jack, farewel.

Crispinus.

Crispinus.

But, captain, here's a nettle.

Tucca.

Sting me, do.

*Crispinus.**Tucca's exceeding tall, and yet not high;
He fights with skill, but does most vilely lie.**Tucca.*

Right; for here I lie now, open, open, to make my
adversary come on; and then, sir, here am I in's bosom:
Nay, and this be the worst, I shall hug the poor honest
face-maker; I'll love the little atheist, when he writes
after my commendation: Another whip! come, yerke me.

Demetrius.

*Tucca will bite; how? grown satirical?
No, he bites tables; for he feeds on all.*

Tucca.

The whoreson cloven-foot devil in man's apparel lies:
There stood above forty dishes before me to-day,
That I ne'er touch'd, because they were empty.

Minever.

I am witness, young gentlemen, to that.

Tucca.

Farewel, stinkers: I smell thy meaning, schreechowl;
I do, though I stop my nose: — and, firra poet, we'll
have thee untruss'd for this: — Come, mother Mum-
pudding, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a sennet: Enter
King with Cælestine, Sir Walter Terill, Sir Quintilian,
Sir Adam, Blunt, and other Ladies and attendants:
whilst the trumpets sound, the King takes his leave of
the Bridegroom, and Sir Quintilian, and last of the
bride.*

King.

My song of parting doth this burden bear,
A kifs, the ditty; and I set it here: —

Your

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Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight;
By this, fair bride, remember soon at night: —
Sir *Walter*, —

Terill.

My liege lord, we all attend
The time and place.

King.

Till then my leave commend.

They bring him to the door: Enter, at another door,
Sir *Vaughan*.

Sir Vaughan.

Ladies, I am to put a very easy suit upon you all, and
to desire you to fill your little pellites at a dinner of
plums, behind noon; there be suckets, and marmilads,
and marchants, and other long white plums that fain
would kiss your delicate and sweet lips: I indite you all
together; and you especially, my lady pride: — What
do you say for yourfells? for I indite you all.

Cælestine.

I thank you, good sir *Vaughan*; I will come.

Sir Vaughan.

Say, fentlewomen, will you stand to me too?

All.

We'll sit with you, sweet sir *Vaughan*.

Sir Vaughan.

God a'mighty pless your faces, and make your peauties
last, when we are all dead and rotten: You all will
come?

Lady.

All will come.

Sir Vaughan.

Pray God, that *Horace* be in his right wits to rail now.

[*Exit.*

Crispinus.

Come, lady; you shall be my dancing guest,
To tread the maze of musick with the rest.

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K

Demetrius.

Demetrius.

I'll lead you in.

Dicache.

A maze is like a doubt;
'Tis easy to go in, hard to get out.

Blunt.

We follow close behind.

Philocalia.

That measure's best:
Now none marks us, but we mark all the rest. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Sir Quintilian, Cælestine, and
Sir Walter Terill.

Terill.

Father, and you my bride, that name to-day,
Wife comes not till to-morrow: but, omitting
This interchanging of languages, let us think
Upon the king and night, and call our spirits
To a true reckoning; first to arm our wits
With complete steel of judgment, and our tongues
With sound artillery of phrases: then
Our bodies must be motions, moving first
What we speak; afterwards our very knees
Must humbly seem to talk, and suit out speech;
For a true furnish'd courtier hath such force,
Though his tongue faints, his very legs discourse.

Sir Quintilian.

Son *Terill*, thou hast drawn his picture right;
For he's no full-made courtier, nor well strung,
That hath not ev'ry joint stuck with a tongue. —
Daughter, if ladies say, That is the bride, that's she,
Gaze thou at none; for all will gaze at thee.

Cælestine.

Then, o my father, must I go? — O my husband,
Shall I then go? — O myself, will I go?

Sir Quintilian.

You must.

Terill.

Terill.

You shall.

Cælestine.

I will : but give me leave
To say, I may not, nor I ought not ; say not
Still, I must go : let me entreat, I may not.

Terill.

You must and shall ; I made a deed of gift,
And gave my oath unto the king, I swore
By thy true constancy.

Cælestine.

Then keep that word
To swear by : O let me be constant still.

Terill.

What, shall I cancel faith, and break my oath ?

Cælestine.

If breaking constancy thou break'st them both.

Terill.

Thy constancy no evil can pursue.

Cælestine.

I may be constant still, and yet not true.

Terill.

As how ?

Cælestine.

As thus, by violence detain'd ;
They may be constant still that are constrain'd.

Terill.

Constrain'd ? That word weighs heavy, yet my oath
Weighs down that word : the king's thoughts are at odds,
They are not even balanc'd in his breast :
The king may play the man with me ; nay, more,
Kings may usurp : my wife's a woman ; yet
'Tis more than I know yet, that know not her :
If she should prove mankind, 'twere rare ; fie, fie !
See how I lose myself amongst my thoughts,
Thinking to find myself : my oath, my oath.

Sir Quintilian.

I swear another; let me see by what,
By my long stocking and my narrow skirts,
Not made to fit upon, she shall to court.
I have a trick, a charm, that shall lay down
The spirit of lust, and keep thee undeflower'd;
Thy husband's honour sav'd, and the hot king
Shall have enough too. Come, a trick, a charm. [Exit.

Celestine.

God keep thy honour safe, my blood from harm.

Terill.

Come, my sick-minded bride; I'll teach thee how
To relish health a little: taste this thought,
That, when mine eyes serv'd love's commission
Upon thy beauties, I did seize on them,
To a king's use; cure all thy griefs with this,
That his great seal was grav'n upon this ring,
And that I was but steward to a king. [Exeunt.

*A banquet set out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Asinius
Bubo, lady Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, mistress
Minever, and Peter Flash.*

Sir Vaughan.

Ladies, and gentlemen, you are almost all welcome to
this sweet nuncions of plums.

Dicache.

Almost all, sir Vaughan? why, to which of us are you so
niggardly, that you cut her out but a piece of welcome?

Sir Vaughan.

My interpretations is, that almost all are welcome,
because I indited a brace or two more that is not come:
I am sorry, my lady pride is not among you.

Asinius.

'Slid, he makes hounds of us, ningle; a brace quotha'?

Sir Vaughan.

Peter Salamanders, draw out the pictures of all the
joint stools: — and, ladies, sit down upon their wooden
faces. *Flash.*

Flaß.

I warrant, fir, I'll give every one of them a good stool.

Sir Vaughan.

Master *Horace*, master *Horace*, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritness that bald fir *Adams* were here, then, then, then begin to make your rails at the poverty and beggarly want of hair.

Horace.

Leave it to my judgment.

Sir Vaughan.

Master *Bubo*, sit there; you and I will think upon our ends at the tables: — Master *Horace*, put your learned body into the midst of these ladies; so, 'tis no matter to speak graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Asinius.

'Mafs, I thank my destiny, I am not past grace; for, by this hand full of caraways, I could never abide to say grace.

Dicache.

Mistress *Minever*, is not that innocent gentleman a kind of fool?

Minever.

Why do you ask, madam?

Dicache.

Nay, for no harm; I ask, because I thought you two had been of acquaintance.

Minever.

I think, he's within an inch of a fool.

Dicache.

Madam *Philocalia*, you sit next that spare gentleman, 'would you heard what mistress *Minever* says of you.

Philocalia.

Why, what says she, madam *Dicache*?

Dicache.

Nay, nothing, but wishes you were married to that small-timber'd gallant.

Philocalia.

Your wish and mine are twins, I wish so too; for then I should be sure to lead a merry life.

Afinius.

Yes, 'faith, lady, I'd make you laugh, my bolts now and then should be soon shot; by these comfits, we'd let all slide.

Petula.

He takes the sweetest oaths that ever I heard a gallant of his pitch swear: *by these comfits, and these caraways*; I warrant, it does him good to swear.

Afinius.

Yes, 'faith, 'tis meat and drink to me. I am glad, lady *Petula*, by this apple, that they please you.

Sir Vaughan.

Peter Salamanders, wine: — I beseech you, master *Afinius Bubo*, not to swear so deeply; for there comes no fruit of your oaths: — Here, ladies, I put you all into one corners together; you shall all drink of one cup.

Afinius.

Peter, I prythee, fill me out too.

Flash.

I'd fling you out too, and I might ha' my will: a pox of all fools!

Sir Vaughan.

Mistress *Minevers*, pray, be lusty: 'wou'd sir *Adams Prickshaft* stuck by you.

Horace.

Who, the bald knight, sir *Vaughan*?

Sir Vaughan.

The same, master *Horace*, he that has but a remnant or parcel of hair; his crown is clip'd and par'd away: methinks, 'tis an excellent quality to be bald; for and there stuck a nose and two nyes in his pate, he might wear two faces under one hood.

Afinius.

As God save me, la, if I might ha' my will, I'd rather be a bald gentleman than a hairy; for, I am sure, the best and tallest yeomen in *England* have bald heads: methinks, hair is a scurvy, lousy commodity.

Horace.

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Horace.

Bubo, herein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vaughan.

Pray, stop, and fill your mouths, and give master *Horace* all your ears.

Horace.

For, if of all the body's parts the head
Be the most royal; if discourse, wit, judgment,
And all our understanding faculties,
Sit there in their high court of parliament
Enacting laws to sway this humorous world,
This little isle of man; needs must that crown,
Which stands upon this supreme head, be fair,
And held invaluable, and that crown's the hair:
The head, that wants this honour, stands awry,
Is bare in name and in authority.

Sir Vaughan.

He means bald pates, mistress *Minevers*.

Horace.

Hair, 'tis the robe which curious nature weaves
To hang upon the head; and does adorn
Our bodies in the first hour we are born:
God does bestow that garment; when we die,
That, like a soft and silken canopy,
Is still spread over us; in spite of death,
Our hair grows in our grave, and that alone
Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone:
The excellence of hair in this shines clear,
That the four elements take pride to wear
The fashion of it; when fire most bright does burn,
The flames to golden locks do strive to turn;
When her lascivious arms the water hurls
About the shore's waist, her sleek head she curls;
And rorid clouds, being suck'd into the air,
When down they melt, hangs like fine silver hair;
You see, the earth, whose head so oft is shorn,
Frighted to feel her locks so rudely torn,

Stands

Stands with her hair an end, and, thus afraid,
 Turns ev'ry hair to a green naked blade.
 Besides, when, struck with grief, we long to die,
 We spoil that most, which most does beautify;
 We rend this head-tire off. I thus conclude,
 Colours set colours out; our eyes judge right
 Of vice or virtue by their opposite:
 So, if fair hair to beauty add such grace,
 Baldness must needs be ugly, vile, and base.

Sir Vaughan.

True, master *Horace*, for a bald reason is a reason that
 has no hairs upon't, a scurvy, scalded reason.

Minever.

By my truly, I never thought, you could ha' pick'd such
 strange things out of hair before.

Astivius.

Nay, my ningle can tickle it, when he comes to't.

Minever.

'Troth, I shall never be enamel'd † of a bareheaded
 man for this, what shift soever I make.

Sir Vaughan.

Then, mistress *Minever*, fir *Adams Prickshaft* must not
 hit you. — *Peter*, take up all the clothes at the table, and
 the plums.

Enter Tucca, and his boy.

Tucca.

Save thee, my little worshipful harper: how do ye, my
 little cracknels? how do ye?

Sir Vaughan.

Welcome, master *Tucca*; sit and shoot into your belly
 some sugar pellets.

Tucca.

No, godamercy, *Cadwallader*: — How do you, *Horace*?

† *She means to say enamour'd,*

Horace.

Horace.

Thanks, good captain.

Tucca.

Where's the fering thou carriest about thee? — O, have I found thee, my scowring-stick? What's my name, *Bubo*?

Afinius.

'Would I were hang'd, if I can call you any names, but captain and *Tucca*.

Tucca.

No, fye't, my name's *Hamlet*, revenge: — Thou hast been at *Paris garden*, hast not?

Horace.

Yes, captain, I ha' play'd *Zulximan* there.

Sir Vaughan.

Then, master *Horace*, you play'd the part of an honest man.

Tucca.

Death of *Hercules*, he could never play that part well in's life; no, *Falkes*, you could not: thou call'dst *Demetrius* journeyman poet, but thou put'st up a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, and hadst been still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face upon't: thou hast forgot how thou amblest, in leather pilch, by a play-wagon, in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronimo's* part, to get service among the mimicks; and when the stagerites banish'd thee into the *Isle of Dogs*, thou turn'dst ban-dog, villanous *Guy*, and ever since bitest; therefore I ask, if thou hast been at *Paris-garden*, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou bait'st well: read, *lege*; save thyself, and read.

Horace.

Why, captain, these are epigrams compos'd on you.

Tucca.

Go not out, farthing candle, go not out; for, trusty *Damboys*, now the deed is done, I'll pledge this epigram in wine, I'll swallow it, I, yes.

Sir

Sir Vaughan.

God bless us; will he be drunk with nittigrams now?

Tucca.

So, now arise, sprite o'th' butt'ry; no, herring-bone, I'll not pull thee out: but arise, dear echo, rise; rise, devil, or I'll conjure thee up.

Minever.

Good master *Tucca*, let's ha' no conjuring here. Now

Sir Vaughan.

Udd's blood, you scald, gouty captain, why come you to set encombrances here between the ladies?

Tucca.

Be not so tart, my precious metheglin; be not, my old whore o' *Babylon*; sit fast.

Minever.

O *Jesu*, if I know whereabouts in *London Babylon* stands.

Tucca.

Feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; stir not, my beautiful wriggle-tails; I'll disease none of you, I'll take none of you up, but only this table-man; I must enter him into some filthy sinek-point, I must.

Horace.

Captain, you do me wrong thus to disgrace me.

Tucca.

Thou think'st, thou may'st be as saucy with me as my buff jerkin to sit upon me, dost?

Horace.

Damn me, if ever I traduc'd your name:

What imputation can you charge me with?

Sir Vaughan.

'Sblud! ay, what computations can you lay to his sarge? answer; or, by *Sesu*, I'll canvass your coxcomb, *Turky*.

Minever.

If they draw, sweethearts, let us shift for ourselves.

Tucca.

My noble swaggerer, I will not fall out with thee; I cannot

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cannot, my mad comrade, find in my heart to shed thy blood.

Sir Vaughan.

Comrade? By *Jesu*, call me comrade again, and I'll comrade you about the fins and shoulders: ownds! what come you to smell out here? did you not dine and feed horribly well to-day at dinner, but you come to munch here and give us winter plums? I pray, depart; go, marse, marse, marse out o' doors.

Tucca.

Adieu, fir *Eglamour*; adieu, lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill: here, give that full-nos'd skinker these rhymes; and hark, I'll tag my codpiece-point with thy legs, spout-pot, I'll empty thee.

Afinius.

Dost threaten me? Godslid! I'll bind thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Vaughan.

Will you amble, hobby-horse? Will you trot and amble?

Tucca.

Raw artichoke, I shall sauce thee.

[Exit.

Minever.

I pray you, master *Tucca*, will you send me the five pound you borrow'd on me? O, you cannot hear now; but I'll make you hear me, and feel me too in another place, to your shame, I warrant you, thou shalt not coney-catch me for five pounds: he took it up, fir *Vaughan*, in your name, he swore you sent for it to mum withal, 'twas five pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan.

Ownds! five pound in my name to mum about withal?

Minever.

Ay, to mum withal; but he plays mum-budget with me.

Sir Vaughan.

Peter Salamander, tie up your great and your little sword; †

sword; † by *Seju*, I'll go sing him while 'tis hot, I'll beat five pound out of his leather pilch: — Master *Horace*, let your wits inhabit in your right places; if I fall sansomely upon the widow, I have some cousins german at court shall beget you the reversion of the master of the king's revels, or else be his lord of misrule now at *Christmas*: — Come, ladies: — Whoreson, straggling captain, I'll pound him. [Exeunt.]

Manet Horace, and Asinius.

Horace.

How now? what ail'st thou, that thou look'st so pale?

Asinius.

Nay, nothing; but, I am afraid, the *Welsh* knight has given me nothing but purging comfits: this captain sticks pockily in my stomach; read this scroll, he says, they'r rhymes, and bid me give them you.

Horace.

Rhymes? 'tis a challenge sent to you.

Asinius.

To me?

Horace.

He says here, you divulg'd my epigrams.

Asinius.

And for that dares he challenge me?

Horace.

You see, he dares; but dare you answer him?

Asinius.

I dare answer his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing; but I scorn to meet him: I hope, he and I are not parallels.

† The fashion of wearing two swords is humourously described by Butler. See *Hud.* B. 1. Cant. 1.

*His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,*

*This sword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age, &c.*

Horace.

Horace.

Dear *Bubo*, thou shalt answer him; our credits
Lie pawn'd upon thy resolution,
Thy valour must redeem them: charge thy spirits
To wait more close and near thee: if he kill thee,
I'll not survive; into one lottery
We'll cast our fates, together live and die.

Asinius.

Content; I owe God a death, and, if he will make
me pay it against my will, I'll say 'tis hard dealing.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir Adam, Tucca, with two pistols by his side,
his boy laden with swords and bucklers.*

Tucca.

Did *Apollo's* freeze gown watch man — Boy, dost hear?
turkey-cock's tail, have an eye behind, lest the enemy
assault our rereward. — On, proceed, father *Adam*: did
that same tiranical-tongu'd ragamuffin *Horace*, turn bald
pates out so naked?

Sir Adam.

He did, and whip'd them so with nettles, that
The widow swore, that a bare-headed man
Should not man her: the lady *Petula*
Was there, heard all, and told me this.

Tucca.

Go to: Thy gold was accepted, it was, and she shall
bring thee into her paradise; she shall, small *Adam*, she
shall.

Sir Adam.

But how, but how, captain?

Tucca.

Thus; go, cover a table with sweetmeats, let all the
gentlewomen, and that same pasquils madcap, mother
bee there, nibble, bid them bite: they will come to
gobble down plumbs; then take up that pair of basket
hilt, with my commission; I mean, *Crispinus* and *Fan-
nius*: charge one of them to take up the bucklers against
that

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that hair-monger *Horace*, and have a bout or two, in defence of bald-pates: let them crack every crown that has hair on't: go, let them lift up baldness to the sky; and thou shalt see, 'twill turn *Minever's* heart quite against the hair.

Sir Adam.

Excellent! why then, master *Tucca*,—

Tucca.

Nay, whir, nimble *Prickshaft*; whir, away; I go upon life and death; away, fly, *Scanderbeg*, fly. [Exit.

Enter Asinius Bubo, and Horace, aloof.

Boy.

Arm, captain, arm, arm, arm; the foe is come down.

[*Tucca offers to shoot.*

Asinius.

Hold, captain *Tucca*, hold; I am *Bubo*, and come to answer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tucca.

What, dost summon a parley, my little drumstick? 'tis too late; thou see'st, my red flag is hung out: I'll fill thy guts with thine own carrion carcass, and then eat them up instead of sausages.

Asinius.

Use me how you will; I am resolute, for I ha' made my will.

Tucca.

Wilt fight, *Turk-a-ten-pence*? wilt fight then?

Asinius.

Thou shalt find, I'll fight in a godly quarrel, if I be once fir'd.

Tucca.

Thou shalt not want fire; I'll ha' thee burn'd when thou wilt, my cold *Cornelius*: But, come; *respice funem*: look, thou see'st; open thyself my little cutler's shop; I challenge thee, thou slender gentleman, at four sundry weapons.

Asinius.

Asinius.
Thy challenge was but at one; and I'll answer but one.

Boy.
Thou shalt answer two; for thou shalt answer me and my captain.

Tucca.
Well said, cockril, out-crow him: art hardy, noble *Huon*? art magnanimous, lick-trencher? look, search, lest some lie in ambush; for this man at arms has paper in's belly, or some friend in a corner, or els he durst not be so crank.

Boy.
Captain, captain, *Horace* stands sneaking here.

Tucca.
I smelt the foul-fisted mortar-treader: — Come, my most damnable, fastidious rascal; I have a suit to both of ye.

Asinius.
O, hold, most pitiful captain, hold.

Horace.
Hold, captain; 'tis known that *Horace* is valiant, and a man of the sword.

Tucca.
A gentleman, or an honest citizen shall not sit in your penny-bench theatres, with his squirrel by his side crack- ing nuts, nor sneak into a tavern with his mermaid, but he shall be satir'd, and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upo' the stage: You'll ha' *Every Gentleman in's humour*, and *Every Gentleman out on's humour*: We that are heads of legions and bands, and fear none but these lame shoulder-clappers, shall fear you, you serpentine rascal.

Horace.
Honour'd captain!

Tucca.
Art not famous enough yet, my mad *Horasfratus*, for killing a player, but thou must eat men alive; thy friends?

friends? firra wild-man; thy patron? thou anthropo-
phagite, thy *Mecænasses*?

Horace.

Captain, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong
So close unto your heart: dear captain, think
I writ out of hot blood, which now, being cold,
I could be pleas'd, to please you, to quaff down
The poison'd ink, in which I dip'd your name.

Tucca.

Say'st thou so, my *Palinodical* rhymster?

Horace.

Henceforth I'll rather breathe out *Soletisms*
(To do which I'd as soon speak blasphemy)
Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth;
Believe it, noble captain: it to me
Shall be a crown, to crown your acts with praise,
Out of your hate, your love I'll strongly raise.

Tucca.

I know now thou'st a number of these quiddits to
bind men to the peace: 'tis thy fashion to flirt ink in
every man's face, and then to crawl into his bosom, and
damn thyself to wipe't off again; yet to give out abroad,
that he was glad to come to composition with thee: I
know, monsieur *Machiavel*, 'tis one o'thy rules; my long-
heel'd *Troglodite*, I could make thine ears burn now, by
dropping into them all those hot oaths, to which thyself
gavest voluntary fire, (when thou wast the man in the
moon) that thou wouldst never squib out any new salt-
petre jests against honest *Tucca*, nor those *Maligo* tasters,
his *Poetasters*: I could, *Cinocephalus*, but I will not; yet
thou know'st, thou hast broke those oaths in print, my
excellent infernal.

Horace.

Captain, —

Tucca.

Nay, I smell what breath is to come from thee; thy
answer is, that there's no faith to be held with hereticks
and infidels, and therefore thou swear'st any thing: but
come,

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come, lend me thy hand; thou and I henceforth will be *Alexander* and *Lodwicke* the *Gemini*, sworn brothers; thou shalt be *Perithous*; and *Tucca*, *Theseus*: but I'll leave thee i' the lurch when thou mak'st thy voyage into hell; till then, *thine*, assuredly.

Horace.

With all my soul, dear captain.

Tucca.

Thou'lt shoot thy quills at me, when my terrible back's turn'd, for all this, wilt not, *Porcupine*? and bring me and my *Heliconistes* into thy dialogues to make us talk madly; wut not, *Lucian*?

Horace.

Captain, if I do, —

Tucca.

Nay, and thou dost, horns of *Lucifer*, the *parcel-poets* shall sue thy wrangling muse in the court of *Parnassus*, and never leave hunting her, till she plead in *forma pauperis*: but, I hope, th'ast more grace: come, friends, clap hands, 'tis a bargain: — Amiable *Bubo*, thy fist must walk too; so, I love thee, now I see th'art a little *Hercules*, and wilt fight: I'll stick thee now in my company, like a sprig of rose-mary.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan, and Peter Flash.

Flash.

Draw, *Sir Rees*, he's yonder; shall I upon him?

Sir Vaughan.

Upon him? go to, go to, *Peter Salamander*; hold, in God's name, hold: I will kill him to his face, because I mean he shall answer for it, being an eye-witness. — One 'urd, captain *Tucky*.

Tucca.

I'll give thee ten thousand words, and thou wilt, my little *Thomas Thomastus*.

Sir Vaughan.

By *Sesú*, 'tis best you give good 'urds too, lest I beat out your tongue, and make your 'urd ne'er to be taken more: do you hear? five pounds, five pounds, *Tucky*.

Tucca.

Thou shalt have five, and five, and five, and thou want'st money, my *Job*.

Sir Vaughan.

Leave your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leather-jerkins; leave your quandaries, and tricks, and draw upon me, y'are best: you coneycatch widow *Minever* caps for five pounds, and say 'tis for me to cry mum, and make me run up and down in dishonours, and discreditities: is't not true, you wink-a-pipes rascal? is not true?

Tucca.

Right, true, guilty, I remember't now; for when I spake a good word to the widow for thee, my young *Sampson*, —

Sir Vaughan.

For five pounds, you cheating scab, for five pounds, not for me.

Tucca.

For thee, o *Cæsar*, for thee I took up five pounds in gold, that lay in her lap, and said, I'd give it thee as a token from her: I did it but to smell out how she stood affected to thee, to feel her; ay, and I know what she said, I know how I carried away the gold.

Sir Vaughan.

By *Sesú*, I ha' not the mercy to fall upon him now: — Master *Tucky*, did widow *Minevers* part quietly from her gold, because you lied and said, it was for me?

Tucca.

Quietly, in peace, without grumbling, made no noise; I know how I tempted her in thy behalf, my little *Trangdo*.

Sir

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Sir Vaughan.

Captain *Tucky*, I will pay back her five pounds, unless you be damn'd in lies: and, hold you; I pray you, pocket up this: by the cross o' this sword and dagger, captain, you shall take it.

Tucca.

Dost swear by daggers? nay then, I'll put up more at thy hands than this.

Flash.

Is the fray done, sir?

Sir Vaughan.

Done, *Peter*; put up your smelter.

Tucca.

Come hither, my four-fac'd poet; fling away that beard-brush *Bubo*, cashier him: and, hark, knight; attend: So, that raw-head and bloody-bones sir *Adam* has fee'd another brat of those nine common wenches, to defend baldness, and to rail against hair; he'll have a fling at thee, my noble cock-sparrow.

Sir Vaughan.

At me? will he fling the cudgels of his wit at me?

Tucca.

And at thy button-cap too: but come, I'll be your leader; you shall stand, hear all, and not be seen: cast off that blue coat; away with that flawne, and follow; come.

[*Exit.*]

Horace.

Bubo, we follow, captain.

Sir Vaughan.

Peter, leave coming behind me, I pray, any longer; for you and I must part, *Peter*.

Flash.

'Sounds, sir, I hope you will not serve me so, to turn me away in this case.

Sir Vaughan.

Turn you into a fool's coat; I mean, I will go *solus*, or in solitariës, alone: 'ounds, y'are best give better words,

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or I'll turn you away, indeed. Where is captain *Tucky*? —
Come, *Horace*: — Get you home, *Peter*.

Flash.

I'll home to your cost, and I can get into the wine-
cellar. [Exit.]

Horace.

Remember where to meet me.

Afinius.

Yes, I'll meet; *Tucca* should ha' found, I dare meet.

[Exit.]

Horace.

Dare defend baldness, which our conq'ring muse
Has beaten down so flat? Well, we will go,
And see what weapons their weak wits do bring;
If sharp, we'll spread a large and nobler wing:
Tucca, here lies thy peace: war roars again;
My sword shall never cut thee, but my pen. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Mincever,
Petula, Philocalia, and Dicache.

Ladies.

Thanks, good fir *Adam*.

Sir Adam.

Welcome, red-cheek'd ladies; —
And welcome, comely widow: — Gentlemen,
Now that our sorry banquet is put by,
From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips,
Walk in my garden: — Ladies, let your eyes
Shed life into these flow'rs by their bright beams: —
Sit, sit; here's a large bower, here all may hear:
Now, good *Crispinus*, let your praise begin,
There, where it left off baldness.

Crispinus.

I shall win
No praise by praising that, which to deprave
All tongues are ready, and which none would have.

Blunt.

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Blunt.

To prove that best by strong and armed reason,
Whose part reason fears to take, cannot but prove
Your wit's fine temper, and from these win love.

Minever.

I promise you, h'as almost converted me;
I pray, bring forward your bald reasons, master poet.

Crispinus.

Mistress, you give my reasons proper names;
For arguments, like children, should be like
The subject that begets them: I must strive
To crown *bald heads*, therefore must baldly thrive;
But be it as it can: To what before
Went arm'd at table this force bring I more:
If a *bare head*, being like a dead man's skull,
Should bear up no praise else but this, it sets
Our end before our eyes; should I despair
From giving *baldness* higher place than hair?

Minever.

Nay, perdie, hair has the higher place.

Crispinus.

The goodliest, and most glorious strange-built wonder,
Which that great architect hath made, is heav'n;
For there he keeps his court, it is his kingdom,
That's his best master-piece; yet 'tis the roof
And cieling of the world: that may be call'd
The head or crown of earth, and yet that's bald,
All creatures in it bald; the lovely *sun*
Has a face sleek as gold; the full-cheek'd *moon*,
As bright and smooth as silver: nothing there
Wears dangling locks, but sometime blazing stars,
Whose flaming curls set realms on fire with wars.
Descend more low, look through man's five-fold sense;
Of all, the *eye* bears greatest eminence,
And yet that's bald; the hairs, that like a lace,
Are stitch'd unto the lids, borrow those forms,
Like penthouses, to save the eyes from storms.

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Sir Adam.

Right, well said.

Crispinus.

A head and face, o'ergrown with shaggy dross,
O, 'tis an orient pearl hid all in moss;
But when the head's all naked, and uncrown'd,
It is the world's *globe*, even, smooth, and round:
Baldness is nature's *butt*, at which our life
Shoots her last arrow; what man ever led
His age out with a staff, but had a head
Bare and uncover'd? he whose years do rise
To their full height, yet not bald, is not wise:
The *head* is wisdom's house, *hair* but the thatch;
Hair? it's the basest stubble; in scorn of it
This proverb sprung, — *He has more hair than wit*:
Mark you not, in derision how we call
A head grown thick with hair, *bush-natural*?

Minever.

By your leave, master poet, but that bush-natural is
one o' the trimmest, and most intanglingst beauty in a
woman.

Crispinus.

Right, but believe this, — pardon me, most fair, —
You would have much more wit, had you less hair:
I could more weary you to tell the proofs,
As they pass by, which fight on *baldness*'s side,
Than were you task'd to number on a head
The hairs: I know not how your thoughts are led;
On this strong tower shall my opinion rest
Heads thick of hair are good, but bald the best.

*Whilst this paradox is in speaking, Tucca enters with Sir
Vaughan at one door, and secretly placeth him: then
exit, and brings in Horace muffled, placing him: Tucca
sits among them.*

Tucca.

Th'art within a hair of it; my sweet wit, *whither wilt
thou?* my delicate, poetical fury, th'ast hit it to a hair.
[Sir Vaughan steps out.]

Sir Vaughan.

By your favour, master *Tucky*, his bald reasons are wide above two hairs: — I beseech you, pardon me, ladies, that I thrust in so malapertly among you; for I did but mich here, and see how this cruel poet did handle bald heads.

Sir Adam.

He gave them but their due, fir *Vaughan*: — Widow, did he not?

Minever.

By my faith, he made more of a bald head, than ever I shall be able; he gave them their due, truly.

Sir Vaughan.

Nay, 'uds blood, their due is to be o' the right hair as I am; and that was not in his fingers to give, but in God a'mighty's: Well, I will hire that humorous and fantastical poet master *Horace*, to break your bald pate, fir *Adam*.

Sir Adam.

Break my bald pate?

Tucca.

Dost hear, my worshipful blockhead?

Sir Vaughan.

Patience, captain *Tucky*, let me absolve him: I mean, he shall prick, prick your head or sconce a little with his goose-quills; for he shall make another thalimum, or cross-sticks, or some polinoddies, with a few nappy-grams in them that shall lift up hair, and set it an end, with his learned and hearty commendations.

Tucca.

This is excellent, all will come out now.

Disache.

That same *Horace*, methinks, has the most ungodly face, by my fan: it looks for all the world like a rotten russet-apple, when 'tis bruis'd: It's better than a spoonful of cinamon-water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' the nose, and talks and rants for all the world, like the poor fellow under *Ludgate*: O, see upon him.

Minever.

Minever.

By my troth, sweet ladies, it's cake and pudding to me, to see his face make faces, when he reads his songs and sonnets.

Horace.

I'll face some of you for this, when you shall not budge.

Tucca.

It's the stinkingst dung-farmer — foh upon him !

Sir Vaughan.

Foh ? 'ounds, you make him 'urse than old herring : foh ? by *Sesü*, I think he's as tidy, and as tall a poet as ever drew out a long verse.

Tucca.

The best verse, that ever I knew him hack out, was his white neck-verse : noble *ap Rees*, thou wouldst scorn to lay thy lips to his commendations, and thou smeld'st him out as I do ; he calls thee the burning knight of the salamander.

Sir Vaughan.

Right, *Peter* is my salamander ; what of him ? but *Peter* is never burnt : how now ? so, go too now.

Tucca.

And says, because thou clip'st the king's *Englist*, —

Sir Vaughan.

'Ounds, me ? that's treason : clip ? horrible treasons, *Sesü*, hold my hands ; clip ? he baits mouse-traps for my life.

Tucca.

Right, little *Twinkler*, right : he says, because thou speak'st no better, thou canst not keep a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vaughan.

By God, 'tis the best tongue I can buy for love or money.

Tucca

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Tucca.

He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; † and his arrows
stick here: he calls thee bald-pate.

Sir Vaughan.

'Ounds, make him prove these intolerabilities.

Tucca.

And asks, who shall carry the vinegar bottle? and then
he rhymes to't, and says, *Prickshaft*: — Nay, *Minever*, he
crumples thy cap too; and —

Crispinus.

Come, *Tucca*, come, no more: the man's well known,
thou need'st not paint him; whom does he not wrong?

Tucca.

Marry, himself, the ugly pope *Boniface* pardons him-
self; and therefore my judgment is, that presently he be
had from hence to his place of execution, and there be
stab'd, stab'd, stab'd. [*He stabs at him.*]

Horace.

O, gentlemen, I am slain: — O, slave, art hir'd to
murder me, to murder me, to murder me?

Ladies.

O God!

Sir Vaughan.

'Ounds, captain, you have put all poetry to the dint of
sword; blow wind about him: Ladies, for our lord's
sake, you that have smocks, tear off pieces to shoot through
his 'ounds: Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his nose,
pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tucca.

If he be not dead, look here; I ha' the stab and pippin
for him: if I had kill'd him, I could ha' pleas'd the great
fool with an apple.

† *Adam Bell* was a famous outlaw, and skilful archer of old, celebrated
with *Clim of the Clough*, and *William of Cloudesty*. This is the doughty
hero *Shakespeare* alludes to in *Much ado about Nothing*. *Act I. S. 4.*

Benedick. — Hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and be that
hits me, let him be clasp'd on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Crispinus.

Crispinus.

How now? be well, good *Horace*, here's no wound;
 Y'are slain by your own fears: how dost thou, man?
 Come, put thy heart into his place again;
 Thy outside's neither pierc'd, nor inside slain.

Sir Vaughan.

I am glad, master *Horace*, to see you walking.

Horace.

Gentlemen, I am black and blue, the breadth of a
 groat.

Tucca.

Breadth of a groat? there's a teston, hide thy infirmi-
 ties, my scurvy *Lazarus*; do, hide it, lest it prove a scab
 in time: hang thee, desperation, hang thee; thou know'st,
 I cannot be sharp set against thee: look, feel, my light
 uptails-all, feel my weapon.

Minever.

O, most pitiful, as blunt as my great thumb.

Sir Vaughan.

By *Sesú*, as blunt as a *Welsh* bag-pudding.

Tucca.

As blunt as the top of *Paul's*; 'tis not like thy aloe,
 cicatrine tongue, bitter: no, 'tis no stabber, but like thy
 goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roar
 bulchin? dost roar? th'ast a good rouncival voice to cry
 lantern and candle-light.

Sir Vaughan.

Two 'urds, *Horace*, about your ears: how chance it
 passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of
 building simneys, and laying down bricks, for a worse
 handicraftness, to make nothing but rails? Your muse
 leans upon nothing but filthy rotten rails, such as stand
 on *Paul's* head, how chance?

*Horace.**Sir Vaughan, —**Sir Vaughan.*

You lie, fir varlet, fir villain; I am fir *Salamanders*:
 'ounds, is my man master *Peter Salamander's* face as 'urse

as

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as mine? Sentlemen all, and ladies, and you say once
or twice amen, I will lap this little filde, this booby in
his blankets again.

Omnes.

Agreed, agreed.

Tucca.

A blanket, these crack'd *Venice* glasses shall fill him
out, they shall tosse him; hold fast, wagtails: So, come
in, take this bandy with the racket of patience; why,
when? dost stamp mad *Tamberlain*? dost stamp? thou
think'st th'ast mortar under thy feet, dost?

Ladies.

Come, a bandy, ho.

Horace.

O, hold, most sacred beauties.

Sir Vaughan.

Hold, silence, the puppet-teacher speaks.

Horace.

Sir Vaughan, — noble captain, — gentlemen, —
Crispinus, — dear *Demetrius*, — O, redeem me
Out of this infamous — by God, by *Jesu*, —

Crispinus.

Nay, swear not so, good *Horace*, now these ladies
Are made your executioners: prepare
To suffer like a gallant, not a coward;
I'll try to unloose their hands, impossible:
Nay, women's vengeance are implacable.

Horace.

Why would you thus make me the ball of scorn?

Tucca.

I'll tell thee why, because th'ast enter'd actions of assault
and battery against a company of honourable and wor-
shipful fathers of the law: you wrangling rascal, law is
one of the pillars o' the land; and, if thou be'st bound
to it (as I hope, thou shalt be) thou'lt prove a *Skip-Jack*,
thou'lt be whip'd. I'll tell thee why, because thy sput-
tering chaps yelp, that arrogance, and impudence, and
ignorance, are the essential parts of a courtier.

Sir

Sir Vaughan.

The same hand still, it is your own another day:
master *Horace*, admonitions is good meat.

Tucca.

Thou art the true arraign'd poet, and shouldst have been
hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable
copper-lac'd christians, that fetch'd thee out of purga-
tory; players, I mean, theaterians, pouch-mouth, stage-
walkers: for this, poet, for this, thou must lie with these
four wenches, in that blanket; for this —

Horace.

What could I do, out of a just revenge,
But bring them to the stage? they envy me,
Because I hold more worthy company.

Demetrius.

Good *Horace*, no; my cheeks do blush for thine
As often as thou speak'st so: where one true,
And nobly-virtuous spirit for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one ten, even from my heart:
I make account, I put up as deep share
In any good man's love, which thy worth earns,
As thou thyself; we envy not to see
Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy.
No, here the gall lies, we that know what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can give life
To thy, once dying, baseness; yet must we
Dance anticks on your paper.

Horace.

Fannius, —

Crispinus.

This makes us angry, but not envious;
No, were thy warp'd soul put in a new mould,
Pd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.

Sir Vaughan.

And jewels, master *Horace*, must be hang'd you know.

Tucca.

Tucca.

Good *Pagans*, well said; they have sew'd up that broken seam-rent lie of thine, that *Demetrius* is out at elbows, and *Crispinus* is fall'n-out with satin here, they have: but, bloat herring, dost hear?

Horace.

Yes, honour'd captain, I have ears at will.

Tucca.

Is't not better be out at elbows, than to be a bondslave, and to go all in parchment as thou dost?

Horace.

Parchment, captain? 'tis perpetuana, I assure you.

Tucca.

My perpetual pantaloons, true; but 'tis wax'd over, thou'rt made out of wax: thou must answer for this one day; thy muse is a hagler, and wears cloths upon best-be-trust: thou'rt great in some body's books for this, thou know'st where; thou wouldst be out at elbows, and out at heels too, but that thou layest about thee with a bill for this, a bill.

Horace.

I confess, captain, I follow'd this suit hard.

Tucca.

I know, thou didst; and therefore whilst we have *hiren** here, speak my little dish-washers; a verdict, piskitchens.

Omnes.

Blanket.

Sir Vaughan.

Hold, I pray; hold: by *Sesu*, I have put upon my head a fine device, to make you laugh: — 'Tis not your fool's cap, master *Horace*, which you cover'd your poetasters in, but a fine trick, ha, ha, is jumbling in my brain.

* *Hiren* is the cant name for a sword: so *Pistol*, the counterpart of *Tucca*, 2 *pt.* Hen. 4. A. 2. S. 10. — Have we not *hiren* here?

Tucca.

Tucca.

I'll beat out thy brains, my whoreson, handsome dwarf,
but I'll have it out of thee.

Omnes.

What is it, good fir *Vaughan*?

Sir Vaughan.

To conclude, 'tis after this manners; because master *Horace* is ambition, and does conspire to be more high and tall as God a'mighty made him, we'll carry his terrible person to court, and there, before his majesty dub, or, what you call it, dip his muse in some liquor, and christen him, or die him into colours of a poet.

Omnes.

Excellent.

Tucca.

Super super-excellent; revellers, go, proceed you masters of art in kissing these wenches, and in dances; bring you the quivering bride to court, in a mask: — Come, grumbol, thou shalt mum with us; come, dog me, skneaks-bill.

Horace.

O thou my muse, —

Sir Vaughan.

Call upon God a'mighty, and no muses; your muse, I warrant, is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your muse now; therefore, I pray, marse, marse, marse: ounds, your moose?

Crispinus.

We shall have sport to see them: — Come, bright beauties;

The sun stoops low, and whispers in our ears,
To hasten on our mask: let's crown this night
With choice composed wreaths of sweet delight.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter*

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*Enter Terill, and Cælestine, sadly, Sir Quintilian stirring
and mingling a cup of wine.*

Terill.

O night, that dies the firmament in black,
And, like a cloth of clouds, dost stretch thy limbs
Upon the windy tenters of the air;
O thou that hang'st upon the back of day,
Like a long mourning gown; thou that art made
Without an eye, because thou shouldst not see
A lover's revels, nor participate
The bridegroom's heav'n; O heav'n, to me a hell:
I have a hell in heav'n, a blessed curse;
All other bridegrooms long for night, and tax
The day of lazy sloth, call time a cripple,
And say the hours limp after him; but I
Wish night for ever banish'd from the sky,
Or that the day would never sleep, or time
Were in a swoon, and all his little hours
Could never lift him up with their poor powers.

Enter Cælestine.

But backward runs the course of my delight;
The day hath turn'd his back, and it is night:
This night will make us odd, day made us even;
All else are damn'd in hell, but I in heaven.

Cælestine.

Let loose thy oath, so shall we still be even.

Terill.

Then am I damn'd in hell, and not in heav'n.

Cælestine.

Must I then go? 'tis easy to say, no;
Must is the king himself, and I must go:
Shall I then go? that word is thine; I shall,
Is thy command: I go because I shall.

Will

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Will I then go? I ask myself; o, ill:
King says, I must; you, I shall; I, I will.

Terill.

Had I not sworn, —

Cælestine.

Why didst thou swear?

Terill.

The king

Sat heavy on my resolution,
Till, out of breath, it panted out an oath.

Cælestine.

An oath? why, what's an oath? 'tis but the smoke
Of flame and blood, the blister of the spirit,
Which riseth from the steam of rage, the bubble
That shoots up to the tongue, and scalds the voice,
(For oaths are burning words:) thou swor'st but one;
'Tis frozen long ago: if one be numbered,
What countrymen are they, where do they dwell,
That speak nought else but oaths?

Terill.

They're men of hell.

An oath? why, 'tis the traffick of the soul,
'Tis law within a man, the seal of faith,
The bond of ev'ry conscience; unto whom
We set our thoughts, like hands: yea, such a one
I swore, and to the king; a king contains
A thousand thousand: when I swore to him,
I swore to them; the very hairs, that guard
His head, will rise up, like sharp witnesses,
Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
Would straight condemn me. Argue oaths no more;
My oath is high, for to the king I swore.

Enter Sir Quintilian, with the cup.

Cælestine.

Must I betray my chastity, so long
Clean from the treason of rebelling lust?

O husband!

O husband! — O my father! if poor I
Must not live chaste, then let me chastly die.

Sir Quintilian.

Ay, here's a charm shall keep thee chaste; come, come,
Old time hath left us but an hour to play
Our parts: begin the scene; who shall speak first?
O, I, I play the king; and kings speak first: —
Daughter, stand thou here; — Thou, son *Terill* there;
O thou stand'st well, thou lean'st against a post:
For thou'lt be posted off, I warrant thee;
The king will hang a horn about thy neck,
And make a post of thee: You stand well both.
We need no prologue; the king, ent'ring first,
He's a most gracious prologue: marry, then
For the catastrophe, or epilogue,
There's one in cloth of silver; which, no doubt,
Will please the hearers well, when he steps out,
His mouth is fill'd with words: See, where he stands;
He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But, to my part; suppose, who enters now
A king, whose eyes are set in silver, one
That blusheth gold, speaks musick, dancing walks,
Now gathers nearer, takes thee by the hand;
When straight thou think'st, the very orb of heav'n
Moves round about thy fingers: then he speaks,
Thus, — thus, — I know not how.

Celestine.

Nor I to answer him.

Sir Quintilian.

No, girl? know'st thou not how to answer him?
Why then, the field is lost, and he rides home,
Like a great conqueror; not answer him?
Out of thy part already? foil'd the scene?
Disfrank'd the lines? disarm'd the action?

Terill.

Yes, yes; true chastity is tongu'd so weak,
'Tis overcome ere it know how to speak.

Sir Quintilian.

Come, come, thou happy close of ev'ry wrong,
 'Tis thou that canst dissolve the hardest doubt;
 'Tis time for thee to speak, we are all out. —
 Daughter, — and you, the man whom I call son,
 I must confess, I made a deed of gift
 To heav'n and you, and gave my child to both:
 When on my blessing I did charm her soul
 In the white circle of true chastity,
 Still to run true till death; now, sir, if not,
 She forfeits my rich blessing, and is fin'd
 With an eternal curse: then I tell you,
 She shall die now, now whilst her soul is true.

Terill.

Die?

Cælestine.

Ay, I am death's echo.

Sir Quintilian.

O my son,
 I am her father; ev'ry tear I shed,
 Is threescore ten year old: I weep and smile
 Two kind of tears; I weep, that she must die,
 I smile, that she must die a virgin: thus
 We joyful men mock tears, and tears mock us.

Terill.

What speaks that cup?

Sir Quintilian.

White wine and poison.

Terill.

Oh!

That very name of poison poisons me: —
 Thou winter of a man, thou walking grave,
 Whose life is like a dying taper, how
 Canst thou define a lover's lab'ring thoughts?
 What scent hast thou but death? what taste but earth?
 The breath that purls from thee, is like the steam
 Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift,

Because

Because thou art travelling to the land of graves,
 Thou covet'st company, and hither bring'st
 A health of poison to pledge death; a poison
 For this sweet spring: this element is mine,
 This is the air I breathe; corrupt it not:
 This heav'n is mine; I bought it with my soul
 Of him that sells a heav'n, to buy a soul.

Sir Quintilian.

Well, let her go; she's thine, thou call'st her thine,
 Thy element, the air thou breath'st: thou know'st
 The air thou breath'st is common, make her so:
 Perhaps, thou't say — None but the king shall wear
 Thy nightgown, she that laps thee warm with love,
 And that kings are not common; then to show
 By consequence he cannot make her so;
 Indeed, she may promote her shame and thine,
 And with your shames, speak a good word for mine:
 The king shining so clear, and we so dim,
 Our dark disgraces will be seen through him.
 Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
 What man would pledge a king in his own wife?

Terill.

She dies; that sentence poisons her: O life!
 What slave would pledge a king in his own wife?

Cælestine.

Welcome, o poison, physick against lust,
 Thou wholesome med'cine to a constant blood,
 Thou rare apothecary, that canst keep
 My chastity preserv'd within this box
 Of tempting dult, this painted earthen pot,
 That stands upon the stall of the white soul
 To set the shop out, like a flatterer,
 To draw the customers of sin: come, come;
 Thou art no poison, but a diet-drink
 To moderate my blood: White innocent wine,
 Art thou made guilty of my death? O, no;
 For thou thyself art poison'd: take me hence,
 For innocence shall murder innocence.

M 2

[Drinks.
 Hold,

Terill.

Hold, hold; thou shalt not die, my bride, my wife!
 O stop that speedy messenger of death;
 O let him not run down that narrow path,
 Which leads unto thy heart; nor carry news
 To thy removing soul, that thou must die.

Cælestine.

'Tis done already; the spiritual court
 Is breaking up, all offices discharg'd,
 My soul removes from this weak standing house
 Of frail mortality: — Dear father, bless
 Me now and ever: — Dearer man, farewell;
 I jointly take my leave of thee and life:
 Go, tell the king, thou hast a constant wife.

Terill.

I had a constant wife, I'll tell the king,
 Until the king — What, dost thou smile? art thou
 A father?

Sir Quintilian.

Yea, smiles on my cheeks arise,
 To see how sweetly a true virgin dies.

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicache,
 Petula: lights before them.*

Crispinus.

Sir *Walter Terill*, gallants, are all ready?

Terill.

All ready.

Demetrius.

Well said; come, where's the bride?

Terill.

She's going to forbid the bans again,
 She'll die a maid; and see, she keeps her oath.

All the Men.

Fair *Cælestine*!

Ladies,

The bride!

Terill.

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Terill.

She that was fair,
Whom I call'd fair, and *Cælestine*.

Omnes.

Dead!

Sir Quintilian.

Dead: she's death's bride, he hath her maidenhead.

Crispinus.

Sir *Walter Terill*, —

Omnes.

Tell us how.

Terill.

All cease;
The subject, that we treat of now, is *Peace*:
If you demand how, I can tell; if why,
Ask the king that; he was the cause not I.
Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow;
Ask the king why, and then I'll tell you how:
Nay, give your revels' life, though she be gone,
To court with all your preparation;
Lead on, and lead her on: if any ask
The mystery, say, — death presents a mask;
Ring peals of musick, you are lovers' bells,
The loss of one heav'n brings a thousand hells. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter an armed sewer, after him the service of a banquet:
the King at another door meets them; they Exeunt.

King.

Why so; ev'n thus the *Mercury* of heaven
Ushers th' ambrosiate banquet of the gods,
When a long train of angels in a rank
Serve the first course, and bow their crystal knees
Before the silver table; where *Jove's* page,
Sweet *Ganimede* fills nectar: when the gods
Drink healths to kings, they pledge them, none but kings
Dare pledge the gods, none but gods drink to kings. —
Men of our house, are we prepar'd?

M 2

Enter

Terill.

Enter Servants.

Servant.

My liege,
All wait the presence of the bride.

King.

The bride?

Yea, ev'ry senseless thing, which she beholds,
Will look on her again, her eye's reflection
Will make the walls all eyes with her perfection:
Observe me now, because of masks, and revels,
And many nuptial ceremonies; mark,
This I create the presence, here the state,
Our kingdom's seat shall sit in honour's pride,
Like pleasure's queen, there will I place the bride:
Be gone, be speedy, let me see it done. [*Exeunt.*]
A king in love is steward to himself,
And never scorns the office, myself buy
All glances from the market of her eye.

[*Soft musick, chair is set under a canopy.*]

Soft musick, thou sweet suitor to the air,
Now wooe the air again; this is the hour
Writ in the calendar of time, this hour
Musick shall spend, the next and next the bride;
Her tongue will read the musick-lecture: — *Wat*,
I love thee, *Wat*, because thou art not wise,
Not deep-read in the volume of a man;
Thou never saw'st a thought; poor soul, thou think'st
The heart and tongue is cut out of one piece:
But thou'rt deceiv'd, the world hath a false light;
Fools think, 'tis day, when wise men know 'tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir Quintilian.

My liege, they're come, a mask of gallants,

King.

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King.

Now
The spirit of love ushers my blood.

Sir Quintilian.

They come:
The watch-word in a mask is the bold drum.

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula,
Dicache, all mask'd, two and two with lights, like
maskers: Cælestine in a chair.*

Terill.

All pleasures guard my king; I here present
My oath upon the knee of duty: knees
Are made for kings, they are the subject's fees.

King.

Wat Terill, thou art ill-suited, ill made up,
In fable colours, like a night-piece died:
Com'st thou the prologue of a mask in black?
Thy body is ill-shap'd: a bridegroom too?
Look, how the day is dress'd in silver cloth,
Lay'd round about with golden sunbeams; so
(As white as heav'n) should a fresh bridegroom go. —
What, *Cælestine* the bride in the same task?
Nay, then, I see, there's mystery in this mask. —
Prythee, resolve me, *Wat*.

Terill.

My gracious lord,
That part is hers, she acts it: only I
Present the prologue, she the mystery.

King.

Come, bride; the scene of blushing enter'd first,
Your cheeks are settled now, and past the worst.

[Unmasks her.]

A mystery? O, none plays here but death;
This is death's motion: motionless? speak you,
Flatter no longer; thou, her bridegroom, — thou,
Her father, speak.

Sir

Sir Quintilian.

Dead.

Terill.

Dead.

King.

How?

Sir Quintilian.

Poison'd.

King.

And poison'd?

What villain durst blaspheme her beauties, or
 Profane the clear religion of her eyes?

Terill.

Now, king, I enter, now the scene is mine;
 My tongue is tip'd with poison: know who speaks,
 And look into my thoughts; I blush not, king,
 To call thee tyrant: death hath set my face,
 And made my blood bold. — Hear me, spirits of men,
 And place your ears upon your hearts: the day,
 The fellow to this night, saw her and me
 Shake hands together; for the book of heaven
 Made us eternal friends: thus, *man and wife*,
 This man of men, the king, (what are not kings?)
 Was my chief guest, my royal guest, his grace
 Grac'd all the table, and did well become
 The upper end, where sat my bride: in brief,
 He tainted her chaste ears; she yet unknown,
 His breath was treason, though his words were none:
 Treason to her and me, he dar'd me then,
 Under the covert of a flatt'ring smile,
 To bring her where she is not as she is,
 Alive for lust, not dead for chastity:
 The resolution of my soul, out-dar'd,
 I swore, and tax'd my faith with a sad oath,
 Which I maintain: here take her; she was mine,
 When she was living; but now dead, she's thine.

King.

King.

Do not confound me quite; for mine own guilt
Speaks more within me than thy tongue contains:
Thy sorrow is my shame; yet herein springs
Joy out of sorrow, boldness out of shame:
For I by this have found, once in my life,
A faithful subject, thou a constant wife.

Cælestine.

A constant wife.

King.

Am I confounded twice?
Blasted with wonder?

Terill.

O, delude me not;
Thou art too true to live again, too fair
To be my *Cælestine*, too constant far
To be a woman.

Cælestine.

Not to be thy wife:
But first I plead my duty, and salute
The world again.

Sir Quintilian.

My king, — my son, — know, all,
I am an actor in this mystery,
And bear the chiefest part: The father I,
'Twas I, that minister'd to her chaste blood
A true somnif'rous potion, which did steal
Her thoughts to sleep, and flatter'd her with death;
I call'd it a quick poison'd drug, to try
The bridegroom's love, and the bride's constancy:
He, in the passion of his love, did fight
A combat with affection; so did both,
She for the poison strove, he for his oath.
Thus, like a happy father, I have won
A constant daughter and a loving son.

King.

Mirror of maidens, wonder of thy name,
I give thee that art given, pure, chaste, the same,

Here,

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Here, *Wat* : I would not part, for the world's pride,
So true a bridegroom and so chaste a bride.

Crispinus.

My liege, to wed a comical event
To pre-supposed, tragick argument,
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous, dreadful poet take degree.

King.

Dreadful in his proportion, or his pen?

Crispinus.

In both; he calls himself the whip of men.

King.

If a clear merit stand upon his praise,
Reach him a poet's crown, the honour'd bays;
But if he claim it, wanting right thereto,
As many bastard sons of poesy do,
Rase down his usurpation to the ground:
True poets are with art and nature crown'd.
But in what mould so'er this man be cast,
We make him thine, *Crispinus*; wit and judgment
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soul, I know,
Will not go arm'd in passion 'gainst thy foe:
Therefore be thou ourself; whilst ourself sit,
But as spectator of this scene of wit.

Crispinus.

Thanks, royal lord, for these high honours done
To me unworthy: my mind's brightest fires
Shall all consume themselves in purest flame
On th' altar of your dear eternal name.

King.

Not under us, but next us take thy seat:
Arts nourished by kings make kings more great:
Use thy authority.

Crispinus.

Demetrius,
Call in that self-creating *Horace*; bring
Him and his shadow forth.

Demetrius.

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Demetrius.

Both shall appear :
No black-ey'd star must stick in virtue's sphere.

Enter Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaughan.

'Ounds, did you see him ? I pray, let all his masesty's most excellent dogs be set at liberties, and have their freedoms to smell him out.

Demetrius.

Smell whom ?

Sir Vaughan.

Whom ? the *compofer*, the *prince of poets*, *Horace*, *Horace* ; he's departed : in God's name and the king's, I farge you to ring it out from all our ears, for *Horace's* body is departed : Master, hue and cry ; shall — God blefs king *Williams* ; I cry you mercy, and ask forgiveness, for mine eyes did not find in their hearts to look upon your masesty.

King.

What news with thee, *sir Vaughan* ?

Sir Vaughan.

News ? God, 'tis as 'urse news as I can desire to bring about me : our unhandsome-fac'd poet does play at bo-peeps with your grace, and cries, — *All bid* as boys do.

Officers.

Stand by ; room there ; back ; room for the poet.

Sir Vaughan.

He's reprehended, and taken : by *Sesü*, I rejoyce very near as much as if I had discover'd a new-found land, or the north and east *Indies*.

Enter

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures under his cloak, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo, pull'd in by the horns, bound both like satyrs; Sir Adam following, mistress Minever with him, wearing Tucca's chain.

Tucca.

So; tug, tug, pull the mad bull in by th' horns: So; bait one at that stake, my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake, gurnet's head.

King.

What busy fellow's this?

Tucca.

Save thee, my most gracious king o' hearts, fave thee: all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vail; for but to thee, great *Sultan Soliman*, I scorn to be thus put off, or to deliver up this sconce I wud.

King.

Sir Vaughan, what's this jolly captain's name?

Sir Vaughan.

Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done God and his country as good and as hot service, in conquering this vile monster-poet, as ever did saint *George* his horse-back about the dragon.

Tucca.

I sweat for't; but *Tawsoone*, hold thy tongue, *mon dieu*; if thou't praise me, do't behind my back: — I am, my weighty sovereign, one of thy grains, thy valiant vassal; ask not what I am, but read, turn over, unclasp thy chronicles: there thou shalt find buff-jerkin; there read my points of war: I am one of the *Mandilian* leaders; one that enters into thy royal bands for thee, *Pantilius Tucca*; one of thy kingdom's chiefest quarellers; one o' thy most faithful — fy — fy — fy —

Sir Vaughan.

Drunkards, I hold my life.

Tucca.

Tucca.

No, whirligig, one of his faithful fighters: thy drawer,
o royal *Tam*, or *Cham*.

Sir Vaughan.

Go to; I pray, captain *Tucca*, give us all leave to do
our business before the king.

Tucca.

With all my heart: shi, shi, shi, shake that bear-whelp,
when thou wou't.

Sir Vaughan.

Horace, and *Bubo*, pray send an answer into his ma-
jesty's ears, why you go thus in *Ovid's Morter-Morphesis*,
and strange fashions of apparel?

Tucca.

Cur, why?

Asinius.

My lords, I was drawn into this beastly suit by head
and shoulders; only for love I bare to my ningle.

Tucca.

Speak, ningle, thy mouth's next; belch out, belch
why.

Horace.

I did it to retire me from the world,
And turn my muse into a *Timonist*;
Loathing the general leprosy of sin,
Which like a plague runs through the souls of men:
I did it but to —

Tucca.

But to bite every motley-head vice by th' nose; you
did it, ningle, to play the bug-bear satyr, and make a
camp royal of fashion-mongers quake at your paper bul-
lets: you nasty tortois, you and your itchy poetry break
out like christmas, but once a year, and then you keep a
revelling and arrainging, and a scratching of men's faces,
as though you were *Tyber*, the long-tail'd prince of rats,
do you?

Crispinus.

Horace, —

Sir

Sir Vaughan.

Silence; pray, let all 'urdes be strangled, or held fast
between your teeth.

Crispinus.

Under control of my dread sovereign,
We are thy judges; thou, that didst arraign,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation:
Should I but bid thy muse stand to the bar,
Thyself against her wouldst give evidence,
For flat rebellion 'gainst the sacred laws
Of divine poesy; herein most she mis'd;
Thy pride and scorn made her turn satyrift,
And not her love to virtue (as thou preacheft:)
Or should we minister strong pills to thee,
What lumps of hard and indigested stuff,
Of bitter *Satyrisme*, of *Arrogance*,
Of *Self-love*, of *Detraction*, of a black
And stinking *Insolence* should we fetch up?
But none of these, we give thee what's more fit,
With stinging nettles crown his stinging wit.

Tucca.

Well said, my poetical huckster; now he's in thy hand-
ling rate him, do rate him well.

Horace.

O, I beseech your majesty, rather than thus to be nettled,
I'll ha' my satyr's coat pull'd over mine ears, and be turn'd
out o' the nine muses' service.

Asinius.

And I too, let me be put to my shifts with mine ningle.

Sir Vaughan.

By *Sesú*, so you shall, master *Bubo*: — Flea off this
hairy skin, master *Horace*; so, so, so, untruss, untruss.

Tucca.

His poetical wreath, my dapper punck-fetcher.

Horace.

O, oh!

Tucca.

Tucca.

Nay, your O, oh's, nor your *Callin* — oes cannot serve your turn: your tongue, you know, is full of blisters with railing; your face full of pocky holes and pimples, with your fiery inventions: and therefore to preserve your head from aching, this biggin is yours: — nay, by *Sesju*, you shall be a poet; though not lawrefy'd, yet nettle-fy'd: so.

Tucca.

Sirra flinker, thou'rt but untruss'd now, I owe thee a whipping still, and I'll pay it; I have lay'd rods in piss and vinegar for thee: it shall not be the whipping o' the satyr, nor the whipping o' the blind bear, but of a counterfeit jugler, that steals the name of *Horace*.

King.

How? Counterfeit? Does he usurp the name?

Sir Vaughan.

Yes, indeed, an't please your grace, he does sup up that abominable name.

Tucca.

He does, o king *Cambises*, he does: — Thou hast no part of *Horace* in thee but's name, and his damnable vices; thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraid to peep out: but, look here, you staring leviathan; here's the sweet visage of *Horace*; look, parboil'd-face, look: *Horace* had a trim long beard, and a reasonable good face for a poet, as faces go now adays; *Horace* did not screw and wriggle himself into great men's familiarity, impudently, as thou dost; nor wear the badge of gentlemen's company, as thou dost thy taffeta sleeves tack'd-to only with some points of profit: No, *Horace* had not his face punch'd full of eyelet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan; *Horace* lov'd poets well, and gave coxcombs to none but fools: but thou lov'st none, neither wise men nor fools, but thyself; *Horace* was a goodly corpulent gentleman, and not so lean a hollow-cheek'd scrag as thou art: no here's the copy o' thy countenance;

tenance; by this will I learn to make a number of villanous faces more, and to look scurvily upon the world as thou dost.

Crispinus.

Sir *Vaughan*, will you minister their oath?

Sir Vaughan.

Master *Afinius Bubo*, you shall swear as little as you can; one oath shall dam-up your innocent mouth.

Afinius.

Any oath, sir, I'll swear any thing.

Sir Vaughan.

You shall swear by *Phæbus*, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire *Horace* to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or knives, which you understand not; nor to write your love-letters, which you, in turning of a hand, set your marks upon, as your own: nor you shall not carry *Latin* poets about you, till you can write and read *English* at most; and, lastly, that you shall not call *Horace* your ningle.

Afinius.

By *Phæbus*, I swear all this; and as many oaths as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Vaughan.

'Trudge then, pay your legs for fees, and be disfiarg'd.

Tucca.

Troopth, run, redcap: — ware horns there.

[*Exit Afinius.*

Sir Vaughan.

Now, master *Horace*, you must be a more horrible swearer; for your oath must be, like your wits, of many colours, and, like a broker's book, of many parcels.

Tucca.

Read, read, th' inventory of his oath.

Horace.

I'll swear, till my hair stands up an end, to be rid of this sting: o, this sting!

Sir

Sir Vaughan.

'Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tucca.

Upon him: *Inprimis*, —

Sir Vaughan.

Inprimis, you shall swear by *Phœbus*, and the half a score muses lacking one, not to swear to hang yourself, if you thought any man, ooman, or filde, could write plays and rhymes, as well favour'd ones as yourself.

Tucca.

Well said; hast brought him to th' gallows already?

Sir Vaughan.

You shall swear, not to bombast out a new play, with the old linings of jests, stol'n from the *Temple's Revels*.

Tucca.

To him, old *Tango*.

Sir Vaughan.

Moreover, you shall not sit in a gallery, when your comedies and interludes have enter'd their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at every line, to make gentlemen have an eye to you, and to make players afraid to take your part.

Tucca.

Thou shalt be my ningle for this.

Sir Vaughan.

Besides, you must forswear to venture on the stage, when your play is ended, and to exchange court'sies and complements with gallants in the lord's rooms, to make all the house rise up in arms and to cry, — That's *Horace*, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pens and purges humours and diseases.

Tucca.

There, boy, again.

Sir Vaughan.

Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poor couple, that is to say, your wits and necessities, *alias dictus*, to the rising of your muse; *alias*, your muse's up-sitting; *alias*, a poet's whitsun-ale: you

shall swear, that, within three days after, you shall not abroad in bookbinders' shops brag, that your viceroys, or tributary-kings, have done homage to you, or pay'd quarterage.

Tucca.

I'll bus thy head, *Holofernes*.

Sir Vaughan.

Moreover, and *inprimis*, when a knight or gentleman of 'urship does give you his passport, to travel in and out to his company, and gives you money for God's sake; I trust in *Sesü*, you will swear, tooth and nail, not to make scald and wry-mouth jests upon his knighthood, will you not?

Horace.

I never did it, by *Parnassus*.

Tucca.

Wou't swear by *Parnassus*, and lie too, doctor *Dodipol*?

Sir Vaughan.

Thirdly, and last of all saving one, when your plays are mislik'd at court, you shall not cry, mew, like a puss-cat, and say, — you are glad you write out of the courtier's element.

Tucca.

Let the element alone; 'tis out o' thy reach.

Sir Vaughan.

In briefness, when you sup in taverns amongst your betters, you shall swear not to dip your manners in too much fauce, nor at table to fling epigrams, emblems, or play-speeches about you, like hailstones, to keep you out of the terrible danger of the shot, upon pain to sit at the upper end of the table, o' the left hand of *Carlo Buffoon*: Swear all this, by *Apollo*, and the eight or nine muses.

Horace.

By *Apollo*, *Helicon*, the muses, (who march three and three in a rank,) and by all that belongs to *Parnassus*, I swear all this.

Tucca.

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Tucca.

Bear witness.

Crispinus.

That fearful wreath, this honour is your due,
All poets shall be poet-apes but you. —
 Thanks, learning's true *Mæcenas*, poesy's king,
 Thanks for that gracious ear, which you have lent
 To this most tedious, most rude argument.

King.

Our spirits have well been feasted : he, whose pen
 Draws both corrupt and clear blood from all men,
 Careless what vein he pricks, let him not rave
 When his own sides are struck ; blows blows do crave.

Tucca.

Kings-truce, my noble herb o' grace ; my princely
 sweet *William*, a boon : Stay first, Is't a match or no match,
 lady *Furnival*, is't ?

Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian.

A match ?

Minever.

Ay, a match ; since he hath hit the mistress so often
 i' the foregame, we'll e'en play out a rubbers.

Sir Adam.

Take her for me.

Sir Quintilian.

Take her for thyself, not for me.

Sir Vaughan.

Play out your rubbers in God's name ; by *Sesú*, I'll
 never bowl more in your alley, 'iddow.

Sir Quintilian.

My chain.

Sir Adam.

My purse.

196 THE UNTRUSSING OF &c.

Tucca.

I'll chain thee presently, and give thee ten pound and a purse. — A boon, my liege: dance, o my delicate *Rufus*, at my wedding with this reverend antiquary; is't done? wou't thou?

King.

I'll give thee kingly honour: Night and sleep
With filken ribands would tie up our eyes;
But, mistress bride, one measure shall be led,
In scorn of midnight's haste, and then to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE Spoken by TUCCA.

GENTLEMEN, gallants, and you my little swaggerers that fight low; my tough hearts of oak that stand to't so valiantly, and are still within a yard of your captain: now the trumpets, that set men together by the ears, have left their tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, — bear witness, all you gentlefolks, that walk i' the galleries, — I recant the opinions, which I held of courtiers, ladies, and citizens, when once, in an assembly of friers, I rail'd upon them: that heretical libertine Horace taught me so to mouth it. Besides, 'twas when stiff Tucca was a boy; 'twas not Tucca that rail'd and roar'd then, but the devil and his angels: But now kings-truce; the captain summons a parley, and delivers himself and his prating company into your hands, upon what composition you will. Are you pleas'd? and I'll dance friskin for joy, but if you be not, by the lord, I'll see you all — here for your two pence apiece again, before I'll lose your company. I know now, some be come hither with cheeks swol'n as big with bisses, as if they had the toothach: 'uds foot, if I stood by them, I'd be so bold as — entreat them to hiss in another place. Are you advis'd what you do, when you hiss? you blow away Horace's revenge: but if you set your hands and seals to this, Horace will write against it, and you may have more sport: he shall not lose his labour, he shall not turn his blank verses into waste paper: No, my poetasters will not laugh at him, but will untruss him again, and again, and again. I'll tell you what you shall do, cast your little Tucca into a bell; do, make a bell of me, and be all you my clappers, upon condition, we may have a lusty peal, this cold weather: I have but two legs left me, and they are both yours; good night, my two-penny tenants, god night.

F I N I S.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN STOW
1618



P

T





THE RETURN
FROM
PARNASSUS:
OR
THE SCOURGE OF
SIMONY.



THE RETURN

FROM THE

PARANASUS

OR

THE SCOURGE OF

SIMONY.

THE RETURN

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS.

We can learn no more of the history of this play, than what the title-page gives us, viz. that it was "publickly acted by the students in saint John's college, Cambridge. 1606." The merits and characters of our old poets and actors are censured by the author with great freedom; and the shameful prostitution of church preferment, by the selling of livings to the ignorant and unworthy, layed the foundation of Dr. Wild's Benefice, a comedy. 4^o. 1639.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

INGENIOSO..

JUDICIO.

DANTER.

PHILOMUSUS.

STUDIOSO.

FUROR POETICUS.

PHANTASMA..

Patient.

RHICARDETTO.

THEODORE, *Physician.*

Burgess, Patient.

JAKUES, *Studiofo.*

ACADEMICO.

AMORETTO.

Page.

Signior IMMERITO.

STERCUTIO, *his Father.*

Sir FREDERICK.

Recorder.

Page.

PRODIGO.

BURBAGE.

KEMPE.

Fidlers.

Patient's man.

THE PROLOGUE.

Boy, Stagekeeper, Momus, Defensor.

Boy.

SPECTATORS, we will act a comedy: *non plus.*

Stagekeeper.

A pox on't, this book hath it not in it: you would be whip'd, thou rascal; thou must be sitting up all night at cards, when thou should be conning your part.

Boy.

It's all along on you; I could not get my part a night or two before, that I might sleep on it.

[Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away under his arm.]

Momus.

It's even well done; here is such a stir about a scurvy *Englisch* show!

Defensor.

Scurvy in thy face, thou scurvy *Jack*: if this company were not, — you paltry critick gentleman, you that know what it is to play at primero, or passage, you that have been student at post and pair, saint and loadam, you that have spent all your quarter's revenues in riding post one night in christmas, bear with the weak memory of a gamester.

Momus.

Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy, or rather, play upon noddies, you that can set up a jest at primero instead of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voider.

Defensor.

Defensor.

What we present, I must needs confess, is but slubber'd invention: if your wisdom obscure the circumstance, your kindness will pardon the substance.

Momus.

What is presented here is an old musty show, that hath lain this twelve-month in the bottom of a coal-house amongst brooms and old shoes; an invention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we have promised the copies to the chandlers to wrap his candles in.

Defensor.

It's but a christmas toy; and may it please your courtesies to let it pass.

Momus.

It's a christmas toy, indeed, as good a conceit as sloughing † hotcockles, or blindman-buff.

Defensor.

Some humours you shall see aimed at, if not well resembled.

Momus.

Humours, indeed! Is it not a pretty humour to stand hammering upon two *individuum vagum*, two scholars, some whole year? These same *Philomusus* and *Studioſo* have been followed with a whip and a verse, like a couple of vagabonds through *England* and *Italy*. The pilgrimage to *Parnassus*, and the return from *Parnassus* have stood the honest stagekeepers in many a crown's expence for links and vizards; purchased a sopher a knock with † a club; hindered the butler's box, and emptied the college barrels: and now, unless you know the subject well, you may return home as wise as you

† *which.*

† Sloughing hotcockles is a sport, still retained among children. The diversion is of long standing, having been in use with the ancients. See Pollux Lib. 9. In the copy it is spelt slauging.

came;

came; for this last is the least part of the return from *Parnassus*, that is both the first and the last time that the author's wit will turn upon the toe in this vein, and at this time the scene is not at *Parnassus*, that is, looks not good invention in the face.

Defensor.

If the catastrophe please you not, impute it to the unpleasing fortunes of discontented scholars.

Momus.

For catastrophe, there's never a tale in fir *John Mandeville*, or *Bevis of Southampton*, but hath a better turning.

Stagekeeper.

What, you jeering afs! be gone, with a pox.

Momus.

You may do better to busy yourself in providing beer; for the show will be pitiful dry, pitiful dry. [Exit.]

Stagekeeper.

No more of this: I heard the spectators ask for a blank verse.

What we show, is but a christmas jest;
Conceive of this, and guess of all the rest:
Full like a scholar's hapless fortune's pen'd,
Whose former griefs seldom have happy end.
Frame as well we might, with easy strain,
With far more praise, and with as little pain,
Stories of love, where 'fore † the wond'ring bench
The lisping gallant might enjoy his wench;
Or make some fire acknowledge his lost son,
Found, when the weary act is almost done. †
Nor unto this, nor unto that our scene is bent;
We only show a scholar's discontent,
In scholars' fortunes, twice forlorn and dead,
Twice hath our weary pen erst laboured;

2 *forne.*

† *Q. if this be not a sting at Shakespeare? See Cymbeline.*

Making

Making them pilgrims in *Parnassus*' hill,
Then penning their return with ruder quill.
Now we present unto each pitying eye,
The scholars' progress in their misery:
Refined wits, your patience is our bliss;
Too weak our scene, too great your judgment is:
To you we seek to show a scholar's state,
His scorned fortunes, his unpity'd fate;
To you: for if you did not scholars bless,
Their case, poor case, were too too pitiless.
You shade the muses under fostering,
And make them leave to sigh, and learn to sing.

THE

THE RETURN
FROM
PARNASSUS.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Ingenioso *with Juvenal in his hand.*

Ingenioso.

DIFFICILE est satyram non scribere; nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ¹ ut teneat se?
Ay, *Juvenal*, thy jerking hand is good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching blood;
So, surgeon-like, thou dost with cutting heal,
Where nought but lancing ² can the wound avail:
O, suffer me, among so many men,
To tread aright the traces of thy pen,
And light my link at thy eternal flame,
Till with it I brand everlasting shame
On the world's forehead, and, with thine own spirit,
Pay home the world according to his merit.
Thy purer soul could not endure to see
Ev'n smallest spots of base impurity,
Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands;
Then foul-fac'd vice was in his swadling bands,

¹ *furens.*

² *lancing.*

Now,

Now, like *Anteus* grown, a monster is,
 A match for none but mighty *Hercules*:
 Now can the world practise in plainer guise
 Both sins of old, and new-born villanies:
 Stale sins are stole; now doth the world begin
 To take sole pleasure in a witty sin:
 Unpleasant is the lawless sin has been,
 At midnight rest, when darkness covers sin;
 It's clownish, unbeseeming a young knight,
 Unless it dare outface the glaring light:
 Nor can it nought our gallants' praises reap,
 Unless it be done in staring *Cheap*,
 In a sin-guilty coach, not closely pent,
 Jogging along the harder pavement.
 Did not fear check my repining sprite,
 Soon should my angry ghost a story write;
 In which I would new-foster'd sins combine,
 Not known erst by truth-telling *Aretine*.

S C E N A II.

Enter Judicio, and Ingenioso.

Judicio.

What, *Ingenioso*, carrying a vinegar bottle about thee,
 like a great schoolboy giving the world a bloody nose?

Ingenioso.

'Faith, *Judicio*, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great reason, I should confer it upon the bald-pated world: and again, if my kitchen want the utensils¹ of viands, it's great reason, other men should have the sauce of vinegar; and for the bloody nose, *Judicio*, I may chance, indeed, give the world a bloody nose, but it shall hardly give me a crack'd crown, though it gives other poets *French* crowns.

¹ *utensilies.*

Judicio.

Judicio.

I would wish thee, *Ingenioso*, to sheathe thy pen, for thou canst not be successful in the fray, considering the enemies have the advantage of the ground.

Ingenioso.

Or, rather, *Judicio*, they have the grounds with advantage, and the *French* crowns with a pox; and I would, they had them with a plague too: but hang them, swads, the basest corner in my thoughts is too gallant a room to lodge them in. But say, *Judicio*, what news in your press? did you keep any late corrections upon any tardy pamphlets?

Judicio.

Veterem jubes renovare dolorem, *Ingenioso*: Whate'er befalls thee, keep thee from the trade of the corrector, of the press.

Ingenioso.

Marry, so I will, I warrant thee; if poverty press not too much, I'll correct no press, but the press of the people.

Judicio.

Would it not grieve any good spirits to sit a whole month knitting out a lousy beggarly pamphlet, and, like a needy physician, to stand whole years tossing and tumbling the filth that falleth from so many draughty inventions as dayly swarm in our printing-house?

Ingenioso.

Come; I think, we shall have you put finger in the eye, and cry, — O friends, no friends! — Say, man, what new paper hobby-horses, what rattle-babies, are come out in your late May morris-dance?

Judicio.

Fly, my rhymes as thick as flies in the sun; I think, there be never an alehouse in *England*, not any so base a may-pole on a country green, but sets forth some poet's petronels, or demi-lances to the paper wars in *Paul's* churchyard.

I. Shy.

O

Ingenioso.

Ingenioso.

And well too may the issue of a strong hop learn to hop all over *England*, when as better wits sit, like lame coblers, in their studies. Such barmy heads will always be working, when as sad vinegar wits sit souring at the bottom of a barrel; plain meteors, bred of the exhalation of tobacco, and the vapours of a moist pot, that soar¹ up into the open air, when as sounder wit keeps below.

Judicio.

Considering the furies of the times, I could better endure to see those young can-quaffing hucksters shoot off their pellets, so they would keep them from these *English Flores poetarum*; but now the world is come to that pass, that there starts up every day an old goose that sits hatching up those eggs which have been filch'd from the nest of crows, and kestrels: Here is a book, *Ingenioso*; why, to condemn it, to clear the usual tiburn of all misliving papers, were too fair a death for so foul an offender.

Ingenioso.

What's the name of it, I pray thee, *Judicio*?

Judicio.

Look, it's here, *Belvidere*. †

Ingenioso.

What a belweather in *Paul's* churchyard, so called because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinkling bell of so many poets about the neck of it? What is the rest of the title?

Judicio.

The garden of the muses.

Ingenioso.

What have we here, the poet garish, gayly bedeck'd, like fore-horses of the parish? What follows?

† *Belvidere*, or, *The Garden of the Muses*. 8o. 1600. in which are quoted sentences out of the following poets, *Spenser*, *Constable* and the rest, digested under a commonplace.

Judicio.

*Quem referent musæ vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.*

Who blurs fair paper with foul bastard rhymes,

Shall live full many an age in latter times :

Who makes a ballad for an alehouse door,

Shall live in future times for evermore :

Then () thy muse shall live so long,

As drafty ballads to thy praise are sung.

But, what's his device ? *Parnassus* with the sun and the laurel ? I wonder, this owl dares look on the sun ; and I marvel, this goose flies not the laurel : his device might have been better, a fool going in to the market-place to be seen, with this motto, — *Scribimus indocti* : or, a poor beggar gleanings of ears in the end of harvest, with this word, — *Sua cuique gloria.*

Judicio.

Turn over the leaf, *Ingenioso*, and thou shalt see the pains of this worthy gentleman, — *Sentences*, gathered out of all kind of poets, referred to certain methodical heads, profitable for the use of these times, to rhyme upon any occasion at a little warning : Read the names.

Ingenioso.

So I will, if thou wilt help me to censure them.

Edmund Spenser.

Michael Drayton.

Henry Constable.

John Davis.

Thomas Lodge.

John Marston.

Samuel Daniel.

Kit Marlowe.

Thomas Watson.

Good men, and true ; stand together : hear your censure. —
What's thy judgment of *Spenser* ?

Judicio.

A sweeter swan than ever sung in *Po*,

A shriller nightingale, than ever blest'd

The prouder groves of self-admiring *Rome*.

Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud,

While he did chant his rural minstrelsy :

Attentive was full many a dainty ear,
 Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
 While sweetly of his *Fairy Queen* he sung;
 While to the waters' fall he tun'd for fame;
 And in each bark engrav'd *Eliza's* name;
 And yet for all this unregarding soil
 Unlac'd the line of his desired life,
 Denying maintenance for his dear relief;
 Careless care to prevent his exequy,
 Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye.
Ingenioso. Pity it is, that gentler wits should breed,
 Where thickskin chuffs laugh at a scholar's need.
 But softly may our honour's ashes rest,
 That lie by merry *Chaucer's* noble chest.
 But, I pray thee, proceed briefly in thy censure, that I
 may be proud of myself; as in the first, so in the last,
 my censure may jump with thine. — *Henry Constable,*
Samuel Daniel, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Watson.
Judicio.
 Sweet *Constable* * doth take the wond'ring ear,

* As the works of some of the poets here cited are become obscure, it may not be unacceptable to the reader to see a few specimens of their several abilities. *Constable*, was esteemed the first sonneteer of his time, and the following sonnet prefixed to *K. James 1st's* Poetical Exercises was the most admired:

To the King of Scotland.

Where others hooded with blind love do fly
 Low on the ground with buzzard Cupid's wings,
 A heavenly love, from love to love thee brings,
 And makes thy Muse to mount above the sky:

Young Muses be not wont to fly too high,
 Age taught by time, such sober ditties sing,
 But thy youth flies from love of youthful things,
 And to the wings of time doth ever fly.

Thus thou disdain'st all worldly wings as I do,
 Because thy Muse with angels' wings doth leave
 Time's wings behind, and Cupid's wings below;
 But take thee heed, lest Fame's wings thee deceive,

With all thy speed from Fame thou canst not flee,
 But more thou fleest, the more it follows thee.

And

And lays it up in willing prisonment:
 Sweet honey-dropping *Daniel* doth wage
 War with the proudest big *Italian*,
 That melts his heart in sugar'd sonetting;
 Only let him more sparingly make use
 Of others' wit, and use his own the more,
 That well may scorn base imitation.
 For *Lodge*, * and *Watson*, † men of some desert,

* *Lodge* was a physician as well as poet; he was the author of two plays, and eminent, in his day, for writing elegant odes, pastoral songs, sonnets and madrigals: his *Euphues' Golden Legacy* was printed 40. 1590. from which, some suppose, *Shakespeare* took his *As you like it*.—Description of Spring by *Lodge*:

The earth, late choak'd with showers,
 Is now array'd in green,
 Her bosom springs with flowers,
 The air dissolves her teen;
 The woods are deck'd with leaves,
 And trees are clothed gay,
 And *Flora*, crown'd with sheaves,
 With oaken boughs doth play;
 The birds upon the trees
 Do sing with pleasant voices,
 And chant, in their degrees,
 Their loves and lucky choices.

† *Watson* was contemporary with, and imitator of, *sir Philip Sidney*, with *Daniel*, *Lodge*, *Constable* and others, in the pastoral strain of sonnets &c. *Watson* thus describes a beautiful woman:

Her yellow locks exceed the beaten gold,
 Her sparkling eyes in heav'n a place deserve,
 Her forehead high and fair, of comely mould;
 Her words are musical, of silver sound,
 Her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found:
 Her eyebrow hangs, like *Iris* in the skies,
 Her eagle's nose is strait, of stately frame,
 On either cheek a rose and dily lies,
 Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame;
 Her lips more red than any coral stone,
 Her neck more white than aged swans that moan:
 Her breast transparent is, like crystal rock,
 Her fingers long, fit for *Apollo's* lute,
 Her slipper such, as *Momus* dare not mock;
 Her virtues are so great as make me mute:
 What other parts she hath I need not say,
 Whose fairest face alone is my decay.

Yet subject to a critick's marginal ;
Lodge for his oar in ev'ry paper boat,
He that turns over *Galen* ev'ry day,
To fit, and fimper *Euphues*' legacy.

Ingenioso.

Michael Drayton.

Judicio.

Drayton's * sweet muse is like a sanguine die,
Able to ravish the rash gazer's eye.

Ingenioso.

However, he wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this: he cannot swagger it well in a tavern, nor domineer in a hothouse. — *John Davis.* †

Judicio.

Acute *John Davis*, I affect thy rhymes,
That jerk, in hidden charms, these looser times ;
Thy plainer verse, thy unaffected vein
Is graced with a fair, and a sweeping † train.

Ingenioso.

Locke, and Hudson. ‡

Judicio.

Locke, and Hudson, sleep you quiet, shavers, among the shavings of the press, and let your books lie in some old nooks amongst old books and shoes ; so you may avoid my censure.

† *sooping.*

* *Michael Drayton is said by some to be the author of The merry devil of Edmonton ; and, probably, that play is here alluded to, in which there is the character of a boisterous host.*

† *John Davis of Hereford : the work here alluded to seems to be his Scourge of Folly.*

‡ *Locke and Hudson were the Bavius and Mævius of that time. The latter gives us this description of fear :*

*Fear lendeth wings to aged folk to fly,
And made them mount to places that were high ;
Fear made the woful child to wail and weep,
For want of speed on foot and hands to creep.*

The editor has not been able to procure any specimen of the former.

Ingenioso.

Ingenioso.

Why then, clap a lock on their feet, and turn them to commons. — *John Marston.* *

Judicio.

What, *Monsieur Kinsayder*, lifting up your leg, and pissing against the world? put up, man, put up for shame. Methinks, he is a ruffian in his style, Withouten bands, or garter's ornament: He quaffs a cup of *Frenchman's* helicon; Then roister doister, in his oily terms, Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoever he meets, And strews about *Ram-alley* meditations. Tut, what cares he for modest close-couch'd terms Cleanly to gird our looser libertines? Give him plain naked words, strip'd from their shirts, That might bescem plain-dealing *Aretine*. Ay, there is one, that backs a paper steed, And manageth a penknife gallantly, Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth, Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns; And, at first volley of his cannon shot, Batters the walls of the old fustly world.

*Ingenioso.**Christopher Marlowe.**Judicio.*

Marlowe was happy in his buskin'd muse; Alas! unhappy in his life, and end: Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell, Wit lent from heav'n, but vices sent from hell. †

* *John Marston*, a bold and nervous writer in Elizabeth's reign: the work here censured was, no doubt, his *Scourge of Villanie*, 3 books of satyrs. 1598.

† *Marlowe's* character is well marked in these lines: he was an excellent poet, but of abandoned morals, and of the most impious principles; a complete libertine, and an avowed atheist. He lost his life in a riotous fray; for, detecting his servant with his mistress, he rushed into the room with a dagger in order to stab him, but the man ward off the blow by seizing *Marlowe's* wrist, and turned the dagger into his own head: he languished sometime of the wound he received and then died, before the year 1593. A. Wood.

Ingenioso.

Ingenioso.

Our theatre hath lost, *Pluto* hath got,
A tragick penman for a dreary plot. —

*Benjamin Jonson.**Judicio.*

The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in *England*.

Ingenioso.

A mere empirick, one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he endites; so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying; a bold whoreson, as confident now in making of a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick. — *William Shakespeare.*

Judicio.

Who loves *Adonis*' love, or *Lucrece*' rape,
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish, lazy languishment.

*Ingenioso.**Churchyard.* *

Hath not *Shore*'s wife, although a light-skirts she,
Giv'n him a chaste, long, lasting memory?

Judicio.

No; all light pamphlets once I finden shall,
A churchyard and a grave to bury all.

Ingenioso.

Thomas Nash. † — Ay, here is a fellow, *Judicio*, that

* Churchyard wrote Jane Shore's elegy in *Mirror of Magistrates*. 40, 1586.

† Isaac Walton in his life of Hooker calls Nash a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satyrical, merry pen. His satyrical vein was chiefly exerted in prose; and he is said to have more effectually discouraged and non-plus'd Penry, the most notorious anti-prelate, Will Harvey the astrologer, and their adherents, than all serious writers who attacked them. That he was no mean poet will appear from the following description of a beautiful woman;

Stars fall to fetch fresh light from her rich eyes,
Her bright brow drives the sun to clouds beneath,
Her hairs reflex, with red streaks paint the skies,
Sweet morn and evening dew falls from her breath.

carried

carried the deadly stock † in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gagtooth, ‖ and his pen possess'd with *Hercules'* furies.

Judicio.

Let all his faults sleep with his mournful chest,
And then for ever with his ashes rest:
His style was witty though he had some gall,
Something he might have mended; so may all:
Yet this I say, that, for a mother wit,
Few men have ever seen the like of it.

[*Ingenioso reads the rest.*

Judicio.

As for these, they have some of them been the old hedge-stakes of the press; and some of them are, at this instant, the bots and glanders of the printing-house: Fellows, that stand only upon terms to serve the term, with their blotted papers, write as men go to stool, for needs; and, when they write, they write as a bear pisses, now and then drop a pamphlet.

Ingenioso.

Durum telum necessitas. Good faith, they do as I do, exchange words for money. I have some traffic, this day, with *Danter*, about a little book which I have made; the name of it is, *A catalogue of Cambridge cuckolds*. But this *Belvidere*, this methodical ass, hath made me almost forget my time; I'll now to *Paul's* churchyard, meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in *Cheapside*, and I'll moist thy temples with a cup of claret, as hard as the world goes.

[*Exit Judicio.*

† stock *Ital.* Rocco or long rapier.
‖ gagtooth, a tusk.

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

Enter Danter the printer.

Ingenioso.

Danter, thou art deceiv'd, wit is dearer than thou takest it to be: I tell thee, this libel of *Cambridge* has much fat and pepper in the nose; it will sell sheerly underhand, when all these books of exhortations and catechisms, lie moulding on thy shopboard.

Danter.

It's true: but, good faith, master *Ingenioso*, I lost by your last book; and, you know, there is many a one that pays me largely for the printing of their inventions: but, for all this, you shall have forty shillings, and an odd pottle of wine.

Ingenioso.

Forty shillings! a fit reward for one of your rheumatic poets, that beslavers all the paper he comes by, and furnishes all the chandlers with waste papers to wrap candles in; but as for me, I'll be pay'd dear even for the dregs of my wit: little knows the world what belongs to the keeping of a good wit in waters, diets, drinks, tobacco, &c. it is a dainty, and a costly creature; and therefore I must be pay'd sweetly: furnish me with money, that I may put myself in a new suit of clothes, and I'll suit thy shop with a new suit of terms; it's the gallantest child my invention was ever delivered of: the title is, *A Chronicle of Cambridge Cuckolds*: here a man may see what day of the month such a man's commons were inclosed, and when thrown open; and when any entailed some odd crowns upon the heirs of their bodies unlawfully begotten: speak quickly, else I am gone.

Danter.

O, this will sell gallantly; I'll have it whatsoever it cost: will you walk on, master *Ingenioso*? We'll sit over a cup of wine, and agree on it.

Ingenioso.

Ingenioso.

A cup of wine is as good a constable as can be, to take up the quarrel betwixt us. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS I. SCENA IV.

Philomusus in a physician's habit: Studiofo, that is, Jaques man, and patient.

Philomusus.

Tit, tit, tit, non poynte; non debet fieri phlebotomia in capite Lunæ. Here is a recipe.

Patient.

A recipe.

Philomusus.

Nos, Gallia, non curamus quantitatem syllabarum: Let me hear, how many stools you do make. Adieu, monsieur; adieu, good monsieur. — What, Jaques, *Il n'a personne apres ici?*

Studiofo.

Non.

Philomusus.

Then let us steal time for this borrowed shape,
 Recounting our unequal haps of late:
 Late did the ocean grasp us in his arms;
 Late did we live within a stranger air,
 Late did we see the cinders of great Rome:
 We thought, that *English* fugitives there eat
 Gold, for restorative, if gold were meat.
 Yet now we find by bought experience,
 That wheresoe'er we wander up and down
 On the round shoulders of this massy world,
 Or our ill fortunes, or the world's ill eye
 Forespeak our good, procures our misery.

Studiofo.

So oft the northern wind with frozen wings
 Hath beat the flowers that in one garden grew,

Thrown

Thrown down the stalks of our aspiring youth;
 So oft hath winter nip'd our tree's fair rind,
 That now we seem nought but two bared boughs,
 Scorn'd by the basest bird that chirps in grove.
 Nor *Rome*, nor *Rhemes*, that wonted are to give
 A cardinal cap to discontented clerks,
 That have forsok the home-bred thatched roofs,
 Yielded us any equal maintenance:
 And it's as good to starve 'mongst *English* swine,
 As in a foreign land to beg and pine.

Philomusus.

I'll scorn the world, that scorneth me again.

Studiofo.

I'll vex the world, that works me so much pain.

Philomusus.

Fly lame revengings power, the world well weens.

Studiofo.

Flies have their spleen, each silly ant his teens.

Philomusus.

We have the words, they the possession have.

Studiofo.

We all are equal in our latest grave.

Philomusus.

Soon then, o, soon may we both graved be.

Studiofo.

Who wishes death, doth wrong wise destiny.

Philomusus.

It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.

Studiofo.

It's sin for doomed day to with thy death.

Philomusus.

Too late our souls flit to their resting place.

Studiofo.

Why, man's whole life is but a breathing space.

Philomusus.

A painful minute seems a tedious year.

I thanked.

Studiofo.

Studioſo.

A conſtant mind eternal woes will bear.

Philomufus.

When ſhall our ſouls their wearied lodge forego?

Studioſo.

When we have tired miſery and wo.

Philomufus.

Soon may then fates this gale deliver ſend us:

Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end us.

But, let's leave this capping of rhymes, *Studioſo*, and follow our late device, that we may maintain our heads in caps, our bellies in provender, and our backs in ſadle and bridle: hitherto we have fought all the honeſt means we could to live, and now let us dare, *aliquid brevibus gyris, et carcere dignum*; let us run through all the lewd forms of lime-twig, purloining villanies; let us prove coneycatchers, bawds, or any thing, ſo we may rub out: and, firſt, my plot for playing the *French* doctor, that ſhall hold; our lodging ſtand here filthy in *Shoe-lane*: for, if our commings-in be not the better, *London* may ſhortly throw an old ſhoe after us; and with thoſe ſhreds of *French*, that we gathered up in our hoſt's houſe in *Paris*, we'll gull the world, that hath in eſtimation foreign phyſicians: and if any of the hidebound brethren of *Cambridge* and *Oxford*, or any of thoſe ſtigmatick maſters of art, that abuſed us in times paſt, leave their own phyſicians, and become our patients, we'll alter quite the ſtile of them; for they ſhall never hereafter write, *Your lordſhip's moſt bounden*, but — *Your lordſhip's moſt laxative*.

Studioſo.

It ſhall be ſo: ſee, what a little vermine poverty altereth a whole milky diſpoſition.

Philomufus.

So then myſelf ſtraight with revenge I'll ſeat.

Studioſo.

Provoked patience grows intemperate.

gratis.

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA V.

Enter Richardetto, Jaques, scholar learning French.

Jaques.

How now, my little knave? *Quelle nouvelle, monsieur?*

Richardetto.

There's a fellow with a night-cap on his head, an
urinal in his hand, would fain speak with master *Theodore*.

Jaques.

Parle Francois, mon petit garson.

Richardetto.

*Hy a un homme, avec le bonnet de nuit sur la tete, et un
urinell en la main, que veut parler avec maitre Theodore.*

Jaques.

Fort bien.

Theodore.

Jaques, a' bon heure.

[Exeunt.]

ACTUS I. SCENA VI.

Furor poeticus; and presently after enters Phantasma.

Furor poeticus, rapt with contemplation.

Why, how now, pedant *Phæbus*? are you smouching
Tbalia on her tender lips? There, hoie; pesant, avaunt:

Richardetto.

*Hy a vn homme avec le bonnet de et un urinell in la mens,
que veut parler.*

Jaques.

Foc beien.

La teste.

Theodore.

Jaques a' bonus.

Exeunt.

Theodore.

Come,

Come, pretty short-nos'd nymph; o sweet *Tbalia*, I do
kiss thy foot. What, *Clio*? o sweet *Clio*: Nay, prythee,
do not weep, *Melpomene*: What, *Urania*, *Polibymnia*, and
Calliope? let me do reverence to your deities.

[Phantasma pulls him by the sleeve.

I am your holy swain, that, night and day,
Sit for your sakes rubbing my wrinkled brow,
Studying a month for an epithete.
Nay, silver *Cynthia*, do not trouble me;
Straight will I thy *Endimion*'s story write,
To which thou hasteest me on day and night.
You light-skirt stars, this is your wonted guise,
By gloomy light perk out your doubtful heads;
But when *Don Phæbus* shows his flashing snout,
You are sky puppies, straight your light is out
Phantasma.

So ho! *Furor*!

Nay, prythee, good *Furor*, in sober sadness, —

Furor.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

Phantasma.

Nay, sweet *Furor*, — *Ipsæ te, Tytyre, pinus*, —

Furor.

Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusæ vocarunt.

Who's that runs headlong on my quill's sharp point,
That, wearied of his life and baser breath,
Offers himself to an Iambick verse?

Phantasma.

*Si, quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.*

Furor.

What slimy, bold, presumptuous groom is he,
Dares with his rude, audacious, hardy chat
Thus sever me from sky-bred¹ contemplation?

Phantasma.

Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam.

¹ skibbered.

Furor.

Furor.

O, *Phantasma*! what, my individual mate?

Phantasma.

O *mibi* post nullos, *Furor*, *memorande sodales*.

Furor.

Say, whence comest thou? sent from what deity?
From great *Apollo*, or fly *Mercury*?

Phantasma.

I come from the little *Mercury*, *Ingenioso*: for,
Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negavit.

Furor.

Ingenioso?

He is a pretty inventor of slight prose,
But there's no spirit in his grov'ling speech:
Hang him whose verse cannot out-belch the wind,
That cannot beard, and brave *Don Æolus*;
That, when the cloud of his invention breaks,
Cannot out-crack the scarecrow thunderbolt.

Phantasma.

Hang him, I say: *pendo, pependi; tendo, tetendi; pedo, pepedi*. Will it please you, master *Furor*, to walk with me? I promise to bring you to a drinking inn in *Cheapside* at the sign of the nag's head: For

Tempore lenta pati fræna docenter equi.

Furor.

Pass thee before, I'll come incontinent.

Phantasma.

Nay, 'faith, master *Furor*, let's go together, *quoniam convenimus ambo*.

Furor.

Let us march on unto the house of fame;
There, quaffing bowls of *Bacchus'* blood full nimbly,
Endite a tiptoe, strutting poesy.

[*They offer the way one to the other.*

Phantasma.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum?

Tu major: tibi me est æquum parere, Menalca.

ACTUS

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

*Enter Philomusus, Theodore, his patient the burgeses,
and his man with his state.*

Theodore.

[*Puts on his spectacles*] *Monsieur*, here are *atomi natantes*, which do make show your worship to be as lecherous as a bull.

Burgeses.

Truly, master doctor, we are all men.

Theodore.

This vater is intention of heat: are you not perturbed with an ache in your race, or in your occiput? I mean, your headpiece. Let me feel the pulse of your little finger.

Burgeses.

I'll assure you, master *Theodore*, the pulse of my head beats exceedingly; and, I think, I have disturbed myself by studying the penal statutes.

Theodore.

Tit, tit; your worship takes care of your speeches. *O, Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent*: It is an aphorism in *Galen*.

Burgeses.

And what is the exposition of that?

Theodore.

That your worship must take a gland, *ut emittatur sanguis*: the sign is *fort 1* excellent, *fort 2* excellent.

Burgeses.

Good master doctor, use me gently; for, mark you, sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me: first,

as I am a publick magistrate; secondly, as I am a private butcher: and but for the worshipful credit of the place, and office wherein I now stand and live, I would not hazard my worshipful apparel with a suppositor or a glister: but for the countenancing of the place, I must go oftner to stool; for, as a great gentleman told me, of good experience, that it was the chief note of a magistrate, not to go to the stool without a physician.

Theodore.

A, vous etes un gentel home vraiment. — What ho, Jaques! Jaques, *donne vous un fort gentel purgation* for monsieur Burgefs.

Jaques.

Vostre tres humble serviteur, a vostre commandement.

Theodore.

Donne vous un gentel purge a monsieur Burgefs. — I have considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease; and here is *un fort gentel purgation per evacuationem excrementarum*, as we physicians use to *parlee*.

Burgefs.

I hope, master doctor, you have a care of the country's officer: I tell you, I durst not have truted myself with every physician; and yet I am not afraid for myself, but I would not deprive the town of so careful a magistrate.

Theodore.

O monsieur, I have a singular care of your *valetudo*: it is requisite that the *French* physicians be learned, and careful; your *English* velvet-cap is malignant and envious.

Burgefs.

Here is, master doctor, four pence your due, and eight pence my bounty: you shall hear from me, good master doctor; farewell, farewell, good master doctor.

Theodore.

Adieu, good monsieur; adieu, good sir monsieur. —

Then burst with tears, unhappy graduate;
Thy fortunes still wayward, and backward bin,
Nor canst thou thrive by virtue, nor by sin.

Studioſo.

Studioſo.

O, how it grieves my vexed ſoul to ſee
Each painted aſs in chair of dignity!
And yet we grovel on the ground alone,
Running through every trade, yet thrive by none:
More we muſt act in this life's tragedy.

Philomufus.

Sad is the plot, ſad the cataſtrophe.

Studioſo.

Sighs are the chorus in our tragedy.

Philomufus.

And rented thoughts continual actors be,

Studioſo.

Who is the ſubject, *Philomufus*; earth the loathed ſtage
Whereon we act this famed perſonage:
Moſſy barbarians the ſpectators be,
That ſit and laugh at our calamity.

Philomufus.

Ban'd be thoſe hours, when, 'mongſt the learned throng,
By *Granta's* muddy bank we whilome fung!

Studioſo.

Ban'd be that hill, which learned wits adore,
Where erſt we ſpent our ſtock, and little ſtore!

Philomufus.

Ban'd be thoſe muſty mews, where we have ſpent
Our youthful days in paled languiſhment!

Studioſo.

Ban'd be thoſe coſ'ning arts that wrought our wo,
Making us wand'ring pilgrims to and fro.

Philomufus.

And pilgrims muſt we be without relief;
And whereſoe'er we run, there meets us grief.

Studioſo.

Where'er we toſs upon this crabbed ſtage,
Grief's our companion; patience be our page.

Philomufus.

Ah, but this patience is a page of ruth,
A tired lackey to our wand'ring youth.

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Academico, *solus*.

Fain would I have a living, if I could tell how to come by it. *Echo*. Buy it.

Buy it, fond *Echo*? why, thou dost greatly mistake it.

Echo. Stake it.

Stake it? what should I stake at this game of simony?

Echo. Money.

What, is the world a game? are livings got by playing?

Echo. Paying.

Paying? But say, what's the nearest way to come by a living?

Echo. Giving.

Must his worship's fists be needs then oiled with angels?

Echo. Angels.

Ought his gouty fists then first with gold to be greased?

Echo. Eased.

And is it then such an ease for his ass's back to carry money?

Echo. I.

Will then this golden ass bestow a vicarage gilded?

Echo. Gelded.

What shall I say to good sir *Roderick* that have no gold here?

Echo. Cold cheer.

I'll make it my lone request, that he would be good to a scholar.

Echo. Choler.

Yea, will he be cholerick, to hear of an art or a science?

Echo. Hence.

Hence with liberal arts? What then will he do with his chancel?

Echo. Sell.

Sell it? and must a simple clerk be fain to compound then?

Echo. Pounds then.

What, if I have no pounds? must then my suit be pro-rogued?

Echo. Rogued.

Yea? given to a rogue? Shall an ass this vicarage compass?

Echo. Ass.

no omitted.

What

What is the reason, that I should not be as fortunate as he? *Echo.* As he.

Yet, for all this, with a pennyless purse will I trudge to his worship. *Echo.* Words cheap.

Well, if he give me good words, it's more than I have from an *Echo.* *Echo.* Go.

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Amoretto with an Ovid in his hand, Immerito.

Amoretto.

Take it on the word of a gentleman, thou cannot have it a penny under; think on it, think on it, while I meditate on my fair mistress.

Nunc sequor imperium, magne Cupido, tuum.

Whate'er become of this dull thredbare clerk,

I must be costly in my mistress' eye:

Ladies regard not ragged company.

I will with the revenues of my chaffer'd church,

First buy an ambling hobby for my fair,

Whose measur'd pace may teach the world to dance,

Proud of his burden when he gins to prance:

Then must I buy a jewel for her ear,

A kirtle of some hundred crowns or more.

With these fair gifts when I accompany'd go,

She'll give *Jove's* breakfast; *Sidney* terms it so.

I am her needle, she is my adamant,

She is my fair rose, I her unworthy prick.

Academico.

Is there no body here will take the pains to geld his mouth?

Amoretto.

She's *Cleopatra*, I *Mark Anthony*.

Academico.

No, thou art a mere mark for good wits to shoot at: and in that suit thou wilt make a fine man to dash poor crows out of countenance.

Amoretto.

*Amoretto.*She is my moon, I her *Endimion*.*Academico.*No, she is thy shoulder of mutton, thou her onion :
Or, she may be thy *Luna*, and thou her lunatick.*Amoretto.*I her *Æneas*, she my *Dido* is.*Academico.*She is thy *Io*, thou her brazen ass,
Or she dame *Phantasy*, and thou her gull ;
She thy *Pásiphae*, and thou her loving bull.

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

*Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father.**Stercutio.*

Son, is this the gentleman that sells us the living ?

*Immerito.*Fie, father ; thou must not call it selling : thou must
say, Is this the gentleman that must have the *gratuito* ?*Academico.*What have we here ? old truepenny come to town, to
fetch away the living in his old greasy slops ? then, I'll
none : the time hath been, when such a fellow medled
with nothing but his plowshare, his spade, and his hob-
nails ; and so to a piece of bread and cheese, and went
his way : but now these fellows are grown the only factors
for preferment,*Stercutio.*O, is this the *grating* gentleman ? And how many
pounds must I pay ?*Immerito.*O, thou must not call them pounds, but thanks : and,
hark thou, father ; thou must tell of nothing that is done,
for I must seem to come clear to it.*Academico.*

Academico.

Not pounds, but thanks: See, whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholar, but that the draper hath black'd him over, hath not gotten the style of the time.

Stercutio.

By my faith, son, look for no more portion.

Immerito.

Well, father, I will not, upon this condition that, when thou have gotten me the *gratuito* of the living, thou will likewise disburse a little money to the bishop's poser; † for there are certain questions I make scruple to be posed in.

Academico.

He means any question in *Latin*, which he counts a scruple. O, this honest man could never abide this popish tongue of *Latin*: O, he is as true an *Englishman* as lives.

Stercutio.

I'll take the gentleman now he is in a good vein, for he smiles.

Amoretto.

Sweet *Ovid*; I do honour every page.

Academico.

Good *Ovid* that, in his life time lived with the *Getes*; and now, after his death, converseth with a barbarian.

Stercutio.

God be at your work, sir: My son told me, you were the *grating* gentleman; I am *Stercutio*, his father, sir, simple as I stand here.

† Poser, the bishop's examining chaplain so called; from apposer. In a will of James the first's reign, the curate of a parish is to appose the children of a charity-school. The term Poser is still retained in the schools at Winchester and Eaton; two fellows are annually deputed by the society of New College in Oxford, and King's College in Cambridge to appose or try the abilities of the boys who are to be sped to the fellowships that shall become vacant in the ensuing year.

Amoretto.

Amoretto.

Fellow, I had rather given thee an hundred pounds, than thou shouldst have put me out of my excellent meditation: by the faith of a gentleman, I was rapt in contemplation.

Immerito.

Sir, you must pardon my father; he wants bringing up.

Academico.

Marry, it seems he hath good bringing up, when he brings up so much money.

Stercutio.

Indeed, sir, you must pardon me; I did not know you were a gentleman of the temple before.

Amoretto.

Well, I am content in a generous disposition to bear with country education: but, fellow, what's thy name?

Stercutio.

My name, sir? *Stercutio*, sir.

Amoretto.

Why then, *Stercutio*, I would be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this living might be conferr'd upon your son: marry, I would have you know, that I have been importuned by two or three several lords, my kind cousins, in the behalf of some *Cambridge* man, and have almost engaged my word. Marry, if I shall see your disposition to be more thankful than other men, I shall be very ready to respect kind-natured men; for, as the *Italian* proverb speaketh well, *Cbi ha baura*.

Academico.

Why, here is a gallant young drover of livings.

Stercutio.

I beseech you, sir, speak *English*; for that is natural to me, and to my son, and all our kindred, to understand but one language.

Amoretto.

Why thus, in plain *English*; I must be respected with thanks.

Academico.

Academico.

This is a subtle tractive, when thanks may be felt and seen.

Stercutio.

And I pray you, fir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

Academico.

The very same method that he useth at the buying of an ox.

Amoretto.

I must have some odd sprinkling of an hundred pounds; if so, so, I shall think you thankful, and commend your son as a man of good gifts to my father.

Academico.

A sweet world! give an hundred pounds, and this is but counted thankfulness.

Stercutio.

Hark thou, fir; you shall have eighty thanks.

Amoretto.

I tell thee, fellow, I never opened my mouth in this kind so cheap before in my life: I tell thee, few young gentlemen are found that would deal so kindly with thee as I do.

Stercutio.

Well, fir, because I know my son to be a toward thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his own head, without sending to the university, I am content to give you as many thanks as you ask, so you will promise me to bring it to pass.

Amoretto.

I warrant you for that, if I say it once: repair you to the place, and stay there; for my father, he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the air: I'll meet him as he returns, and make way for your suit. [Exeunt Ster. Im.

Enter

ACTUS II. SCENA V.

*Enter Academico, Amoretto.**Amoretto.*

Gallant, i'faith.

Academico.

I see, we scholars fish for a living in these shallow fords without a silver hook. Why, would it not gall a man to see a spruce gartered youth, of our college a while ago, be a broker for a living, and an old bawd for a benefice? This sweet fir proffered me much kindness, when he was of our college; and now I'll try what wind remains in his bladder. — God save you, fir.

Amoretto.

By the mass, I fear me, I saw this *genus et species* in *Cambridge* before now: I'll take no notice of him now: By the faith of a gentleman this is pretty elegy. — Of what age is the day, fellow? — Sirrah boy, hath the groom saddled my hunting hobby? Can *Robin* hunter tell where a hare sits?

Academico.

See a poor old friend of yours of S — College in *Cambridge*.

Amoretto.

Good faith, fir, you must pardon me: I have forgotten you.

Academico.

My name is *Academico*, fir; one that made an oration for you once on the queen's day, and a show that you got some credit by.

Amoretto.

It may be so, it may be so; but I have forgotten it: marry, yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficial unto in my time. But howsoever, fir, I have the courtesy of the town for you: I am sorry, you did not take me at my father's house; but now I am in
exceeding

exceeding great haste, for I have vowed the death of a hare that we found this morning musing on her meaze.

Academico.

Sir, I am emboldened, by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore —

Amoretto.

Look, sirrah, if you see my hobby come hitherward as yet.

Academico.

To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the worshipful your father, in my behalf: and I will dedicate to yourself in the way of thanks, those days I have to live.

Amoretto.

O good sir, if I had known your mind before; for my father hath already given the induction to a chaplain of his own, to a proper man, I know not of what university he is.

Academico.

Signior Immerito, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

Amoretto.

I know not his name; but he is a grave discreet man, I warrant him: indeed, he wants utterance in some measure.

Academico.

Nay, methinks, he hath very good utterance, for his gravity; for he came hither very grave: but, I think, he will return light enough, when he is rid of the heavy element he carries about him.

Amoretto.

'Faith, sir, you must pardon me: it is my ordinary custom to be too studious; my mistress hath told me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say, sweet sir, do ye affect the most gentlemanlike game of hunting?

Academico.

Academico.

How say you to the crafty gull? he would fain get me abroad to make sport with me in their hunters' terms; which we scholars are not acquainted with. [*Aside.*] Sir, I have loved this kind of sport; but now I begin to hate it, for it hath been my luck always to beat the bush, while another killed the hare.

Amoretto.

Hunters' luck, hunters' luck, fir: but there was a fault in your hounds that did spend well.

Academico.

Sir, I have had worse luck always at hunting the fox.

Amoretto.

What, fir, do you mean at the unkennelling, untapezing, or earthing of the fox?

Academico.

I mean, earthing, if you term it so; — for I never found yellow earth enough to cover the old fox your father. [*Aside.*]

Amoretto.

Good faith, fir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers; it is a word that we hunters use: when the fox is earthed, you must blow one, long; two, short; the second wind, one long two short: now, fir, in blowing, every long containeth seven quarters; one short containeth three quavers.

Academico.

Sir, might I find any favour in my suit, I would wind the horn, wherein your boon deserts should be sounded with so many minims, so many quavers.

Amoretto.

Sweet fir, I would I could confer this, or any kindness upon you: — I wonder, the boy comes not away with my hobby. — Now, fir, as I was proceeding: when you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then must you sound three notes, with three winds, and recheat, mark you, fir, upon the same with three winds.

Academico.

Academico.

I pray you, fir.

Amoretto.

Now, fir, when you come to your stately gate, as you founded the recheat before, so now you must found the relief three times.

Academico.

Relief, call you it? it were good, every patron would find the horn.

Amoretto.

O, fir, but your relief is your sweetest note: that is, fir, when your hounds hunt after a game unknown; and then you must found one long and six short; the second wind, two short and one long, the third wind, one long and two short.

Academico.

True, fir, it is a very good trade now-a-days to be a villain; I am the hound that hunts after a game unknown, and blows the villain.

Amoretto.

Sir, I will bless your ears with a very pretty story: my father, out of his own cost and charges keeps an open table for all kind of dogs.

Academico.

And he keeps one more by thee.

[*Aside.*]

Amoretto.

He hath your greyhound, your mungrel, your mastiff, your leurier, your spaniel, your kennets, terriers, butchers' dogs, bloodhounds, dunghil dogs, trundle-tails, prickear'd curs, small ladies' puppies, raches* and bastards.

Academico.

What a bawdy knave hath he to his father, that keeps his *Rachel*, hath his bastards, and lets his sons be plain ladies' puppies, to bewray a lady's chamber. [*Aside.*]

* Caches. We must read raches, which is accordingly restored to the text. A rache is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes; the female is called a brache.

Amoretto.

Amoretto.

It was my pleasure, two days ago, to take a gallant leash of greyhounds; and into my father's park I went, accompany'd with two or three noblemen of my near acquaintance, desiring to show them some of the sport: I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the first head: Now, sir, a buck the first year is a fawn, the second year a pricket, the third year a forel, the fourth year a fore, the fifth a buck of the first head, the sixth year a complete buck; as likewise your hart is the first year a calf, the second year a brochet, the third year a spade, the fourth year a stag, the fifth year a great stag, the sixth year a hart; as likewise the roebuck is the first year a kid, the second year a girl, the third year a hemuse: and these are your special beasts for chase; or, as we huntsmen call it, for venery.

Academico.

If chaste be taken for venery, thou art a more special beast than any in thy father's forest. [*Aside.*] Sir, I am sorry, I have been so troublesome to you.

Amoretto.

I know, this was the readiest way to chase away the scholar, by getting him into a subject he cannot talk of, for his life. — [*Aside.*] Sir, I will borrow so much time of you as to finish this my begun story: Now, sir, after much travel we singled a buck; I rode that same time upon a roan gelding, and stood to intercept from the thicket; the buck broke gallantly; my great swift being disadvantaged in his slip was at the first behind; marry, presently coted and outstrip'd them, when as the hart presently descended to the river, and being in the water, profer'd and reprofer'd, and profer'd again: and, at last, he upstart at the other side of the water, which we call foil of the hart, and there other huntsmen met him with an adauntreley; we followed in hard chase for the space of eight hours; thrice our hounds were at default, and then we cried *A slain*, straight, *So ho*; through good reclaiming my faulty hounds, found their game again, and

fo

so went through the wood with gallant noise of musick, resembling so many viols de gambo, at last, the hart lay'd him down, and the hounds seized upon him; he groaned, and wept, and died. In good faith, it made me weep too, to think of *Actæon's* fortune, which my *Ovid* speaks of:

[He reads *Ovid*.

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.

Academico.

Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suit?

Amoretto.

In good faith, sir, if I did not love you as my soul, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.

Academico.

Nay, I will not die of a discourse yet, if I can choose.

[Exit.

Amoretto.

So, sir, when we had rewarded our dogs with the small guts, and the lights, and the blood, the huntsmen hallooed, *So ho; Venus*, a coupler; and so coupled the dogs, and then returned homeward: another company of hounds, that lay at advantage, had their couples cast off, and we might hear the huntsmen cry, *Horse, decouple, avant*; but straight we heard him cry, *Le amond*: and by that I knew, that they had the hare, and on foot; and by and by I might see fore and resore, prick and re prick: — What, is he gone? ha, ha, ha, ha! these scholars are the simplest creatures!

ACTUS II. SCENA VI.

Enter Amoretto, and his Page.

Page.

I wonder, what is become of that *Ovid de arte amandi*: my master, he that for the practice of his discourse is wont to court his hobby abroad and at home, in his chamber makes a set speech to his greyhound, desiring
that

that most fair and amiable dog to grace his company in a stately galliard: and if the dog, seeing him practise his lusty points, as his cross-point back-caper, chance to bewray the room, he presently doffs his cap, most solemnly makes a low leg to his ladyship, taking it for the greatest favour in the world, that she would vouchsafe to leave her civet box, or her sweet glove behind her.

[Amoretto *he opens Ovid and reads it.*

Page.

Not a word more: — Sir, an't please you, your hobby will meet you at the lane's end,

Amoretto.

What, *Jack*? 'faith, I cannot but vent unto thee a most witty jest of mine.

Page.

I hope, my master will not break wind. — [*Aside.*] Will't please you, sir, to bless mine ears with the discourse of it?

Amoretto.

Good faith, the boy begins to have an elegant smack of my style; why then, thus it was, *Jack*, A scurvy mere Cambridge scholar, I know not how to define him, —

Page.

Nay, master, let me define a mere scholar: I heard a courtier once define a mere scholar to be *animal scabiosum*, that is, a living creature that is troubled with the itch; or, a mere scholar is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box, put on a pair of lined slippers, sit rewming till dinner, and then go to his meat when the bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit: or, if you will have him defined by negatives, he is one that cannot make a good leg; one that cannot eat a mess of broth cleanly; one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling; one that cannot salute a woman, and look on her directly; one that cannot —

Amoretto.

Enough, *Jack*; I can stay no longer, I am so great in childbirth with this jest: Sirrah, this predicable, this
faucy

faucy groom, because when I was in *Cambridge*, and lay in a trundlebed under my tutor, I was content in discreet humility to give him some place at the table; and because I invited the hungry slave sometimes to my chamber, to the canvassing of a turkey-pie, or a piece of venison, which my lady grandmother sent me, he thought himself therefore eternally possessed of my love; and came hither to take acquaintance of me; and thought his old familiarity did continue, and would bear him out in a matter of weight: I could not tell how to rid myself better of the troublesome bur, than by getting him into the discourse of hunting; and then tormenting him a while with our words of art, the poor scorpion became speechless, and suddenly vanished. These clerks are simple fellows, simple fellows. [He reads Ovid.

Page.

Simple, indeed, they are; for they want your courtly composition of a fool and of a knave. — [*Aside.*] Good faith, sir, a most absolute jest; but, methinks, it might have been followed a little further.

Amoretto.

As how, my little knave?

Page.

Why thus, sir; had you invited him to dinner, at your table, and have put the carving of a capon upon him, you should have seen him handle the knife so foolishly, then run through a jury of faces, then wagging his head, and showing his teeth in familiarity, venture upon it with the same method that he was wont to untruss an apple-pie, or tyrannize an egg and butter: then would I have applied him all dinner-time with clean trenchers, clean trenchers; and still when he had a good bit of meat, I would have taken it from him, by giving him a clean trencher, and so have served him in kindness.

I ravished.

VOL. III.

Q

Amoretto.

Amoretto.

Well said, subtle *Jack*; put me in mind when I return again, that I may make my lady mother laugh at the scholar: I'll to my game; for you, *Jack*, I would have you employ your time till my coming, in watching what hour of the day my hawk mutes. [Exit.

Page.

Is not this an excellent office to be apothecary to his worship's hawk, to sit scouting on the wall, how the physick works? and is not my master an absolute villain, that loves his hawk, his hobby, and his greyhound, more than any mortal creature? do but dispraise a feather of his hawk's train, and he writhes his mouth, and swears, (for he can do that only with a good grace) that you are the most shallow-brain'd fellow that lives: do but say, his horse stales with a good presence, and he's your bond-slave. When he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk; and then I shall be his little rogue, and his white villain, for a whole week after. Well, let others complain; but, I think, there is no felicity to the serving of a fool.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Sir Raderick, *Recorder*, *Page*, *Signior Immerito*.

Sir Raderick.

Signior Immerito, you remember my caution for the tithes, and my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate?

Immerito.

Ay, and please your worship, sir.

Sir Raderick.

You must put in security for the performance of it, in such sort as I and master *Recorder* shall like of.

Immerito.

Immerito.

I will an't please your worship.

Sir Raderick.

And because I will be sure that I have conferred this kindness upon a sufficient man, I have desired master Recorder to take examination of you.

Page.

My master, it seems, takes him for a thief; but he hath small reason for it: as for learning, it's plain he never stole any; and for the living, he knows himself how he comes by it; for let him but eat a mess of surmety this seven year, and yet he shall never be able to recover himself. Alas, poor sheep that hath fallen into the hands of such a fox!

[*Aside.*

Sir Raderick.

Good master Recorder, take your place by me, and make trial of his gifts: is the clerk there to record his examination? O, the page shall serve the turn.

Page.

Trial of his gifts? never had any gifts a better trial: why, *Immerito* his gifts have appeared in as many colours as the rainbow; first, to master *Amoretto*, in colour of the satin suit he wears: to my lady, in the similitude of a loose gown: to my master, in the likeness of a silver basin and ewer: to us pages in the semblance of new suits and points. So master *Amoretto* plays the gull in a piece of a parsonage; my master adorns his cupboard with a piece of a parsonage; my mistress, upon good days, puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages play at blowpoint for a piece of a parsonage: I think, here's trial enough for one man's gifts.

[*Aside.*

Recorder.

Forasmuch as nature hath done her part in making you a handsome likely man, —

Page.

He is a handsome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

[*Aside.*

Q 2

Recorder.

Recorder.

In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature: for the trial whereof, at the request of my worshipful friend, I will, in some sort, propound questions fit to be resolved by one of your profession: Say, What is a person that was never at the university?

Immerito.

A person that was never in the university, is a living creature that can eat a tithe-pig.

Recorder.

Very well answer'd; but you should have added, and must be officious to his patron. — Write down that answer to show his learning in *Logick*.

Sir Raderick.

Yea, boy, write that down. — Very learnedly, in good faith: I pray now, let me ask you one question that I remember, Whether is the masculine gender or the feminine more worthy?

Immerito.

The feminine, sir.

Sir Raderick.

The right answer, the right answer: In good faith, I have been of that mind always. — Write, boy, that to show he is a grammarian.

Page.

No marvel, my master be against the grammar; for he hath always made false *Latin* in the genders. [*Aside.*]

Recorder.

What university are you of?

Immerito.

Of none.

Sir Raderick.

He tells truth; to tell truth is an excellent virtue. — Boy, make two heads, one for his learning, another for his virtues; and refer this to the head of his virtues, not of his learning.

Page.

What, half a mess of good qualities referred to an ass' head?

[Aside.]

Sir Raderick.

Now, master *Recorder*, if it please you, I will examine him in an author that will sound him to the depth, a book of astronomy, otherwise called an almanack.

Recorder.

Very good, sir *Raderick*; it were to be wished, that there were no other book of humanity, then there would not be such busy, state-prying fellows as are now-a-days: proceed, good sir.

Sir Raderick.

What is the dominical letter?

Immerito.

C, sir, and please your worship.

Sir Raderick.

A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the book. — Write down that, and refer it to his skill in philosophy.

Page.

C, the dominical letter? It is true, craft and cunning do so domineer; yet, rather C and D are dominical letters, that is, crafty dunsfery.

[Aside.]

Sir Raderick.

How many days hath September?

Immerito.

April, June, and November, February hath twenty eight alone; and all the rest hath thirty and one.

Sir Raderick.

Very learnedly, in good faith, he hath also a smack in poetry. — Write down that, boy, to show his learning in poetry. — How many miles from *Waltham* to *London*?

Immerito.

Twelve, sir.

Sir Raderick.

How many from *Newmarket* to *Grantham*?

Immerito.

Ten, fir.

Page.

Without doubt, he hath been some carrier's horse. [*Aside.*

Sir Raderick.

How call you him that is cunning in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the cipher?

Immerito.

A good arithmetician.

Sir Raderick.

Write down that answer of his, to show his learning in arithmetick.

Page.

He must needs be a good arithmetician that counted money so lately. [*Aside.*

Sir Raderick.

When is the new moon?

Immerito.

The last quarter the fifth day, at two o'clock and thirty eight minutes in the morning.

Sir Raderick.

Write that down: — How call you him that is weatherwise?

Immerito.

A good astronomer.

Sir Raderick.

Sirrah boy, write him down for a good astronomer.

Page.

As colit astra.

[*Aside.*

Sir Raderick.

What day of the month lights the queen's day on?

Immerito.

The seventeenth of November.

Sir Raderick.

Boy, refer this to his virtues, and write him down a good subject.

Page.

'Faith, he were an excellent subject for two or three good

good wits: he would make a fine ass for an ape to ride upon. *[Aside.]*

Sir Raderick.

And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning:— Now it remains to try whether you be a man of good utterance, that is, whether you can ask for the strayed heifer with the white face, as also chide the boys in the belfry, and bid the sexton whip out the dogs; let me hear your voice.

Immerito.

If any man or woman, —

Sir Raderick.

That's too high.

Immerito.

If any man or woman, —

Sir Raderick.

That's too low.

Immerito.

If any man or woman, can tell any tidings of a horse with four feet, two ears, that did stray about the seventh hour, three minutes in the forenoon the fifth day, —

Page.

I took off a horse just as it were the eclipse of the moon. *[Aside.]*

Sir Raderick.

Boy, write him down for a good utterance. — Master Recorder, I think he hath been examined sufficiently.

Recorder.

Ay, fir Raderick, 'tis so; we have try'd him very thoroughly.

Page.

Ay, we have taken an inventory of his good parts, and prized them accordingly.

Sir Raderick.

Signior *Immerito*, forasmuch as we have made a double trial of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition; it is expedient also, in the next place, to give you a few exhortations, considering the greatest clerks are not

not the wisest men: This is therefore, first, to exhort you to abstain from controversies; secondly, not to gird at men of worship, such as myself, but to use yourself discreetly; thirdly, not to speak when any man or woman coughs; do so, and in so doing, I will persevere to be your worshipful friend and loving patron.

Immerito.

I thank your worship, you have been the deficient cause of my preferment.

Sir Raderick.

Lead *Immerito* in to my son, and let him despatch him; and remember, my tithes to be reserved, paying twelve pence a year. I am going to *Moorfields*, to speak with an unthrift I should meet at the middle temple about a purchase; when you have done, follow us.

[*Exeunt Immerito and the Page.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Sir Raderick, and Recorder.

Sir Raderick.

Hark you, master *Recorder*: I have flesh'd my prodigal boy notably, notably, in letting him deal, for this living; that hath done him much good, much good, I assure you.

Recorder.

You do well, sir *Raderick*, to bestow your living upon such an one as will be content to share, and on sunday to say nothing; whereas your proud university princex thinks he is a man of such merit the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment, an unthankful viper, an unthankful viper, that will sting the man that revived him.

Why, is't not strange to see a ragged clerk
Some stamel weaver, or some butcher's son,
That scrub'd alate within a sleeveless gown,

When

When the commencement, like a morris-dance,
 Hath put a bell or two about his legs,
 Created him a sweet clean gentleman;
 How then he 'gins to follow fashions:
 He whose thin fire dwells in a smoky roof,
 Must take tobacco, and must wear a lock;
 His thirsty dad drinks in a wooden bowl,
 But his sweet self is serv'd in silver plate.
 His hungry fire will scrape you twenty legs
 From one good christmas meal on christmas-day,
 But his maw must be capon-cram'd each day;
 He must ere long be triple beneficed,
 Else with his tongue he'll thunderbolt the world,
 And shake each peasant by his deaf man's ear.
 But, had the world no wiser men than I,
 We'd pen the prating parates in a cage;
 A chair, a candle, and a tinder-box,
 A thatched ¹ chamber, and a ragged gown,
 Should be their lands and whole possessions;
 Knights, lords, and lawyers, should be lodg'd and
 dwell

Within those over-stately heaps of stone,
 Which doting fires in old age did erect.
 Well, it were to be wished, that never a scholar in *Eng-*
land might have above forty pound a year.

Sir Raderick.

'Faith, master *Recorder*, if it went by wishing, there
 should never an one of them all have above twenty a
 year; a good stipend, a good stipend, master *Recorder*:
 I in the mean-time, howsoever I hate them all deadly,
 yet I am fain to give them good words: O, they are
 pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but bodkins, and
 piss vinegar. Well, do what I can in outward kindness
 to them, yet they do nothing but bewray my house: as
 there was one that made a couple of knavish verses on

¹ *thacked.*

my

my country chimney, now in the time of my sojourning here at *London*; and it was thus:

Sir *Raderick* keeps no chimney cavalier,

That takes tobacco above once a year.

And another made a couple of verses on my daughter that learns to play on the *viol-de-gambo*:

Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content;

For 'twixt her legs she holds her instrument.

Very knavish, very knavish, if you look into it, master *Recorder*: Nay, they have play'd many a knavish trick beside with me. Well, 'tis a shame, indeed, there should be any such privilege for proud beggars as *Cambridge* and *Oxford* are; But, let them go; and if ever they light in my hands, if I do not plague them, let me never return home again to see my wife's waiting-maid.

Recorder.

This scorn of knights, 'tis too egregious:

But how should these young colts prove amblers,

When the old, heavy, galled jades do trot?

There shall you see a puny boy start up,

And make a theme against common lawyers;

Then the old, unweildly camels'gin to dance,

This fiddling boy playing a fit of mirth;

The graybeards scrub, and laugh, and cry, — Good, good;

To them again, boy; scourge the barbarians: —

But we may give the losers leave to talk;

We have the coin, then let them laugh for me.

Yet knights, and lawyers hope to see the day,

When we may share here their possessions,

And make indentures of their chaffer'd skins,

Dice of their bones, to throw in merriment.

Sir Raderick.

O, good faith, master *Recorder*, if I could see that day once!

Recorder.

Well, remember another day what I say; scholars are pry'd into of late, and are found to be busy fellows, disturbers

disturbers of the peace: I'll say no more, guess at my meaning; I smell a rat.

Sir Raderick.

I hope, at length *England* will be wise enough, I hope so, i'faith; then an old knight may have his wench in a corner without any satires or epigrams. But the day is far spent, master *Recorder*; and, I fear, by this time the unthrift is arrived at the place appointed in *Moorfields*, let us hasten to him. [*He looks on his watch.*]

Recorder.

Indeed, this day's subject transported us too late: I think, we shall not come much too late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

Enter Amoretto, his Page, Immerito booted.

Amoretto.

Master *Immerito*, deliver this letter to the posser in my father's name: marry, withal some sprinkling, some sprinkling; *verbum sapienti sat est*: farewell, master *Immerito*.

Immerito.

I thank your worship most heartily.

Page.

Is it not a shame to see this old dunce learning his induction at these years? but let him go, I lose nothing by him; for I'll be sworn, but for the booty of selling the parsonage, I should have gone in mine old clothes this christmas: a dunce, I see, is a neighbour-like brute beast, a man may live by him. [*Aside.*]

[*Amoretto seems to make verse.*]

A pox on it, my muse is not so witty as she was wont to be: — *Her nose is like* — not yet; plague on these mathematicks! they have spoiled my brain in making a verse.

Page.

Page.

Hang me, if he hath any more mathematicks than will serve to count the clock, or tell the meridian hour by rumbling of his paunch. [Aside.

Amoretto.

Her nose is like —

Page.

A cobbler's shoeing-horn. [Aside.

Amoretto.

Her nose is like a beauteous marrowbone.

Page.

Marry, a sweet snotty mistress. [Aside.

Amoretto.

'Faith, I do not like it yet: as if I was, to read a piece of *Aristotle* in *Greek* yesternight; it hath put me out of my *English* vein quite.

Page.

O, monstrous lie! let me be a point-trusser while I live, if he understands any tongue but *English*. [Aside.

Amoretto.

Sirrah boy, remember me when I come in *Paul's* churchyard to buy a *Ronzard*, and *Dubartas* in *French*; and *Areline* in *Italian*; and our hardest writers in *Spanish*; they will sharpen my wits gallantly: I do relish these tongues in some sort. O, now I do remember, I hear a report of a poet newly come out in *Hebrew*; it is a pretty harsh tongue, and relish a gentleman traveller: but come, let's haste after my father; the fields are fitter to heavenly meditations. [Exeunt.

Page.

My masters, I could wish your presence at an admirable jest: why, presently, this great linguist my master will march through *Paul's* churchyard, come to a bookbinder's shop, and with a big *Italian* look and a *Spanish* face ask for these books in *Spanish* and *Italian*; then, turning through his ignorance the wrong end of the book upward, use action on this unknown tongue, after this sort: first, look on the title, and wrinkle his brow;

next

next make as though he read the first page, and bite 's lip; ¹ then with his nail score the margent, as though there were some notable conceit; and, lastly, when he thinks he hath gull'd the standers-by sufficiently, throws the book away in a rage, swearing that he could never find books of a true print since he was last in *Joadna*; inquire after the next mart, and so departs. And so must I; for by this time his contemplation is arrived at his mistress' nose end; he is as glad as if he had taken *Ostend*: By this time he begins to spit, and cry, — Boy, carry my cloak: and now I go to attend on his worship.

ACTUS III. SCENA IV.

Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.

Ingenioso.

Come, lads; this wine whets your resolution in our design: it's a needy world with subtle spirits; and there's a gentlemanlike kind of begging, that may beseem poets in this age.

Furor.

Now by the wing of nimble *Mercury*,
By my *Thalia's* silver-sounding harp,
By that celestial fire within my brain,
That gives a living genius to my lines,
Howe'er my dulled intellectual
Capers less nimbly than it did afore;
Yet will I play a hunts-up to my muse,
And make her mount from out her sluggish nest,
As high as is the highest sphere in heaven.
Awake, you paltry trulls of *Helicon*,
Or, by this light, I'll swagger with you straight:
You, grandfire *Phæbus*, with your lovely eye,
The firmament's eternal vagabond,

¹ bites a lip,

The

The heav'n's promoter that doth peep and pry
 Into the acts of mortal tennis-balls,
 Inspire me straight with some rare delicacies,
 Or I'll dismount thee from thy radiant coach,
 And make thee poor Cutchy here on earth.

Phantasma.

Currus auriga paterni.

Ingenioso.

Nay, prythee, good *Furor*, do not rove in rhymes before thy time; thou hast a very terrible, roaring muse, nothing but squibs and fine jerks: quiet thyself a while, and hear thy charge.

Phantasma.

Huc ades, hæc animo concipe dicta tuo.

Ingenioso.

Let us on to our devise, our plot, our project: That old fir *Raderick*, that new-printed compendium of all iniquity, that hath not aired his country chimney once in three winters; he that loves to live in an odd corner here at *London*, and affect an odd wench in a nook; one that loves to live in a narrow room, that he may with more facility, in the dark, light upon his wife's waiting-maid; one that loves alike a short sermon and a long play; one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bed, in circle; good for nothing in the world, but to sweat nightcaps and foul fair lawn shirts, feed a few foggy servingmen, and prefer dunces to livings: This old fir *Raderick*, *Furor*, it shall be thy task to cudgel with thy thick, thwart terms; marry, at the first, give him some sugarcandy terms, and then, if he will not untie purse-strings, of his liberality, sting him with terms lay'd in aqua-fortis and gun-powder.

Furor.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.

The servile current of my sliding verse
 Gentle shall run into his thick-skin'd ears;
 Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,

Command

Command his slimy sprite to honour me,
 For my high, tiptoe, strutting poesy:
 But if his stars hath favour'd him so ill,
 As to debar him by his dunghil thoughts,
 Justly to esteem my verses' lowting pitch,
 If his earth-rooting snout shall 'gin to scorn
 My verse that giveth immortality;
 Then, *Bella per Emathios*.

Phantasma.

Furor arma ministrat.

Furor.

I'll shake his heart upon my verse's point,
 Rip out his guts with riving poniard,
 Quarter his credit with a bloody quill.

Phantasma.

Calami, atramentum, charta, libelli,

Sunt semper studiis arma parata tuis.

Ingenioso.

Enough, *Furor*, we know thou art a nimble swaggerer
 with a goose quill: — Now for you, *Phantasma*, leave
 trussing your points and listen.

Phantasma.

Omne tulit punctum, —

Ingenioso.

Mark you; *Amoretto* sir *Raderick's* son, to him shall thy
 piping poetry, and sugar ends of verses be directed: he
 is one, that will draw out his pocket glass thrice in a
 walk; one, that dreams in a night of nothing, but musk
 and civet, and talks of nothing all day long, but his
 hawk, his hound, and his mistress; one, that more ad-
 mires the good wrinkle of a boot, the curious crinkling
 of a silk stocking, than all the wit in the world; one,
 that loves no scholar, but him whose tired ears can en-
 dure, half a day together, his flyblown sonnets of his
 mistress, and her loving, pretty creatures, her monkey
 and her puppet: It shall be thy task, *Phantasma*, to cut
 this gull's throat with fair terms; and, if he hold fast
 for

for all thy juggling rhetorick, fall at defiance with him and the poking-stick he wears.

Phantasma.

Simul extulit ensem.

Ingenioso.

Come, brave mips, gather up your spirits, and let us march on, like adventurous knights, and discharge a hundred poetical spirits upon them.

Phantasma.

Est deus in nobis, agitante calefcimus illo. [Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCENA V.

Enter Philomusus, Studiofo.

Studiofo.

Well, *Philomusus*, we never scaped so fair a scouring: why, yonder are pursuivants out for the *French* doctor, and a lodging bespoken for him and his man in *Newgate*. It was a terrible fear that made us cast our hair.

Philomusus.

And canst thou sport at our calamities,
And count'st us happy to scape prisonment?
Why, the wide world that bleffeth some with wail
Is to our chained thoughts a darksome gale.

Studiofo.

Nay, prithee, friend, these wonted terms forego;
He doubles grief that comments on a wo.

Philomusus.

Why do fond men term it impiety,
To send a wearisome, sad, grudging ghost
Unto his home, his long, long, lasting home?
Or let them make our life less grievous be,
Or suffer us to end our misery.

Studiofo.

O, no; the sentinel his watch must keep,
Until his lord do licence him to sleep.

Philomusus.

Philomusus.

It's time to sleep within our hollow graves,
 And rest us in the darksome womb of earth :
 Dead things are graved, our ¹ bodies are no less
 Pined and forlorn, like ghostly carcases.

Studiofo.

Not long this tap of loathed life can run ;
 Soon cometh death, and then our wo is done :
 Meantime, good *Philomusus*, be content ;
 Let's spend our days in hopeful merriment.

Philomusus.

Curs'd be our thoughts, whene'er they dream of hope,
 Ban'd be those haps, that henceforth flatter us,
 When mischief dogs us still and still for aye,
 From our first birth until our burying day :
 In our first gamesome age our doting fires
 Carked and cared to have us lettered,
 Sent us to *Cambridge*, where our oyl is spent,
 Us our kind college from the teat did tear, ²
 And forc'd us walk before we weaned were :
 From that time since wandered have we still
 In the wide world, urg'd by our forced will,
 Nor ever have we happy fortune try'd ;
 Then why should hope with our tent state abide ?
 Nay, let us run unto the baseful cave,
 Fight in the hollow ribs of craggy cliff,
 Where dreary owls do shriek the live-long night,
 Chasing away the birds of cheerful light ;
 Where yawning ghosts do howl in ghastly wise,
 Where that dull, hollow-ey'd, that staring fire,
 Y'clep'd *Despair*, hath his sad mansion :
 Him let us find, and by his counsel we
 Will end our too much irked misery.

Studiofo.

To wail thy haps, argues a dastard mind.

¹ and² teate

Philomusus.

To bear ¹ too long, argues an affe's kind.

Studiofo.

Long fince, the worſt chance of the die was caſt.

Philomusus.

But why ſhould that word *worſt* ſo long time laſt?

Studiofo.

Why doſt thou now theſe ſleepy complaints commence?

Philomusus.

Why ſhould I e'er be dull'd with patience?

Studiofo.

Wiſe folk do bear with, ſtruggling cannot mend.

Philomusus.

Good ſpirits muſt with thwarting fates contend.

Studiofo.

Some hope is left our fortunes to redreſs.

Philomusus.

No hope, but this, e'er to be comfortleſs.

Studiofo.

Our life's remainder gentler hearts may find.

Philomusus.

The gentleſt hearts to us will prove unkind.



ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Sir Raderick, and Prodigio, at one corner of the ſtage;
Recorder, and Amoretto, at the other: two Pages ſcour-
ing of tobacco-pipes.

Sir Raderick.

Maſter *Prodigo*, maſter *Recorder* hath told you law, your
land is forfeited; and for me not to take the forfeiture,
were to break the queen's law: for, mark you, it's law
to take the forfeiture; therefore not to take ² it, is to

¹ beare

² break

break

break the queen's law, and to break the queen's law, is not to be a good subject, and I mean to be a good subject. Besides, I am a justice of the peace; and, being justice of the peace, I must do justice, that is law, that is to take the forfeiture, especially having taken notice of it. Marry, master *Prodigo*, here are a few shillings, over and besides the bargain.

Prodigo.

Pox on your shillings! S'blood, a while ago, before he had me in the lurch, — Who but my cousin *Prodigo*? You are welcome, my cousin *Prodigo*: Take my cousin *Prodigo's* horse: A cup of wine for my cousin *Prodigo*: Good faith, you shall sit here, good cousin *Prodigo*: A clean trencher for my cousin *Prodigo*: Have a special care of my cousin *Prodigo's* lodging: Now, — Master *Prodigo*, with a pox; and a few shillings for a vantage. — A plague on your shillings! Pox on your shillings! If it were not for the sergeant, which dogs me at my heels, — A plague on your shillings! pox on your shillings! pox on yourself, and your shillings! pox on your worship! If I catch thee at *Ostend*, — I dare not stay, for the sergeant. [Exit.

Sir Raderick's Page.

Good faith, master *Prodigo* is an excellent fellow: he takes the *Gulan Ebullitio* so excellently.

Amoretto's Page.

He is a good liberal gentleman; he hath bestow'd an ounce of tobacco upon us: and, as long as it lasts, come cut and long tail, we'll spend it as liberally for his sake.

Sir Raderick's Page.

Come, fill the pipe quickly, while my master is in his melancholly humour; it's just the melancholly of a collier's horse.

Amoretto's Page.

If you cough, *Jack*, after your tobacco, for a punishment you shall kiss the pantofle.

Sir Raderick.

It's a foul oversight, that a man of worship cannot keep a wench in his house, but there must be muttering and
R 2 surmising

surmising: it was the wisest saying that my father ever uttered, that a wife was the name of necessity, not of pleasure; for what do men marry for, but to stock their ground, and to have one to look to the linen, sit at the upper end of the table, and carve up a capon; one, that can wear a hood, like a hawk, and cover her foul face with a fan: but there's no pleasure always to be tied to a piece of mutton; sometimes a mess of stew'd broth will do well, and an unlac'd rabbit is best of all. Well, for mine own part, I have no great cause to complain, for I am well provided of three bouncing wenches, that are mine own fee-simple; one of them I am presently to visit, if I can rid myself cleanly of this company. Let me see how the day goes: [*pulls his watch out*] precious coals! the time is at hand; I must meditate on an excuse to be gone.

Recorder.

The which, I say, is grounded on the statute I spake of before, enacted in the reign of Henry 6th.

Amoretto.

It is a plain case, whereon I mooted * in our temple, and that was this: put case, there be three brethren, *John a Nokes* the elder, *John a Nash* the younger, and *John a Stile* the youngest of all; *John a Nash* the younger dyeth without issue of his body lawfully begotten: whether shall his lands ascend to *John a Nokes* the elder, or descend to *John a Stile* the youngest of all? The answer is, the lands do collaterally descend, not ascend.

Recorder.

Very true; and for a proof hereof, I will show you a place in *Littleton*, which is very pregnant in this point.

* To moot, is to plead a mock cause; to state a point of law by way of exercise, is a common practice in the inns of court.

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Enter Ingenioſo, Furor, Phantaſma.

Ingenioſo.

I'll pawn my wits, that is, my revenues, my land, my money, and whatſoever I have, for I have nothing but my wit, that they are at hand: why, any ſenſible ſnout may wind maſter *Amoretto* and his pomander, maſter *Recorder* and his two neat's feet that wear no ſocks, ſir *Raderick* by his rammish complexion; *Olet* *Gorgonius hircum*. S't, *Lupus in fabula*. — *Furor*, fire the touch-box of your wit: — *Phantaſma*, let your invention play tricks, like an ape: — Begin thou, *Furor*; and open, like a flap-mouthed hound: — Follow thou, *Phantaſma*, like a lady's puppy: — And as for me, let me alone; I'll come after, like a water-dog, that will ſhake them off, when I have no uſe of them: — My maſters, the watch-word is given: — *Furor*, diſcharge.

Furor to Sir Raderick.

The great projector of the thunderbolts,
He that is wont to piſs whole clouds of rain
Into the earth, vaſt gaping urinal,
Which that one-ey'd ſubfizer of the ſky
Don *Phæbus* empties by calidity;
He and his townſmen planets bring to thee
Moſt fatty lumps of earth's fecundity.¹

Sir Raderick.

Why, will this fellow's *Engliſh* break the queen's peace?
I will not ſeem to regard him.

Phantaſma to Amoretto.

*Mecænas, atavis edite regibus,
O, et præſidium, et dulce decus meum,
Dii faciant votis vela ſecunda tuis.*

Ingenioſo.

God ſave you, good maſter *Recorder*, and good fortunes follow your deſerts. — I think, I have curs'd him ſufficiently in few words. [Aside.]

¹ facility.

Sir Raderick.

What have we here? three begging soldiers? Come you from *Ostend*, or from *Ireland*?

Page.

Cujum pecus? an Melibæi? — I have vented all the *Latin* one man had.

Phantasma.

Quid dicam amplius? domini similis es.

Amoretto's Page.

Let him alone, I pray thee: to him again, tickle him there.

Phantasma.

Quam dispari domino dominaris?

Recorder.

Nay, that's plain in *Littleton*; for if that fee-simple and the fee-tail be put together, it is called hotch-potch: now this word hotch-potch in *English* is a pudding; for in such a pudding is not commonly one thing only, but one thing with another.

Amoretto.

I think, I do remember this also at a mooting in our temple: so then, this hotch-potch seems a term of similitude?

Furor to Sir Raderick.

Great *Capricornus*, of thy head take keep:
Good *Virgo* watch, while that thy worship sleep;
And when thy swelling vents amain,
Then *Pisces* be thy sporting chamberlain.

Sir Raderick.

I think, the devil hath sent some of his family to torment me.

Amoretto.

There is tail general, and tail special; and *Littleton* is very copious in that theme: for tail general is, when lands are given to a man and his heirs of his body begotten; tail special is, when lands are given to a man, and to his wife, and to the heirs of their two bodies lawfully begotten, and that is called tail special.

Sir

Sir Raderick.

Very well; and for his oath, I will give a distinction: there is a material oath, and a formal oath; the formal oath may be broken, the material may not be broken: for mark you, sir, the law is to take place before the conscience, and therefore you may, using me your counsellor, cast him in the suit: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place.

Phantasma.

Nil hic nisi carmina desunt.

Ingenioso.

An excellent observation, in good faith: See how the old fox teacheth the young cub to worry a sheep; or rather, sits himself, like an old goose, hatching the addle brain of master *Amoretto*: there is no fool to the satin fool, the velvet fool, the perfumed fool; and therefore the witty tailors of this age put them under colour of kindness into a pair of cloth bags, where a voider will not serve the turn: and there is no knave to the barbarous knave, the moulting knave, the pleading knave.—What, ho! master *Recorder*? master, *Noverint universi per presentes*, — not a word he, unless he feel it in his fist.

Phantasma.

Mitto tibi merulas, caneros imitare legendo.

Sir Raderick to Furor.

Fellow, what art thou that art so bold?

Furor.

I am the bastard of great *Mercury*,
Got on *Thalia* when she was asleep:
My gaudy grandfire, great *Apollo* high,
Born was, I hear, but that my luck was ill,
To all the land upon the forked hill.

Phantasma.

O crudelis Alexi, nil mea carmina curas?

Nil nostri miserere? mori me denique coges?

Sir Raderick to Page.

If you use them thus, my master is a justice of peace, and will send you all to the gallows.

Phantasma.

Phantasma.

Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Ingenioso.

Good master *Recorder*, let me retain you this term for my cause, for my cause, good master *Recorder*.

Recorder.

I am retained already on the contrary part; I have taken my fee; be gone, be gone.

Ingenioso.

It's his meaning, I should come off: * why, here is the true stile of a villain, the true faith of a lawyer; it is usual with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to take a fee of the other; to plead weakly, and to be bribed and rebribed on the one side, then to be fee'd and referee'd of the other; till at length, *per varios casus*, by putting the case so often they make their clients so lank, that they may case them up in a comb-case, and pack them home from the term, as though they had travelled to *London* to sell their horse only; and, having lost their fleeces, live afterward like poor shorn sheep.

Furor.

The gods above, that know great *Furor's* fame,
And do adore grand poet *Furor's* name,
Granted long since at heavn's high parliament,
That whoso *Furor* shall immortalize,
No yawning goblins shall frequent his grave;
Nor any bold presumptuous cur shall dare
To lift his leg against his sacred dust;

* It's his meaning, I should come off. To come off is equivalent to the modern expression, to come down, to pay sauce, to pay dearly &c. In this sense Shakespeare uses the phrase in *Merry Wives of Windsor*: *Act 4. S. 6.* The Host says, "They [the Germans] shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them." An eminent critick says, to come off is to go scot-free: and, this not suiting the context, he bids us read, They must compt off, i. e. clear their reckoning.

Where'er

Where'er I have my rhymes, thence vermin fly
 All, saving that foul-fac'd vermin poverty;
 This sucks the eggs of my invention,
 Evacuates my wit's full pigeon-house.
 Now may it please thy generous dignity,
 To take this vermin napping as he lies,
 In the true trap of liberality,
 I'll cause the *Pleiades* to give thee thanks;
 I'll write thy name within the sixteenth sphere;
 I'll make th' *Antartick* pole to kiss thy toe,
 And *Cynthia* to do homage to thy tail.

Sir Raderick.

Precious coals! thou a man of worship and justice too? It's even so, he is either a madman or a conjurer: it were well, if his words were examined to see if they be the queen's or no.

Phantasma.

*Nunc si nos audis, tu qui es divinus Apollo,
 Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet unde petat.*

Amoretto.

I am still haunted with these needy *Latiniſts* fellows.
 — The best counsel I can give is, to be gone.

Phantasma.

Quod peto da, Caie, non peto consilium.

Amoretto.

Fellow, look to your brains; you are mad, you are mad.

Phantasma.

Semel insanavimus omnes.

Amoretto.

Master *Recorder*, is it not a shame, that a gallant cannot walk the street quietly for needy fellows, and that, after there is a statute come out against begging?

[*He strikes his breast.*]

Phantasma.

Pectora percussit, pectus quoque robora fiunt.

Recorder.

I warrant you, they are some needy graduates: the university

university breaks wind twice a year, and lets fly such as these are.

Ingenioso.

So ho, master *Recorder*: you that are one of the devil's fellow commoners; one, that sizeth the devil's butteries, sins, and perjuries very lavishly; one, that are so dear to *Lucifer*, that he never puts you out of commons for non-payment; you, that live, like a sumner, upon the sins of the people; you, whose vocation serves to enlarge the territories of hell, that (but for you) had been no bigger than a pair of stocks or a pillory; you, that hate a scholar, because he describes your ass's ears; you, that are a plague-stuffed cloak-bag of all iniquity, which the grand serving-man of hell will one day truss up behind him, and carry to his smoky wardrobe.

Recorder.

What frantick fellow art thou, that art possess'd with the spirit of malediction?

Furor.

Vile, muddy clod of base unhallowed clay,
Thou slimy-sprighted, unkind *Saracen*,
When thou wert born, dame nature cast her calf;
Forrage and time hath made thee a great ox,
And now thy grinding jaws devour quite
The fodder due to us of heav'nly spright.

Phantasma.

*Nefasto te posuit die
Quicunque primum et sacrilega manu,
Produxit arbor in nepotum
Perniciem obpropriumque pagi.*

Ingenioso.

I pray you, monsieur *Ploidon*, of what university was the first lawyer of? none, forsooth; for your law is ruled by reason, and not by art: great reason, indeed, that a *Ploydenist* should be mounted on a trap'd palfry, with a round velvet dish on his head, to keep warm the broth of his wit, and a long gown, that makes him look like a *Cedant arma togæ*, whilst the poor *Aristotelians* walk in a
short

short cloak, and a close *Venetian* hose, hard by the oister-wife; and the silly poet goes muffled in his cloak to escape the counter. — And you, master *Amoretto*, that are the chief carpenter of sonnets, a privileged vicar for the lawless marriage of ink and paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a set speech, to colour the quantity of your mistress' stool, and swear it is most sweet civet: it's fine, when that puppet player *Fortune* must put such a birchen-lane post in so good a fruit, such an ass in so good fortune.

Amoretto.

Father, shall I draw?

Sir Raderick.

No, son; keep thy peace, and hold the peace.

Ingenioso.

Nay, do not draw, lest you chance to bepiss your credit.

Furor.

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

Fearful *Megara*, with her snaky twine,
Was cursed dam unto thy damned self;
And *Hircan* tigers in the desert rocks
Did foster up thy loathed hateful life;
Base *Ignorance* the wicked cradle rock'd,
Vile *Barbarism* was wont to dandle thee;
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,
And all the grisly sprights of griping hell,
With mumming look hath dog'd thee since thy birth:
See, how the spirits do hover o'er thy head,
As thick as gnats in summer evening tide: —
Baleful *Alecto*, prithee, stay a while,
Till with my verses I have rack'd his soul;
And when thy soul departs, a cock may be
No blank at all in hell's great lottery.
Shame sits and howls upon thy loathed grave,
And howling vomits up in filthy guise
The hidden stories of thy villanies.

Sir

Sir Raderick.

The devil, my masters, the devil in the likeness of a poet; away, my masters, away. [Exit.

Phantasma.

Arma, virumque cano.

Quem fugis, ab demens?

Amoretto.

Base dog, it is not the custom in *Italy* to draw upon every idle cur that barks; and, did it stand with my reputation; — O, well, go to; thank my father for your lives.

Ingenioso.

Fond gull, whom I would undertake to bastinado quickly; though there were a musket planted in thy mouth, are not you the young drover of livings *Academico* told me of, that haunts steeple fairs? Base worm, must thou needs discharge thy carbine to batter down the walls of learning?

Amoretto.

I think, I have committed some great sin against my mistress, that I am thus tormented with notable villains, bold peasants: I scorn, I scorn them. [Exit.

Furor to Recorder.

Nay, prythee, good sweet devil, do not thou part; I like an honest devil that will show Himself in a true hellish smoky hew: How like thy snout is to great *Lucifer's*? Such talents had he, such a glaring eye, And such a cunning slight in villany.

Recorder.

O, the impudency of this age! and if I take you in my quarters, — [Exit.

Furor.

Base slave, I'll hang thee on a crossed rhyme, And quarter.

craboun.

Ingenioso.

Ingenioso.

He is gone; *Furor*, stay thy fury.

Sir Raderick's Page.

I pray you, gentlemen, give three groats for a shilling.

Amoretto's Page.

What will you give me for a good old suit of apparel?

Phantasma.

Habet et musca splenem, et formicæ sua bilis inest.

Ingenioso.

Gramercy, * good lads. This is our share in happiness, to torment the happy: let's walk along and laugh at the jest; it's no staying here long, lest sir *Raderick's* army of bayliffs and clowns be sent to apprehend us.

Phantasma.

Procul hinc, procul ite, prophani.

I'll lash *Apollo's* self with jerking hand,
Unless he pawn his wit to buy me land.

* Gramercy: great thanks, grand merci; or I thank ye, Je vous remercie. In this sense it is constantly used by our first writers. (See Vol. I. 241.) A very great critic pronounces it an obsolete expression of surprise, contrasted from grant me mercy; and cites a passage in SHAKESPEARE'S *Titus Andronicus* to illustrate his sense of it: but, it is presumed, that passage, when properly pointed, confirms the original acceptation.

Chiron, Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius,

He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus; —

And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*

Demetrius. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd (that's the news)

For villains mark'd with rape. — [Aside.] May it please you,

My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapon of his armory,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.

And so I leave you both — like bloody villains.

[*Aside.*

Hanmer's 2d Edit. Act. 4. S. 2.

ACTUS

ACTUS IV. SCENA III.

Burbage, Kempe.

Burbage.

Now, *Will Kempe*, if we can entertain these scholars at a low rate, it will be well; they have oftentimes a good conceit in a part.

Kempe.

It's true, indeed, honest *Dick*; but the slaves are somewhat proud; and besides, it's a good sport in a part to see them never speak in their walk, but at the end of the stage: just as though in walking with a fellow, we should never speak but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a comedy in *Cambridge*, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

Burbage.

A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may be besides, they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe.

Few of the university pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talk too much of *Proserpina*, and *Juppiter*. Why, here's our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all down: ay, and *Ben Jonson* too. O, that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought up *Horace* giving the poets a pill; † but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit.

Burbage.

It's a shrewd fellow, indeed. I wonder, these scholars stay so long; they appointed to be here presently, that we might try them: O, here they come.

† *Poetaster*, Act 5. Sc. 3. Vol. 2. p. 109.

Studioſo.

Studioſo.

'Take heart, theſe lets our clouded thoughts refine;
The ſun ſhines brighteſt, when it 'gins decline.

Burbage.

Maſter *Philomufus*, and maſter *Studioſo*, God ſave you.

Kempe.

Maſter *Philomufus*, and maſter *Otiſo*, well met.

Philomufus.

The ſame to you, good maſter *Burbage*. — What, maſter *Kempe*, how doth the emperour of *Germany*?

Studioſo.

God ſave you, maſter *Kempe*; welcome, maſter *Kempe*,
from dancing the morris over the *Alps*.

Kempe.

Well, you merry knaves, you may come to the honour
of it, one day: is it not better, to make a fool of the
world as I have done, than to be fooled of the world, as
you ſcholars are? But be merry, my lads; you have hap-
pened upon the moſt excellent vocation in the world for
money; they come north and ſouth to bring it to our
playhouſe; and for honours, who of more report than
Dick Burbage, and *Will Kempe*? He is not counted a
gentleman that knows not *Dick Burbage*, and *Will Kempe*:
There's not a country wench that can dance *Sellenger's*
round, † but can talk of *Dick Burbage*, and *Will Kempe*.

Philomufus.

Indeed, maſter *Kempe*, you are very famous: but that
is as well for works in print, as your part in cue. ‡

† *Sellenger's round*, corrupted from *St. Leger*; a favourite dance with
the common people.

‡ — as you part in kne.

Kempe. You are at Cambridge ſtill with ſice kne, &c.

The genuine reading, it is preſumed, is reſtored to the text,

— as your part in cue.

Kempe. You are at Cambridge ſtill with ſize cue, &c.

a pun upon the word *cue*, which is a hint to the actor to proceed in his part,
and has the ſame ſound with the letter *q*, the mark of a farthing in college
buttery-books; to ſize means, to baſtle, or to be charged in the college accounts
for proviſions.

Kempe.

Kempe.

You are at *Cambridge* still with fize cue, and be lusty humorous poets: you must untruss; I rode this my last circuit purposely because I would be judge of your actions.

Burbage.

Master *Studiofo*, I pray you, take some part in this book and act it, that I may see what will fit you best: I think, your voice would serve for *Hieronimo*; observe how I act it, and then imitate me.

Studiofo.

"Who call *Hieronimo* from his naked bed?
"And" &c. ||

Burbage.

You will do well, after a while.

Kempe.

Now for you: methinks, you should belong to my tuition; and your face, methinks, would be good for a foolish mayor, or a foolish justice of peace: mark me. —

Forasmuch as there be two states of a commonwealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquillity; two states of war, the one of discord, the other of dissention; two states of an incorporation, the one of the aldermen, the other of the brethren; two states of magistrates, the one of governing, the other of bearing rule: now, as I said, even now for a good thing; thing cannot be said too often: Virtue is the shoeing-horn of justice, that is, virtue is the shoeing-horn of doing well; that is, virtue is the shoeing-horn of doing justly, it behoveth me, and is my part to commend this shoeing-horn unto you. I hope, this word shoeing-horn doth not offend any of you, my worshipful brethren; for you, being the worshipful headsmen of the town, know well what the horn meaneth: Now therefore I am determined not only to teach, but

|| *This seems to be quoted from the first imperfect edition of The Spanish Tragedy; in the second corrected impression it runs thus,*
What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill &c. See Vol. 2. p. 38.

also

also to instruct, not only the ignorant, but also the simple, not only what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their duty towards their superiours.

Come, let me see how you can do, sit down in the chair.

Philomusus.

Forasmuch as there be &c.

Kempe.

Thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by myself, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

Burbage.

I like your face, and the proportion of your body for Richard the third, I pray, master *Philomusus*, let me see you act a little of it.

Philomusus.

"Now is the winter of our discontent
"Made glorious summer by the sun of York."

Burbage.

Very well, I assure you: well, master *Philomusus*, and master *Studio*, we see what ability you are of; I pray, walk with us to our fellows, and we'll agree presently.

Philomusus.

We will follow you straight, master *Burbage*.

Kempe.

It's good manners to follow us, master *Philomusus*, and master *Otiso*.

Philomusus.

And must the basest trade yield us relief?
Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,
That nought down vent but what they do receive?
Some fatal fire hath scorch'd our fortune's wing,
And still we fall, as we do upward spring?
As we strive upward on the vaulted sky,
We fall, and feel our hateful destiny.

Studio.

Wonder it is, sweet friend, thy pleading breath,
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,

Melts not those rocks of ice, those mounts of snow,
Congeal'd in frozen hearts of men below.

Philomusus.

Wonder as well thou mayst, why 'mongst the waves,
'Mongst the tempestuous waves on raging sea,
The wailing merchant can no pity crave.

What cares the wind and weather for their pains?

One strikes the sail, another turns the same;

He shakes the main, another takes the oar,

Another laboureth and taketh pain

To pump the sea into the sea again:

Still they take pains, still the loud winds do blow,

Till the ships prouder mast be lay'd below.

Studiofo.

Fond world, that ne'er think'st on that aged man.

That *Ariosto's* old swift-paced man,

Whose name is Time, who never lins to run,

Loaden with bundles of decayed names,

The which in *Lethe's* lake he doth intomb,

Save only those which swanlike scholars take,

And do deliver from that greedy lake.

Inglorious may they live, inglorious die,

That suffer learning live in misery.

Philomusus.

What caren they, what fame their ashes have,

When once they're coop'd up in the silent grave?

Studiofo.

If for fair fame they hope not when they die,

Yet let them fear grave's staining infamy.

Philomusus.

Their spendthrift heirs will those firebrands quench,
Swaggering full moistly on a tavern's bench.

Studiofo.

No shamed fire, for all his glosing heir,

Must long be talk'd of in the empty air.

Believe me, thou that art my second self,

My vexed soul is not disquieted,

For that
Wherea
For wh
That, e
But this
To thin
That m
Sit now
Drinkin
Spendi
In fruit
When
A chee
Cockle
Conten
Schola

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I

For that I miss is gaudy painted state,
 Whereat my fortunes fairly aim'd of late :
 For what am I, the meanest of many mo,
 That, earning profit, are repay'd with wo.
 But this it is that doth my soul torment,
 To think so many activeable wits,
 That might contend with proudest birds of *Po*,
 Sit now immur'd within their private cells,
 Drinking a long lank watching candle's smoke,
 Spending the marrow of their flow'ring age
 In fruitless poring on some worm-eat leaf :
 When their deserts shall seem of due to claim
 A cheerful crop of fruitful swelling sheaf ;
 Cockle their harvest is, and weeds their grain,
 Contempt their portion, their possession pain.
 Scholars must frame to live at a low fail.

Philomusus.

Ill sailing, where there blows no happy gale.

Studioſo.

Our ship is ruin'd, all her tackling rent.

Philomusus.

And all her gaudy furniture is spent.

Studioſo.

Tears be the waves whereon her ruins bide.

Philomusus.

And sighs the winds that waste her broken side.

Studioſo.

Mischief the pilot is the ship to steer.

Philomusus.

And wo the passenger this ship doth bear.

Studioſo.

Come, *Philomusus*, let us break this chat.

Philomusus.

And break my heart: O, 'would I could break that !

Studioſo.

Let's learn to act that tragick part we have.

Philomusus.

'Would I were silent actor in my grave !

S 2

ACTUS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Philomusus and Studiofo become fidlers,
with their concert.*

Philomusus.

And tune, fellow fidlers; *Studiofo* and I are ready.

[They tune.]

[Studiofo going aside sayeth.]

Fair fell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be
King of a molehill, than a keyfar's slave:
Better it is 'mongst fidlers to be chief,
Than at player's trencher beg relief.
But is't not strange, this mimick ape should prize
Unhappy scholars at a hireling rate?
Vile world, that lifts them up to high degree,
And treads us down in groveling misery.
England affords those glorious vagabonds,
That carry'd erst their fardles on their backs,
Courfers to ride on through the gazing streets,
Sweeping¹ it in their glaring satin suits,
And pages to attend their masterhips:
With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
They purchase lands, and now esquires are made.

Philomusus.

Whate'er they seem, being ev'n at the best,
They are but sporting fortune's scornful jest.

Studiofo.

So, merry fortune is wont from rags to take
Some ragged groom, and him some gallant make.

¹ *sweeping.*

Philomusus.

Philomusus.

The world and fortune hath play'd on us too long.

Studioſo.

Now to the world we fiddle muſt a ſong.

Philomusus.

Our life is a plain-ſong with cunning pen'd,
 Whoſe higheſt pitch in loweſt baſe doth end :
 But ſee, our fellows unto play are bent ;
 If not our minds, let's tune our inſtrument.

Studioſo.

Let's in a private ſong our cunning try,
 Before we ſing to ſtranger company.

[*Philomusus ſings. The tune.*

How can he ſing, whoſe voice is hoarſe with care ?
 How can he play, whoſe heart-ſtrings broken are ?
 How can he keep his reſt, that ne'er found reſt ?
 How can he keep his time, whom time ne'er bleſt ?
 Only he can in ſorrow bear a part
 With untaught hand, and with untuned heart.
 Fond arts, farewell, that ſwallow'd have my youth ;
 Adieu, vain muſes, that have wrought my ruth ;
 Repent, fond fire, that train'd'ſt thy hapleſs ſon
 In learning's lore, ſince bounteous alms are done :
 Cease, ceaſe, haſh tongue ; untuned muſick, reſt ;
 Intomb thy ſorrows in thy hollow breaſt.

Studioſo.

Thanks, *Philomusus*, for thy pleaſant ſong :
 O, had this world a touch of juſter grief,
 Hard rocks would weep for want of our relief.

Philomusus.

The cold of wo hath quite untun'd my voice,
 And made it too too harſh for liſt'ning ear :
 Time was in time of my young fortune's ſpring,
 I was a gameſome boy, and learn'd to ſing. —
 But ſay, fellow muſicians, you know beſt whither we go ;
 at what door muſt we imperiouſly beg ?

Jack. Fidlers.

Here dwells fir *Raderick*, and his son; it may be, now at this good time of new year he will be liberal: let us stand near, and draw.

Philomusus.

Draw, callest thou it? Indeed, it is the most desperate kind of service that ever I adventured on.

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter the two Pages.

Sir Raderick's Page.

My master bids me tell you, that he is but newly fallen asleep; and you, base slaves, must come, and disquiet him: what, never a basket of capons? mafs, and if he comes he'll commit you all.

Amoretto's Page.

Sirrah *Jack*, shall you and I play fir *Raderick* and *Amoretto*, and reward these fidlers? I'll my master *Amoretto*, and give them as much as he useth.

Sir Raderick's Page.

And I my old master fir *Raderick*. — Fidlers, play; I'll reward you; 'faith, I will.

Amoretto's Page.

Good faith, this pleaseth my sweet mistress admirably: cannot you play *Twitty, twatty, fool?* or, *To be at her, to be at her?*

Sir Raderick's Page.

Have you never a song of master *Dowland's* making?

Amoretto's Page.

Or, *Hos ego versiculos feci &c.* A pox on it! my master *Amoretto* useth it very often: I have forgotten the verse.

Sir Raderick's Page.

Sir *Theon*, here are a couple of fellows brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause: look in my christmas book, who brought me a present.

Amoretto's

Amoretto's Page.

On new-year's day goodman *Fool* brought you a present;
but goodman *Clown* brought you none.

Sir Raderick's Page.

The right is on goodman *Fool's* side.

Amoretto's Page.

My mistress is so sweet, that all the physicians in the town cannot make her stink; she never goes to the stool: o, she is a most sweet little monkey. Please your worship, good father, yonder are some would speak with you.

Sir Raderick's Page.

What, have they brought me any thing? if they have not, say I take physick. — Forasmuch, fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs love all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace; among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch: marry now, finding your fiddles to jar, and knowing that jarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am, by the virtue of my office and place, to commit your quarrelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. [*They call within.*] Sha ho! *Richard! Jack!* —

Amoretto's Page.

The fool within mars our play without: — Fiddlers, set it on my head; I use to fize my musick, or go on the score for it: I'll pay it at the quarter's end.

Sir Raderick's Page.

Farewel, good *Pan*, sweet *Irenias*, adieu, *Don Orpheus*, a thousand times farewel.

Jack Fiddlers.

You swore, you would pay us for our musick.

Sir Raderick's Page.

For that, I'll give master *Recorder's* law; and that is this, There is a double oath, a formal oath, and a material oath: a material oath cannot be broken, the formal oath may be broken; I swore formally: farewel, fiddlers.

Philomusus.

Farewel, good wags, whose wits praise-worth I deem, Though somewhat waggish; so we all have been.

Studiofo.

Studiofo.

'Faith, fellow fidlers, here's no silver found in this place; no, not so much as the usual christmas entertainment of musicians, a black jack of beer, and a christmas pie.

[They walk aside from their fellows.]

Philomusus.

Where'er we in the wide world playing be,
Misfortune bears a part, and mars our melody;
Impossible to please with musick's strain,
Our heart-strings broken are, ne'er to be tun'd again.

Studiofo.

Then let us leave this baser fidling trade;
For though our purse should mend, our credits fade.

Philomusus.

Full glad am I to see thy mind's free course,
Declining from this trencher-waiting trade:
Well may I now disclose in plainer guise
What erst I meant to work in secret wise;
My busy conscience check'd my guilty soul,
For seeking maintenance by base vassalage;
And then suggested to my searching thought
A shepherd's poor, secure, contented life,
On which since then, I doted every hour,
And meant, this same hour, in sadder plight,
To have stol'n from thee in secrecy of night.

Studiofo.

Dear friend, thou seem'st to wrong my soul too much,
Thinking, that *Studiofo* would account
That fortune sour, which thou accountest sweet;
Nor any life to me can sweeter be,
Than happy swains in plain of *Arcady*.

Philomusus.

Why then, let's both go spend our little store,
In the provision of due furniture,
A shepherd's hook, a tar-box, and a scrip:
And haste unto those sheep-adorned hills,
Where if not bless our fortunes, we may bless our wills.

Studiofo.

Studiofo.

True mirth we may enjoy in thatched ⁊ stall,
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

Philomusus.

We'll therefore discharge these fiddlers. — Fellow musicians, we are sorry that it hath been your ill hap to have had us in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owls, and night ravens, able to mar the purest melody: and besides, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing; our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bid you farewell.

Come, *Studiofo*, let us haste away,
Returning ne'er to this accursed place.

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

Enter Ingenioso, Academico.

Ingenioso.

'Faith, *Academico*, it's the fear of that fellow, I mean, the sign of the serjeant's head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone: to be brief, *Academico*, writs are out for me to apprehend me for my plays; and now I am bound for the isle of dogs: *Furor*, and *Phantasma*, comes after, removing the camp as fast they can; farewell, *mea si quid vota valebunt*.

Academico.

'Faith, *Ingenioso*, I think the university is a melancholick life; for there a good fellow cannot sit two hours in his chamber, but he shall be troubled with the bill of a drawer, or a vintner: but the point is, I know not how to better myself, and so I am fain to take it.

ACTUS V. SCENA IV.

Philomusus, Studiofo, Furor, Phantasma.

Philomusus.

Who have we there? *Ingenioso* and *Academico*?

i thacked.

Studiofo.

Studioſo.

The very ſame; who are thoſe? *Furor*, and *Phantaſma*?

[*Furor* takes a louſe off his ſleeve.

Furor.

And art thou there ſix-footed *Mercury*?

[*Phantaſma*, with his hand in his boſom.

Are rhymes become ſuch creepers now-a-days?

Presumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack,

Daring to creep upon poet *Furor*'s back!

Multum refert quibuſcum vixeris:

Non videmus manticæ quod in tergo eſt.

Philomufus.

What, *Furor*, and *Phantaſma* too, our old college fellows? let us encounter them all. — *Ingenioſo*, *Academico*, *Furor*, *Phantaſma*, God ſave you all.

Studioſo.

What, *Ingenioſo*, *Academico*, *Furor*, *Phantaſma*, — how do you, brave lads?

Ingenioſo.

What, our dear friends, *Philomufus* and *Studioſo*?

Academico.

What, our old friends, *Philomufus* and *Studioſo*?

Furor.

What, my ſupernatural friends?

Ingenioſo.

What news with you in this quarter of the city?

Philomufus.

We have run through many trades, yet thrive by none,

Poor in content, and only rich in moan.

A ſhepherd's life, thou know'ſt, I wont to admire,

Turning a *Cambridge* apple by the fire:

To live in humble dale we now are bent,

Spending our days in fearleſs merriment.

Studioſo.

Studioſo.

We'll teach each tree ev'n of the hardeſt kind
To keep our woful name within their rind:
We'll watch our flock, and yet we'll ſleep withal,
We'll tune our ſorrows to the water's fall:
The woods and rocks with our ſhril ſongs we'll bleſs;
Let them prove kind, ſince men prove pitileſs.
But ſay, whither are you and your company jogging?
It ſeems by your apparel, you are about to wander.

Ingenioſo.

'Faith we are fully bent to be lords of miſrule in the
world's wide heath: our voyage is to the iſle of dogs,
there where the blatant beaſt doth rule and reign, renting
the credit of whom it pleaſe.

Where ſerpents' tongues the penmen are to write,
Where cats do wawl by day, dogs by night;
There ſhall engored venom be my ink,
My pen a ſharper quill of porcupine,
My ſtained paper this ſin-loaden earth:
There will I write in lines ſhall never die,
Our ſeared lordings' crying villany.

Philomufus.

A gentle wit thou haſt, nor is it blame
To turn ſo tart, for time hath wrong'd the ſame.

Studioſo.

And well thou doſt from this fond earth to flit,
Where moſt men's pens are hired paraſites.

Academico.

Go happily; I wiſh thee ſtone of gall
Sharply to wound the guilty world withal.

Philomufus.

But ſay, what ſhall become of *Furor* and *Phantaſma*?

Ingenioſo.

Theſe my companions ſtill with me muſt wend.

Academico.

Fury and fancy on good wits attend.

Furor.

Furor.

When I arrive within the isle of dogs,
Don Phœbus, I will make thee kiss the pump :
 Thy one eye pries in every draper's stall,
 Yet never thinks on poet *Furor's* need.

Furor is lousy, great *Furor* lousy is ;
 I'll make thee run this lousy case I wis.
 And thou, my sluttish ¹ landress *Cinthia*,
 Ne'er think'st on *Furor's* linen, *Furor's* shirt ;
 Thou, and thy squirting boy *Endimion*,
 Lies slav'ring still upon a lawless couch :
Furor will have thee carted through the dirt,
 That mak'st great poet *Furor* want his shirt.

Ingenioso.

Is not here a trusty ² dog, that dare bark so boldly at
 the moon ?

Philomusus.

Exclaiming want, and needy care, and cark,
 Would make the mildest sprite to bite and bark.

Phantasma.

Canes timidi vehementius latrant. There are certain burs
 in the isle of dogs, called, in our *English* tongue, men of
 worship ; certain briars, as the *Indians* call them ; as we
 say, certain lawyers ; certain great lumps of earth, as the
Arabians call them ; certain grofers as we term them :
quos ego — sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Ingenioso.

We three unto the snarling island haste,
 And there our vexed breath in snarling waste.

Philomusus.

We will be gone unto the downs of *Kent*,
 Sure footing we shall find in humble dale ;
 Our fleecy flock we'll learn to watch and ward,
 In july's heat and cold of january :

1 sluttish 2 trusty

We'll

We'll chant our woes upon an oaten reed,
Whiles bleating flock upon their supper feed;
So shall we shun the company of men, —

Studioſo.

That grows more hateful, as the world grows old.
We'll teach the murm'ring brooks in tears to flow,
And ſteepy rock to wail our paſſed wo.

Academico.

Adieu, you gentle ſpirits, long adieu;
Your wits I love, and your ill fortunes rue:
I'll haſte me to my *Cambridge* cell again;
My fortunes cannot wax, but they may wain.

Ingenioſo.

Adieu, good ſhepherds; happy may you live,
And if hereafter in ſome ſecret ſhade,
You ſhall recount poor ſcholars' miſeries,
Vouchſafe to mention with tears-ſwelling eyes,
Ingenioſo's thwarting deſtinies.

And thou ſtill happy, *Academico*,
That ſtill mayſt reſt upon the muſes' bed,
Enjoying there a quiet ſlumbering,
When thou repair'ſt unto thy *Granta's* ſtream,
Wonder at thine own bliſs, pity our caſe,
That ſtill doth tread ill fortune's endleſs maze:
Wiſh them that are preferment's almoners
To cheriſh gentle wits in their green bud;
For, had not *Cambridge* been to me unkind,
I had not turn'd to gall a milky mind.

Philomufus.

I wiſh thee of good hap a plenteous ſtore;
Thy wit deſerves no leſs, my love can wiſh no more:
Farewel, farewel, good *Academico*,
Ne'er mayſt thou taſte of our fore-ſuſt' wo;
We wiſh, thy fortunes may attain their due: —
Furor, and you *Pbantaſma*, both adieu,

I repayſt

Academico.

Academico.

Farewel, farewel, farewel; o, long farewel:
The rest my tongue conceals, let sorrow tell.

Phantasma.

Et longum vale, inquit Iola.

Furor.

Farewel, my masters; *Furor's* a mastiff¹ dog,
Nor can with a smooth glozing farewel cog:
Nought can great *Furor* do, but bark and howl,
And snarl, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,
Like a great swine by his long lean-car'd luggs.
Farewel, musty, dusty, rusty, fusty *London*;
Thou art not worthy of great *Furor's* wit,
That cheatest virtue of her due desert,
And suffer'st great *Apollo's* son to want.

Ingenioso.

Nay, stay awhile, and help me to content.
So many gentle wits' attention,
Who ken the laws of every comick stage;
And wonder that our scene ends discontent. —
Ye airy wits subtile,
Since that few scholars' fortunes are content,
Wonder not if our scene ends discontent.
When that your fortunes reach their due content,
Then shall our scene end in her merriment.

Philomusus.

Perhaps, some happy wit with feeling² hand
Hereafter may record the pastoral
Of the two scholars of *Parnassus'* hill,
And then our scene may end, and have content.

Ingenioso.

Meantime, if there be any spiteful ghost,
That smiles to see poor scholars' misery,
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,
We scorn his censure, he is a jeering gull:

¹ *masly.*² *feeling.*

But whatsoe'er refined sprights there be,
 That deeply groan at our calamity,
 Whose breath is turn'd to sighs, whose eyes are wet,
 To see bright arts bent to their latest set;
 Whence never they again their heads shall rear,
 To bless our art-disgracing hemisphere, —

Ingenioso.

Let them, —

Furor.

Let them, —

Phantasma.

Let them, —

Academico.

And none but them, —

Philomusus.

And none but them, —

Studiofo.

And none but them, —

} all give us a *Plaudite*.

F I N I S.

A
PLEASANT COMEDY
CALLED
WILY BEGUILED.

THE CHIEF ACTORS BE THESE,

A { POOR SCHOLAR,
RICH FOOL,
AND A
KNAVE AT A SHIFT.



THE CHINESE ACTORS RE-THRESH

WILLY BEGUILLED.

PLEASANT COMEDY

CALLED

WILLY BEGUILLED.

THE CHINESE ACTORS RE-THRESH

POOR SCHOLAR,
RICH POOR,
AND A
KNAVE AT A SHIRT

THE CHINESE ACTORS RE-THRESH

WILY BEGUILD —

Completes the present collection, and brings the comic muse down to the early part of the reign of James 1st. The present edition is given from Mr. Garrick's copy, (the date of which is torn off) collated with that of 1623, printed, it should seem, some years after and containing many capital blunders: the variations would have been here given for the amusement of the reader, had they appeared to have been any thing more than gross errors of the press.

SPECTRUM.

THE

PROLOGUE.

WHAT, ho? where are these paltry players? still poring in their papers, and never perfect? For shame, come forth; your audience stay so long, their eyes wax dim with expectation.

Enter one of the Players.

How now, my honest rogue? What play shall we have here to-night?

Player.

Sir, you may look upon the title.

Prologue.

What, *Spectrum* once again? Why, noble *Cerberus*, nothing but patch-pannel stuff, old gally-mawfries, and cotten candle eloquence? Out, you bawling bandog! foxfur'd slave! you dry'd stock-fish you, out of my sight!

[Exit the Player.]

Well, 'tis no matter: I'll sit me down and see it; and, for fault of a better, I'll supply the place of a scurvy prologue.

Spectrum is a looking-glass, indeed,
Wherein a man a history may read
Of base conceits, and damned roguery;
The very sink of hell-bred villany.

T 3

Enter

Enter a Jugler.

Jugler.

Why, how now, humorous *George*? What as melancholy as a mantle-tree? Will you see any tricks of legerdemain, flight of hand, cleanly conveyance, or *deceptio visus*? What will you see, gentleman, to drive you out of these dumps?

Prologue.

Out, you sous'd gurnet, you woolfist! be gone, I say; and bid the players despatch and come away quickly: and tell their fiery poet, that, before I have done with him, I'll make him do penance upon a stage in a calf's skin.

Jugler.

O Lord, sir, ye are deceived in me, I am no tale-carrier; I am a jugler: I have the superficial skill of all the seven liberal sciences at my fingers' end. I'll show you a trick of the twelves, and turn him over the thumbs with a trice: I'll make him fly swifter than meditation: I'll show you as many toys as there be minutes in a month; and as many tricks as there be motes in the sun.

Prologue.

Prythee, what tricks canst thou do?

Jugler.

Marry, sir, I will show you a trick of cleanly conveyance: — *Hei, fortuna furim nunquam credo*, with a cast of clean conveyance: Come aloft, *Jack*, for thy master's advantage. — He's gone, I warrant ye.

[*Spectrum is conveyed away, and Wily Beguiled stands in the place of it.*]

Prologue.

'Mafs, and 'tis well done: now, I see, thou canst do something. Hold thee; there is twelve pence for thy labour.

Go to that barm-froth poet, and to him say,
He quite hath lost the title of his play;
His calf-skin jests from hence are clean exil'd.
Thus once you see, that *WILY* is beguil'd.

[*Exit the Jugler.*]

Now, kind spectators, I dare boldly say,
You all are welcome to our author's play :
Be still a while ; and, ere we go,
We'll make your eyes with laughter flow.
Let *Momus*' mates judge how they list,
We fear not what they babble ;
Nor any paltry poet's pen,
Amongst that rascal rabble.
But time forbids me further speech,
My tongue must stop her race ;
My time is come, I must be dumb,
And give the actors place.

[*Exit.*

DRAMMATICIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GRYPE, *an Usurer.*

PLODDALL, *a Farmer.*

SOPHOS, *a Scholar.*

CHURMS, *a Lawyer.*

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

FORTUNATUS, *GRYPE's Son.*

LELIA, *GRYPE's Daughter.*

Nurse.

PETER PLODDALL, *PLODDALL's Son.*

PEG, *Nurse's Daughter.*

WILL CRICKET.

Mother Midnight.

An Old Man.

SYLVANUS.

Clerk.

WILY BEGUILLED.*

Enter Gripe, solus.

A HEAVY purse makes a light heart: O, the consideration of this pouch, this pouch! Why, he that has money, has heart's ease, and the world in a string. O, this rich chink, and silver coin! it is the consolation of the world. I can sit at home quietly in my chair, and send out my angels by sea and by land; and bid — *Fly, villains, and fetch in ten in the hundred*: Ay, and a better penny too. Let me see; I have but two children in all the world to bestow my goods upon, *Fortunatus* my son, and *Lelia* my daughter: For my son, he follows the wars; and that which he gets with swaggering, he spends in swaggering: but I'll curb him; his allowance, whilst I live, shall be small, and so he shall be sure not to spend much: and, if I die, I will leave him a portion, that, if he will be a good husband and follow his father's steps, shall maintain him like a gentleman; and, if he will not, let him follow his own humour till he be weary of it, and so let him go. Now for my daughter, she is my only joy, and the staff of my age; and I have bestowed good bringing up upon her, by'r lady: why she is e'en modesty itself; it does me good to look on her. Now, if I can hearken out some wealthy marriage for her, I have my only desire. 'Mafs, and well remembered: here's my neighbour *Ploddall* hard by has but one only son; and (let me see) I take it, his

* *This play is not divided into acts.*

lands

lands are better than five thousand pounds: now, if I can make a match between his son and my daughter, and so join his land and my money together, — O, 'twill be a blessed union. Well, I'll in, and get a scrivener: I'll write to him about it presently. But stay, here comes master *Churms* the lawyer; I'll desire him to do so much.

Enter Churms.

Churms.

Good morrow, master *Gripe*.

Gripe.

O, good morrow, master *Churms*. What say my two debtors, that I lent two hundred pound to? Will they not pay use and charges of suit?

Churms.

'Faith, sir, I doubt, they are bankrouts: I would you had your principal.

Gripe.

Nay, I'll have all, or I'll imprison their bodies. But, master *Churms*, there is a matter I would fain have you do; but you must be very secret.

Churms.

O, sir, fear not that, I'll warrant you.

Gripe.

Why then, this it is: My neighbour *Ploddall* here by, you know, is a man of very fair land; and he has but one son, upon whom he means to bestow all that he has: Now, I would make a match between my daughter *Lelia* and him. What think you of it?

Churms.

Marry, I think, 'twould be a good match: but the young man has had very simple bringing up.

Gripe.

Tush! what care I for that? so he have lands and living enough, my daughter has bringing up will serve them both. Now, I would have you to write me a letter to goodman *Ploddall* concerning this matter; and I'll please you for your pains.

Churms.

Cburms.

I'll warrant you, fir; I'll do it artificially.

Gripe.

Do, good master *Cburms*; but be very secret. I have some business this morning, and therefore I'll leave you a while; and if you will come to dinner to me anon, you shall be very heartily welcome.

Cburms.

Thanks, good fir; I'll trouble you. [*Exit Gripe.*]
Now 'twere a good jest, if I could cosen the old churl of his daughter, and get the wench for myself. 'Sounds, I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall*: and, though his father be as good a man as mine, yet far fetch'd and dear bought is good for ladies; and, I am sure, I have been as far as *Cales* to fetch that I have. I have been at *Cambridge*, a scholar; at *Cales*, a soldier; and now in the country, a lawyer; and the next degree shall be a conycatcher: for I'll go near to cosen old father share-penny of his daughter; I'll cast about, I'll warrant him: I'll go dine with him, and write him his letter; and then I'll go seek out my kind companion *Robin Goodfellow*: and, betwixt us, we'll make her yield to any thing. We'll ha' the common law o' the one hand, and the civil law o' the other: we'll tofs *Lelia* like a tennis ball. [*Exit.*]

Enter old Ploddall, and his son Peter, an old man Ploddall's tenant, and Will Cricket his son.

Ploddall.

Ah, tenant, an ill husband, by'r lady: thrice at thy house, and never at home? You know my mind: will you give ten shillings more rent? I must discharge you else.

Old Man.

Alas! landlord, will you undo me! I fit of a great rent already, and am very poor.

Will Cricket.

Very poor? you're a very afs. Lord, how my stomach wambles

wambles at that same word very poor! Father, if you love your son *William*, never name that same word, very poor: For, I'll stand to it, that it's pettilaffenie to name very poor to a man that's o' the top of his marriage.

Old Man.

Why, son, art o' the top of thy marriage? to whom, I prythee?

Will Cricket.

Marry, to pretty *Peg*, mistress *Lelia's* nurse's daughter. O, 'tis the daprest wench that ever danc'd after a tabor and pipe:

For she will so heel it,
And toe it, and trip it; —

O, her buttocks will quake like a custard.

Peter Ploddall.

Why, *William*, when were you with her?

Will Cricket.

O, *Peter*, does your mouth water at that? Truly, I was never with her; but, I know, I shall speed: For t'other day she look'd on me and laugh'd, and that's a good sign, ye know; — And therefore, old *Silver-top*, never talk of charging or discharging: for, I tell you, I am my father's heir; and, if you discharge me, I'll discharge my pestilence at you: for to let my house before my lease be out, is cut-throatery; and to scrape for more rent, is pole dennerie: and so fare you well, good grand-fire usury. — Come, father let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Will and his father.*

Ploddall.

Well, I'll make the beggarly knaves to pack for this: I'll have it every cross, income and rent too.

Enter Churms, with a letter.

But stay, here comes one: O, 'tis master *Churms*: I hope, he brings me some good news. — Master *Churms*, you're well met; I am e'en almost starv'd for money: You must take some damnable course with my tenants; they'll not pay.

Churms.

Churms

'Faith, fir, they are grown to be captious knaves: but I'll move them with a *habeas corpus*.

Ploddall.

Do, good master *Churms*; or use any other villanous course shall please you: But what news abroad?

Churms.

'Faith, little news; but here's a letter which master *Gripe* desired me to deliver you: And though it stand not with my reputation to be a carrier of letters, yet, not knowing how much it might concern you, I thought it better something to abase myself, than you should be any ways hindered.

Ploddall.

Thanks, good fir; and I'll in and read it.

[*Exeunt Ploddall and his son. Manet Churms.*

Churms.

Thus men of reach must look to live:
I cry content, and murder where I kiss.
Gripe takes me for his faithful friend,
Imparts to me the secrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinks, I am as true a friend
To every enterprise he takes in hand,
As ever breath'd under the cope of heaven:
But damn me, if they find it so.
All this makes for my avail;
I'll ha' the wench myself, or else my wits shall fail. [*Exit.*

Enter Lelia, and nurse gathering of flowers.

Lelia.

See, how the earth, this fragrant spring, is clad,
And mantled round in sweet nymph *Flora's* robes:
Here grows th'alluring rose, sweet marygolds,
And the lovely hyacinth. Come, nurse, gather:
A crown of roses shall adorn my head,
I'll prank myself with flowers of the prime;
And thus I'll spend away my primrose time.

Nurse.

Nurse.

Rusty, tufty; are you so frolick? O, that you knew as much as I do; 'twould cool you.

Lelia.

Why, what know'st thou, nurse? prythee, tell me.

Nurse.

Heavy news, i'faith, mistress: you must be match'd, and married to a husband: ha, ha, ha, ha, a husband i'faith.

Lelia.

A husband, nurse? why that's good news, if he be a good one.

Nurse.

A good one, quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha: why, woman, I heard your father say, that he would marry you to *Peter Ploddall*, that puck-fist, that snudge-snout, that coal-carrierly clown. Lord! 'twould be as good as meat and drink to me, to see how the fool would wooe you.

Lelia.

No, no; my father did but jest: think'st thou That I can stoop so low to take a brown-bread crust, And wed a clown that's brought up at the cart?

Nurse.

Cart, quotha? Ay, he'll cart you; for he cannot tell how to court you.

Lelia.

Ah, nurse, sweet *Sophos* is the man,
Whose love is lock'd in *Lelia's* tender breast:
This heart hath vow'd, if heav'ns do not deny,
My love with his intomb'd in earth shall lie.

Nurse.

Peace, mistress, stand aside; here comes somebody.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos.

Optatis non est spes ulla potiri:
Yet, *Phæbus*, send down thy tralucet beams,

Behold

Behold the earth that mourns in sad attire;
 The flowers at *Sophos*' presence 'gin to droop,
 Whose trickling tears for *Lelia*'s loss,
 Do turn the plains into a standing pool. —
 Sweet *Cynthia*, smile, cheer up the drooping flowers;
 Let *Sophos* once more see a sunshine day:
 O, let the sacred centre of my heart,
 I mean fair *Lelia*, nature's fairest work,
 Be once again the object to mine eyes.
 O, but I wish in vain, whilst her I wish to see;
 Her father he obscures her from my sight,
 He pleads my want of wealth,
 And says, it is a bar in *Venus*' court.
 How hath fond fortune by her fatal doom,
 Predestin'd me to live in hapless hopes,
 Still turning false her fickle wavering wheel!
 And love's fair goddess, with her *Circian* cup
 Enchanteth so fond *Cupid*'s poison'd darts,
 That love, the only loadstar of my life,
 Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth.
 But stay:

What do I see? what do mine eyes behold?
 O, happy sight! it is fair *Lelia*'s face. —
 Hail, heav'n's bright nymph, the period of my grief,
 Sole guidress of my thoughts, and author of my joy.

Lelia.

Sweet *Sophos*, welcome to *Lelia*;
 Fair *Dido*, *Carthaginians*' beauteous queen,
 Not half so joyful was, when as the *Trojan* prince
Aeneas landed on the sandy shores
 Of *Carthage*' confines, as thy *Lelia* is
 To see her *Sophos* here arriv'd by chance.

Sophos.

And blest'd be chance that hath conducted me
 Unto the place where I might see my dear,
 As dear to me as is the dearest life.

Nurse.

Sir, you may see, that fortune is your friend.

Sophos,

Sophos.
Yet fortune favours fools.

Nurse.
By that conclusion you should not be wise.

Lelia.
Foul fortune sometime smiles on virtue fair.

Sophos.
'Tis then to show her mutability :

But since, amidst ten thousand frowning threats
Of fickle fortune's thrice unconstant wheel,
She deigns to show one little pleasing smile,
Let's do our best false fortune to beguile,
And take advantage of her ever changing moods.
Sec, sec, how *Tellus*' spangled mantle smiles;
And birds do chant their rural sugar'd notes,
As ravish'd with our meeting's sweet delights :
Since then there fits for love, both time and place,
Let love and liking hand in hand embrace.

Nurse.
Sir, the next way to win her love is, to linger her
leisure. I measure my mistress by my lovely self, make
a promise to a man, and keep it: I have but one fault;
I ne'er made promise in my life, but I stick to it tooth
and nail: I'll pay it home, i'faith. If I promise my love
a kiss, I'll give him two: marry, at first I will make nice,
and cry, fie, fie; and that will make him come again and
again: I'll make him break his wind with come agains.

Sophos.
But what says *Lelia* to her *Sophos*' love?

Lelia.
Ah, *Sophos*, that fond blind boy,
That wrings these passions from my *Sophos*' heart,
Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart;
And force perforce, I yield the fortress up:
Here, *Sophos*, take thy *Lelia*'s hand,
And with this hand, receive a loyal heart. —
High *Jove*, that ruleth heaven's bright canopy,
Grant to our love a wish'd felicity,

Sophos.

Sophos.

As joys the weary pilgrim by the way,
When *Phæbus* waves unto the western deep,
To summon him to his desired rest;
Or, as the poor distressed mariner,
Long toss'd by shipwreck on the foaming waves,
At length beholds the long wish'd haven,
Although from far, his heart doth dance for joy:
So love's consent at length my mind hath eas'd;
My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia.

My father recks not virtue,
But vows to wed me to a man of wealth;
And swears, his gold shall counterpoise his worth:
But *Lelia* scorns proud *Mammon's* golden mines,
And better likes of learning's sacred lore,
Than of fond fortune's glittering mockeries:
But, *Sophos*, try thy wits, and use thy utmost skill
To please my father, and compass his good-will.

Sophos.

To what fair *Lelia's* will's doth *Sophos* yield content;
Yet that's the troublous gulf my silly ship must pass:
But, were that venture harder to atchieve
Than that of *Jason* for the golden fleece,
I would effect it for sweet *Lelia's* sake,
Or leave myself as witness of my thoughts.

Nurse.

How say you by that, mistress? he'll do any thing for
your sake.

Lelia.

Thanks, gentle love:
But, lest my father should suspect,
Whose jealous head with more than *Argus'* eyes
Doth measure ev'ry gesture that I use,
I'll in, and leave you here alone:
Adieu, sweet friend, until we meet again. —
Come, nurse, follow me. [Exeunt *Lelia* and *Nurse*.

Sophos.

Farewel, my love, fair fortune be thy guide.
Now, *Sophos*, now bethink thyself,
How thou mayst win her father's will to knit this happy
knot.

Alas, thy state is poor, thy friends are few,
And fear forbids to tell my fates to friend:
Well, I'll try my fortunes;
And find out some convenient time,
When as her father's leisure best shall serve
To confer with him about fair *Lelia's* love.

[*Exit Sophos.*

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms, and Will Cricket.

Gripe.

Neighbour *Ploddall*, and master *Churms*, y'are welcome
to my house: What news in the country, neighbour?
you are a good husband; you ha' done sowing barley, I
am sure.

Ploddall.

Yes, fir, an't please you, a fortnight since.

Gripe.

Master *Churms*, what say my debtors? can you get any
money of them yet?

Churms.

Not yet, fir; I doubt, they are scarce able to pay:
You must e'en forbear them awhile; they'll exclaim on
you else.

Gripe.

Let them exclaim, and hang, and starve, and beg: let
me ha' my money.

Ploddall.

Here's this good-fellow too, master *Churms*, I must e'en
put him and his father over into your hands; they'll pay
me no rent.

Will

Will Cricket.

This good-fellow, quotha? I scorn that base, broking, brabbling, brawling, bastardly, bottle-nos'd, beetle-brow'd, bean-bellied name. Why, *Robin Goodfellow* is this same cogging, pettifogging, crackropes, calves'-skins' companion: Put me and my father over to him? — Old *Silver-top*, and you had not put me before my father, I would ha' —

Ploddall.

What wouldst ha' done?

Will Cricket.

I would have had a snatch at you, that I would.

Churms.

What, art a dog?

Will Cricket.

No; if I had been a dog, I would ha' snap'd off your nose ere this, and so I should have cosen'd the devil of a mary-bone.

Gripe.

Come, come; let me end this controversy. — Pry-thee, go thy ways in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of sack here for my friends.

Will Cricket.

Would you have a sack, fir?

Gripe.

Away, fool; a cup of sack to drink.

Will Cricket.

O, I had thought, you would have had a sack to have put this law-cracking cogfoist in, instead of a pair of flocks.

Gripe.

Away, fool; get thee in, I say.

Will Cricket.

Into the buttery, you mean?

Gripe.

I prithee, do.

Will Cricket.

I'll make your hogthead of sack rue that word.

[Exit Will Cricket.]

Gripe.

Neighbour *Ploddall*, I sent a letter to you by master *Churms*; how like you of the motion?

Ploddall.

Marry, I like well of the motion: my son, I tell you, is e'en all the stay I have; and all my care is, to have him take one that hath something; for, as the world goes now, if they have nothing, they may beg. But, I doubt, he's too simple for your daughter: for I have brought him up hardly, with brown bread, fat bacon, puddings, and fouse; and, by'r lady, we think it good fare too.

Gripe.

Tush, man; I care not for that, you ha' no more children: you'll make him your heir, and give him your lands; will you not?

Ploddall.

Yes; he's e'en all I have, I have nobody else to bestow it upon.

Gripe.

You say well.

Enter Will Cricket, and a boy, with wine and a napkin.

Will Cricket.

Nay, hear you; drink, afore you bargain.

Gripe.

'Mafs, and 'tis a good motion: — Boy, fill some wine.

[He fills them wine, and gives them the napkin.]

Here, neighbour, and master *Churms*, I drink to you.

Both.

We thank you, fir.

Will Cricket.

Lawyer, wipe clean: do you remember?

Churms.

Remember? why?

Will Cricket.

Why, since you know when.

Churms.

Churms.

Since when?

Will Cricket.

Why, since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly legs would not carry your lobcock body; when you made an infusion of your stinking excrements in your stalking implements: O, you were plaguy fray'd, and fowly raide.

Gripe.

Prythee, peace, *Will!* — Neighbour *Ploddall*, what say you to this match? shall it go forward?

Ploddall.

Sir, that must be as our children like. For my son, I think, I can rule him: marry, I doubt, your daughter will hardly like of him; for, God wot, he's very simple.

Gripe.

My daughter's mine to command; have I not brought her up to this? She shall have him: I'll rule the roast for that; I'll give her pounds and crowns, gold and silver: I'll weigh her down in pure angel gold. Say, man, i'th match?

Ploddall.

'Faith, I agree.

Churms.

But, fir, if you give your daughter so large a dowry, you'll have some part of his land convey'd to her by jointure?

Gripe.

Yes, marry, that I will: and we'll desire your help for conveyance.

Ploddall.

Ay, good master *Churms*; and you shall be very well contented for your pains.

Will Cricket.

Ay, marry; that's it he look'd for all this while.

Churms.

Sir, I will do the best I can.

Will Cricket.

But, landlord, I can tell you news, i'faith: There is one *Sophos*, a brave gentleman; he'll wipe your son *Peter's* nose, of mistress *Lelia*: I can tell you, he loves her well.

Gripe.

Nay, I trow.

Will Cricket.

Yes, I know; for, I am sure, I saw them close together at poop-noddy in her closet.

Gripe.

But I am sure, she loves him not.

Will Cricket.

Nay, I dare take it on my death, she loves him; for he's a scholar: and 'ware scholars, they have tricks for love i'faith; for with a little logick and *Pitome colloquium*, they'll make a wench do any thing. — Landlord, pray ye, be not angry with me for speaking my conscience. In good faith, your son *Peter's* a very clown to him: Why, he's as fine a man as a wench can see in a summer's day.

Gripe.

Well, that shall not serve his turn; I'll cross him, I warrant ye. I am glad, I know it: I have suspected it a great while. *Sophos*! Why, what's *Sophos*? a base fellow. Indeed, he has a good wit, and can speak well: he's a scholar, forsooth; one that has more wit than money: and I like not that; he may beg, for all that. Scholars! why, what are scholars without money?

Ploddall.

'Faith, e'en like puddings without suet.

Gripe.

Come, neighbour; send your son to my house, for he shall be welcome to me: and my daughter shall entertain him kindly. What? I can and will rule *Lelia*. Come, let's in; I'll discharge *Sophos* from my house presently.

[*Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall, and Churms.*

Will

Will Cricket.

A horn plague of this money; for it causeth many horns to bud; and for money many men are horned; for, when maids are forc'd to love where they like not, it makes them lie where they should not. I'll be hanged, if e'er mistress *Lelia* will ha' *Peter Ploddall*; I swear by this button cap, (do you mark?) and by the round, sound, and profound contents (do you understand?) of this costly codpiece (being a good proper man as you see;) that I could get her as soon as he myself. And, if I had not a month's mind in another place, I would have a fling at her, that's flat: But I must set a good holiday face on't, and go a wooing to pretty *Peg*: Well, I'll to her, i'faith, while 'tis in my mind. But stay; I'll see how I can woo before I go: they say, use makes perfectness. Look you now; suppose this were *Peg*: Now I set my cap o'the side on this fashion; (do ye see?) then say I, sweet hony, bony, sugar-candy *Peg*,

Whose face more fair than *Brock* my father's cow;

Whose eyes do shine,

Like bacon rine;

Whose lips are blue,

Of azure hue,

Whose crooked nose down to her chin doth bow, —
For, you know, I must begin to commend her beauty, and then I will tell her plainly; that I am in love with her over my high shoes; and then I will tell her, that I do nothing of nights but sleep, and think on her, and specially of mornings: and that does make my stomach so rise, that, I'll be sworn, I can turn me three or four bowls of porridge over in a morning afore breakfast.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin Goodfellow.

How now, sirra? what make you here, with all that timber in your neck?

Will

Will Cricket.

Timber? 'Sounds, I think he be a witch; how knew he this were timber? 'Mafs, I'll speak him fair, and get out on's company; for I am afraid on him.

Robin Goodfellow.

Speak, man; what, art afraid? what makest here?

Will Cricket.

A poor fellow, fir, ha' been drinking two or three pots of ale at an alehouse, and ha' lost my way, fir.

Robin Goodfellow.

O, nay then I see, thou art a good fellow: Seest thou not master *Churms* the lawyer to day?

Will Cricket.

No, fir; would you speak with him?

Robin Goodfellow.

Ay, marry, would I.

Will Cricket.

If I see him, I'll tell him, you would speak with him.

Robin Goodfellow.

Nay, prythee, stay: who, wilt thou tell him, would speak with him?

Will Cricket.

Marry, you, fir.

Robin Goodfellow.

I? who am I?

Will Cricket.

'Faith, fir, I know not.

Robin Goodfellow.

If thou seest him, tell him, *Robin Goodfellow* would speak with him.

Will Cricket.

O, I will, fir.

[Exit Will Cricket.]

Robin Goodfellow.

'Mafs, the fellow was afraid: I play the bugbear where-soe'er I come, and make them all afraid. But here comes master *Churms*.

Enter

Enter Churms.

Churms.

Fellow *Robin*, God save you: I have been seeking for you in every alehouse in the town.

Robin Goodfellow.

What, master *Churms*? What's the best news abroad? 'tis long since I see you.

Churms.

'Faith, little news: but yet I am glad, I have met with you. I have a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to yourself: if we can deal cunningly, 'twill be worth a double fee to you, by the Lord.

Robin Goodfellow.

A double fee? speak, man; what is't? If it be to betray mine own father, I'll do it for half a fee: and for cunning let me alone.

Churms.

Why then, this it is: Here is master *Gripe* hard by, a client of mine, a man of mighty wealth, who has but one daughter; her dowry is her weight in gold: now, fir, this old penny father would marry her to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddall's* son and heir; whom though his father means to leave very rich, yet he's a very idiot, and brown-bread clown, and one I know the wench does deadly hate: and though their friends have given their full consent and both agreed on this unequal match, yet I know, that *Lelia* will never marry him; but there's another rival in her love, one *Sophos*, and he's a scholar, one whom I think fair *Lelia* dearly loves, but her father hates him as he hates a toad; for he's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after gold, and still relies upon the old said saw, *Si nihil attuleris, &c.*

Robin Goodfellow.

And wherein can I do you any good in this?

Churms,

Churms.

Marry, thus, fir: I am of late grown passing familiar with master *Gripe*; and for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second self. Now, fir, I'll fit myself to the old crummy churls' humours, and make them believe I'll persuade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*, and so get free access to the wench at my pleasure: Now, o'the other side, I'll fall in with the scholar, and him I'll handle cunningly too; I'll tell him, that *Lelia* has acquainted me with her love to him: and for

Because her father much suspects the same,
He mews her up as men do mew their hawks;
And so restrains her from her *Sophos*' sight:
I'll say, because she doth repose more trust
Of secrecy in me than in another man,
In courtesy she hath requested me
To do her kindest greetings to her love.

Robin Goodfellow.

An excellent device, i'faith!

Churms.

Ay, fir, and by this means I'll make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*: I shall know his secrets even from the very bottom of his heart. Nay more, fir, you shall see me deal so cunningly, that he shall make me an instrument to compass his desire; when, God knows, I mean nothing less. *Qui dissimulare nescit, nescit vivere.*

Robin Goodfellow.

Why, this will be sport alone: But what would you have me do in this action?

Churms.

Marry, as I play with th' one hand, play you with t' other: Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*; make him believe you'll work miracles, and that you have a powder will make *Lelia* love him. Nay, what will he not believe, and take all that comes? (you know my mind:) And so we'll make a gull of the one, and a goose of the other. And if we can invent any device to bring the scholar in disgrace

disgrace with her, I do not doubt, but with your help to creep between the bark and the tree, and get *Lelia* myself.

Robin Goodfellow.

Tush! man; I have a device in my head already to do that: But, they say, her brother *Fortunatus* loves him dearly.

Churms.

Tut! he's out of the country; he follows the drum and the flag: he may chance to be kill'd with a double canon before he come home again. But what's your device?

Robin Goodfellow.

Marry, I'll do this: I'll frame an inditement against *Sophos*, in manner and form of a rape; and, the next law day, you shall prefer it: that so *Lelia* may loath him; her father still deadly hate him; and the young gallant her brother utterly forsake him.

Churms.

But how shall we prove it?

Robin Goodfellow.

'Sounds, we'll hire some strumpet or other to be sworn against him.

Churms.

Now, by the substance of my soul, 'tis an excellent device. Well, let's in: I'll first try my cunning otherwise; and, if all fail, we'll try this conclusion. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mother Midnight, Nurse, and Peg.

Mother Midnight.

Y'faith, *Marget*, you must e'en take your daughter *Peg* home again; for she'll not be rul'd by me.

Nurse.

Why, mother, what will she not do?

Mother Midnight.

'Faith, she neither did, nor does, nor will do any thing. Send her to the market with eggs; she'll sell them,
and

and spend the money: Send her to make a pudding, she'll put in no suet: She'll run out o' nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peep: Bid her come to bed, she'll come when she list. Ah, 'tis a nasty shame to see her bringing up.

Nurse.

Out, you rogue! you arrant &c. What, knowest not thy granam?

Peg.

I know her to be a testy old fool;
She's never well, but grunting in a corner.

Mother Midnight.

Nay, she'll camp, I warrant ye. O, she has a tongue,—
But, *Marget*, e'en take her home to your mistress, and there keep her; for I'll keep her no longer.

Nurse.

Mother, pray ye, take ye some pains with her, and keep her a while longer; and, if she do not mend, I'll beat her black and blue. — I'faith, I'll not fail you, minion.

Mother Midnight.

'Faith, at thy request, I'll take her home, and try her a week longer.

Nurse.

Come on, hufwife; please your granam, and be a good wench, and you shall ha' my blessing.

Mother Midnight.

Come, follow us, good wench.

[*Exeunt Mother Midnight, and Nurse: Manet Peg.*
Peg.

Ay, farewell; fair weather after you. — Your blessing, quotha? I'll not give a single halfpenny for't: who would live under a mother's nose, and a granam's tongue? A maid cannot love, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but here's such tittle tattle, and, *Do not so*; and, *Be not so light*; and, *Be not so fond*; and *Do not kiss*; and *Do not love*; and I cannot tell what: and I must love, an I hang for't.

[*She sings.*
A sweet

*A sweet thing is love,
That rules both heart and mind:
There is no comfort in the world,
To women that are kind.*

Well, I'll not stay with her: stay, quotha? To be yauld and jaul'd at, and tumbled and thumbled, and tolt and turn'd, as I am by an old hag, I will not; no, I will not, i'faith.

Enter Will Cricket.

But stay, I must put on my smirking looks, and smiling countenance; for here comes one, makes 'bomination suit to be my sprus'd husband.

Will Cricket.

Lord, that my heart would serve me to speak to her, now she talks of her sprus'd husband! Well, I'll set a good face on't: Now I'll clap me as close to her as *Jone's* buttocks of a close-stool, and come over her with my rolling, rattling, rumbling eloquence. — Sweet *Peg*, honey *Peg*, fine *Peg*, dainty *Peg*, brave *Peg*, kind *Peg*, comely *Peg*; my nutting, my sweeting, my love, my dove, my honey, my bunny, my duck, my dear, and my darling:

Grace me with thy pleasant eyes,
And love without delay;
And cast not with thy crabbed looks
A proper man away.

Peg.

Why, *William*, what's the matter?

Will Cricket.

What's the matter, quotha? 'Faith, I ha' been in a fair taking for you; a bots on you! for, t'other day after I had seen you, presently my belly began to rumble. What's the matter thought I: With that I bethought myself; and the sweet comportance of that same sweet round face of thine came into my mind: out went I; and, I'll be sworn, I was so near taken, that I was fain to

to cut all my points. And, dost hear, *Peg*? if thou dost not grant me thy good will in the way of marriage, first and foremost, I'll run out of my clothes, and then out of my wits for thee.

Peg.

Nay, *William*, I would be loath you should do so for me.

Will Cricket.

Will you look merrily on me, and love me then?

Peg.

'Faith, I care not greatly if I do.

Will Cricket.

Care not greatly if I do? what an answer's that? If thou wilt say, I *Peg* take thee, *William*, to my spruce husband, —

Peg.

Why, so I will; but we must have more company for witnesses first.

Will Cricket.

That needs not: here's good store of young men and maids here.

Peg.

Why then, here's my hand.

Will Cricket.

'Faith, that's honestly spoken; say after me: I, *Peg Pudding*, promise thee, *William Cricket*, that I'll hold thee for mine own sweet lily, while I have a head in mine eye, and a face on my nose, a mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman should have from the crown of my foot to the sole of my head: I'll clasp thee, and clip thee; coll thee, and kiss thee; till I be better than naught, and worse than nothing: when thou art ready to sleep, I'll be ready to snort; when thou art in health, I'll be in gladness; when thou art sick, I'll be ready to die; when thou art mad, I'll run out of my wits: and thereupon I strike thee good luck. Well said, i'faith. O, I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart! Come my heart of gold,

gold, let's have a dance at the making up of this match.—

Strike up, *Tom Piper*.

[*They dance.*]

Come, *Peg*, I'll take the pains to bring thee homeward;

and, at twilight, look for me again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Robin Goodfellow, and Peter Ploddall.

Robin Goodfellow.

Come hither, my honest friend: Master *Churms* told me, you had a suit to me; what's the matter?

Peter Ploddall.

'Pray ye, fir, is your name *Robin Goodfellow*?

Robin Goodfellow.

My name is *Robin Goodfellow*.

Peter Ploddall.

Marry, fir, I hear you're a very cunning man, fir; and fir *Reverence* of your worship, fir, I am going a wooing to one mistress *Lelia*, a gentlewoman here hard by: pray ye, fir, tell me how I should behave myself, to get her to my wife; for, fir, there is a scholar about her: now, if you can tell me, how I should wipe his nose of her, I would bestow a fee of you.

Robin Goodfellow.

Let me see't, and thou shalt see what I'll say to thee.

[*He gives him money.*]

Well, follow my counsel, and, I'll warrant thee, I'll give thee a love powder for thy wench, and a kind of *nuxvomica* in a potion shall make her come off, i'faith.

Peter Ploddall.

Shall I trouble you so far as to take some pains with me? I am loath to have the dodge.

Robin Goodfellow.

Tush! fear not the dodge: I'll rather put on my flashing red nose, and my flaming face, and come wrap'd in a calf's-skin, and cry, *bo, bo*: I'll fray the scholar, I warrant thee. But, first, go to her, try what thou canst do: perhaps, she'll love thee without any further ado.

But

But thou must tell her, thou hast a good stock, some hundred or two a year, and that will set her hard, I warrant thee; for, by the mass, I was once in good comfort to have cosen'd a wench: and wot'st thou what I told her? I told her, I had a hundred pound land a year in a place, where I have not the breadth of my little finger: I promised her to enfeoffe her in forty pounds a year of it; and, I think of my conscience, if I had had but as good a face as thine, I should have made her have curs'd the time that ever she see it. And thus thou must do, crack, and lie, and face; and thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter Ploddall.

I need not do so; for I may say, and say true, I have lands and living enough for a country fellow.

Robin Goodfellow.

By'r lady, so had not I; I was fain to overreach, as many times I do: but now experience hath taught me so much craft, that I excel in cunning.

Peter Ploddall.

Well, fir, then I'll be bold to trust to your cunning; and so, I'll bid you farewell, and go forward: I'll to her, that's flat.

Robin Goodfellow.

Do so; and let me hear how you speed.

Peter Ploddall.

That I will, fir.

[Exit Peter.]

Robin Goodfellow.

Well, a good beginning makes a good end: Here's ten groats for doing nothing. I con master *Churms* thanks for this; for this was his device: and therefore I'll go seek him out, and give him a quart of wine; and know of him, how he deals with the scholar. [Exit.]

Enter

Enter Churms, and Sophos.

Churms.

Why, look ye, fir; by the lord, I can but wonder at her father: he knows you to be a gentleman of good bringing up; and though your wealth be not answerable to his, yet, by heavens, I think, you are worthy to do far better than *Lelia*: yet, I know, she loves you dearly.

Sophos.

The great *Tartarian* emperor, *Tamor Cham*,
Joy'd not so much in his imperial crown,
As *Sophos* joys in *Lelia's* hop'd-for love;
Whose looks would pierce an adamant heart,
And makes the proud beholders stand at gaze,
To draw love's picture from her glancing eye.

Churms.

And I will stretch my wits unto the highest strain,
To further *Sophos* in his wish'd desires.

Sophos.

Thanks, gentle fir.
But truce a while; here comes her father:

Enter Gripe.

I must speak a word or two with him.

Churms.

Ay, he'll give you your answer, I warrant ye. [*Aside.*

Sophos.

God save you, fir.

Gripe.

O, master *Sophos*, I have longed to speak with you a great while: I hear, you seek my daughter *Lelia's* love; I hope you will not seek to dishonest me, nor disgrace my daughter.

Sophos.

No, fir; a man may ask a yea; a woman may say nay: she is in choice to take her choice; yet I must confess, I love *Lelia*.

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Gripe.

Gripe.

Sir, I must be plain with you; I like not of your love: *Lelia's* mine, I'll choose for *Lelia*: And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any more; it's better for you to ply your book, and seek for some preferment that way, than to seek for a wife before you know how to maintain her.

Sophos.

I am not rich, I am not very poor;
I neither want, nor ever shall exceed:
The mean is my content; I live 'twixt two extremes.

Gripe.

Well, well; I tell ye, I like not you should come to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poor pedigree with my daughter *Lelia*: and therefore I charge you to get off my ground, come no more at my house; I like not this learning without living, I.

Sophos.

He needs must go, that the devil drives:
Sic virtus sine censu languet. [Exit *Sophos*.]

Gripe.

O, master *Churms*, cry you mercy, sir; I saw not you: I think, I have sent the scholar away with a flea in his ear: I trow, he'll come no more at my house.

Churms.

No; for if he do, you may indite him for coming of your ground.

Gripe.

Well, now I'll home, and keep in my daughter; she shall neither go to him, nor send to him: I'll watch her, I'll warrant her. Before God, master *Churms*, it is the peevishest girl that ever I knew in my life; she will not be ruled, I doubt: Pray ye, sir, do you endeavour to persuade her to take *Peter Ploddall*.

Churms.

I warrant ye, I'll persuade her; fear not. [Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Lelia, and Nurse.

Lelia.

What sorrow seizeth on my heavy heart !
 Consuming care possesseth ev'ry part :
 Heart-sad *Erynnis* keeps his mansion here,
 Within the closure of my woful breast ;
 And black Despair with iron sceptre stands,
 And guides my thoughts down to his hateful cell :
 The wanton winds with whistling murmur bear
 My piercing plaints along the desert plains ;
 And woods and groves do echo forth my woes :
 The earth below relents in crystal tears,
 When heav'ns above, by some malignant course
 Of fatal stars, are authors of my grief.
 Fond love, go hide thy shafts in folly's den,
 And let the world forget thy childish force ;
 Or else fly, fly, pierce *Sophos*' tender breast,
 That he may help to sympathize these plaints,
 That wring these tears from *Lelia*'s weeping eyes.

Nurse.

Why, how now, mistress ? what, is it love that makes
 you weep, and tofs, and turn so a nights when you are in
 bed ? Saint *Leonard* grant, you fall not love-sick.

Lelia.

Ay, that's the point, that pierceth to the quick.
 'Would *Atropos* would cut my vital thread,
 And so make lavish of my loathed life :
 Or gentle heav'ns would smile with fair aspect,
 And so give better fortunes to my love !
 Why, is't not a plague to be a prisoner to mine own
 father ?

Nurse.

Yes ; ant's a shame for him to use you so too :
 But be of good cheer, mistress ; I'll go
 To *Sophos* ev'ry day ; I'll bring you tidings,
 And tokens too from him, I'll warrant ye ;

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And

And if he'll send you a kiss or two, I'll bring it :
 Let me alone ; I am good at a dead list :
 Marry, I cannot blame you for loving of *Sophos* ;
 Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax.
 But, mistress, — out upon's ! wipe your eyes ;
 For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Ploddall.

Peter Ploddall.

Mistress *Lelia*, God speed you.

Lelia.

That's more than we
 Need at this time ; for we are doing nothing.

Peter Ploddall.

'Twere as good say a good word as a bad.

Lelia.

But it's more wisdom to say nothing at all,
 Than speak to no purpose.

Peter Ploddall.

My purpose is to wive you.

Lelia.

And mine is, never to wed you.

Peter Ploddall.

Belike, you are in love with somebody else.

Nurse.

No ; but she's lustily promis'd : Hear you, you with
 long rifle by your side, do you lack a wife ?

Peter Ploddall.

Call ye this rifle ? it's a good backsword.

Nurse.

Why then, you with backsword, let's see your back.

Peter Ploddall.

Nay, I must speak with mistress *Lelia*
 Before I go.

Lelia.

What would you with me ?

Peter

Peter Ploddall.

Marry, I have heard very well of you, and so has my father too; and he has sent me to you a wooing: and if you have any mind of marriage, I hope, I shall maintain you as well as any husbandman's wife in the country.

Nurse.

Maintain her? with what?

Peter Ploddall.

Marry, with my lands and livings, my father has promis'd me.

Lelia.

I have heard much of your wealth, but I never knew your manners before now.

Peter Ploddall.

'Faith, I have no manors, but a pretty homestall; and we have great store of oxen, and horses, and carts, and plows, and household-stuff 'bomination, and great flocks of sheep, and flocks of geese, and capons, and hens, and ducks; O, we have a fine yard of pullen: and, thank God, here's a fine weather for my father's lambs.

Lelia.

I cannot live content in discontent:
For as no musick can delight the ears,
Where all the parts of discords are compos'd,
So wedlock bands will still consist in jars,
Where in condition there's no sympathy;
Then rest yourself contented with this answer,
I cannot love.

Peter Ploddall.

It's no matter what you say: for my father told me thus much before I came, that you would be something nice at first; but he bade me like you ne'er the worse for that, for I were the liker to speed.

Lelia.

Then you were best leave off your suit till
Some other time: and, when my leisure serves me
To love you, I'll send you word.

Peter Ploddall.

Will you? well then, I'll take my leave of you; and, if I may hear from you, I'll pay the messenger well for his pains: But stay; God's death, I had almost forgot myself: Pray ye, let me kiss your hand ere I go.

Nurse.

'Faith, mistress, his mouth runs a water for a kiss; a little would serve his turn, belike: let him kiss your hand.

Lelia.

I'll not stick for that.

[*He kisseth her hand.*

Peter Ploddall.

Mistress *Lelia*, God be with you.

Lelia.

Farewel, *Peter*.

[*Exit Peter.*

Thus lucre's set in golden chair of state,
When learning's bid, stand by, and keeps aloof:
This greedy humour fits my father's vein,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gain.

Enter Churms.

Nurse.

Mistress, take heed you speak nothing that will bear action, for here comes master *Churms* the pettifogger.

Churms.

Mistress *Lelia*, rest you merry: what's the reason, you and your nurse walk here alone?

Lelia.

Because, sir, we desire no other company but our own.

Churms.

'Would I were then your own, that I might keep you company.

Nurse.

O, sir, you and he that is her own are far asunder.

Churms.

But if she please, we may be nearer.

Lelia.

Lelia.

That cannot be ; mine own is nearer than myself :
 And yet myself, alas ! am not mine own.
 Thoughts, fears, despairs, ten thousand dreadful dreams,
 Those are mine own, and those do keep me company.

Churms.

Before God,
 I must confess, your father is too cruel,
 To keep you thus sequester'd from the world,
 To spend your prime of youth thus in obscurity,
 And seek to wed you to an idiot fool,
 That knows not how to use himself :
 Could my deserts but answer my desires,
 I swear by *Sol*, fair *Phœbus*' silver eye,
 My heart would wish no higher to aspire,
 Than to be grac'd with *Lelia*'s love.
 By *Jesus*, I cannot play the dissembler,
 And wooe my love with courting ambages,
 Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongues's end ;
 But in a word, I tell the sum of my desires,
 I love fair *Lelia* ;
 By her my passions daily are increas'd ;
 And I must die, unless by *Lelia*'s love they be releas'd.

Lelia.

Why, master *Churms*, I had thought that you had been
 My father's great counsellor in all these actions.

Churms.

Nay, damn me, if I be : by heav'ns, sweet nymph, I
 am not.

Nurse.

Master *Churms*, you are one can do much with her
 father : and if you love as you say, persuade him to use
 her more kindly, and give her liberty to take her choice ;
 for these made marriages prove not well.

Churms.

I protest, I will.

Lelia.

So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend : —

Meanwhile,

Meanwhile, *Nurse*, let's in:

My long absence, I know, will make my father muse.

[*Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.*

Cburms.

So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend: — Who can but ruminate upon these words? 'Would she had said, her love: but 'tis no matter; first creep, and then go; now her friend; the next degree, is *Lelia's* love. Well, I'll persuade her father, to let her have a little more liberty. But, soft; I'll none of that neither: so the scholar may chance cosen me. Persuade him to keep her in still: and before she'll have *Peter Ploddall*, she'll have any body; and so I shall be sure, that *Sophos* shall never come at her: why, I'll warrant ye, she'll be glad to run away with me at length. Hang him that has no shifts. I promis'd *Sophos*, to further him in his suit; but if I do, I'll be peck'd to death with hens: I swore to *Gripe*, I would persuade *Lelia* to love *Peter Ploddall*; but God forgive me, 'twas the furthest end of my thought. Tut! what's an oath? every man for himself: I'll shift for one, I warrant ye.

[*Exit.*

Enter Fortunatus solus.

Fortunatus.

Thus have I pass'd the beating billows of the sea,
By *Ithac's* rocks, and wat'ry *Neptune's* bounds;
And wafted safe from *Mars* his bloody fields,
Where trumpets sound *Tantara* to the fight,
And here arriv'd for to repose myself
Upon the borders of my native soil.
Now, *Fortunatus*, bend thy happy course
Unto thy father's house, to greet thy dearest friends;
And if that still thy aged sire survive,
Thy presence will revive his drooping spirits,
And cause his wither'd cheeks be sprent with youthful
blood,
Where death of late was portray'd to the quick.
But, soft; who comes here?

[*Stand aside.*

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin Goodfellow.

I wonder, I hear not of master *Cburms*; I would fain know how he speeds, and what success he has in *Lelia's* love: well, if he cosen the scholar of her, 'twould make my worship laugh; and if he have her, he may say, — Godamercy, *Robin Goodfellow*. O, ware a good head as long as you live: Why master *Gripe*, he casts beyond the moon, and *Cburms* is the only man he puts in trust with his daughter; and, I'll warrant, the old churl would take it upon his salvation, that he will persuade her to marry *Peter Ploddall*: But I will make a fool of *Peter Ploddall*; I'll look him in the face, and pick his purse, whilst *Cburms* cosen him of his wench, and my old grand-fire *Holdfast* of his daughter: and if he can do so, I'll teach him a trick to cosen him of his gold too. Now for *Sophos*, let him wear the willow garland, and play the melancholy malecontent, and pluck his hat down in his fullen eyes, and think on *Lelia* in these desert groves: 'tis enough for him to have her in his thoughts, although he ne'er embrace her in his arms. But now there's a fine device comes into my head to scare the scholar: you shall see, I'll make fine sport with him: They say, that every day he keeps his walk amongst these woods and melancholy shades; and on the bark of every senseless tree engraves the tenour of his hapless hope. Now when he's at *Venus'* altar at his orisons, I'll put me on my great carnation nose, and wrap me in a rowling calf-skin suit, and come like some hobgoblin, or some devil ascended from the grisly pit of hell; and like a scarbabe make him take his legs: I'll play the devil, I warrant ye.

[Exit Robin Goodfellow.]

Fortunatus.

And if you do, by this hand, I'll play the conjurer.
Blush, *Fortunatus*, at the base conceit,

To

To stand aloof, like one that's in a trance,
 And with thine eyes behold that miscreant imp,
 Whose tongue more venom than the serpent's sting,
 Before thy face thus taunt thy dearest friends;
 Ay, thine own father with reproachful terms!
 Thy sister *Lelia*, she is bought and sold,
 And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice-vowed friend,
 Is made a stale by this base cursed crew,
 And 'damned den of vagrant runagates:
 But here, in sight of sacred heav'ns, I swear
 By all the sorrows of the *Stygian* souls,
 By *Mars* his bloody blade, and fair *Bellona's* bowers,
 I vow, these eyes shall ne'er behold my father's face,
 These feet shall never pass these desert plains;
 But pilgrim-like, I'll wander in these woods,
 Until I find out *Sophos's* secret walks,
 And sound the depth of all their plotted drifts.
 Nor will I cease, until these hands revenge
 Th' injurious wrong that's offer'd to my friend,
 Upon the workers of this stratagem. [Exit.

Enter Peg sola.

Y'faith, y'faith, I cannot tell what to do; I love, and
 I love, and I cannot tell who: out upon this love! for,
 wot you what? I have suitors come huddle, twos upon
 twos, and threes upon threes: and what think you
 troubles me? I must chat and kiss with all comers, or
 else no bargain.

Enter Will Cricket, and kisses her.

Will Cricket.

A bargain, y'faith: ha, my sweet honey-sops! how
 dost thou?

Peg.

Well, I thank you, *William*; now I see y'are a man of
 your word.

Will

Will Cricket.

A man o'my word, quotha? why I ne'er broke promise in my life that I kept.

Peg.

No, *William*, I know you did not; but I had forgotten me.

Will Cricket.

Dost hear, *Peg*? if e'er I forget thee, I pray God, I may never remember thee.

Peg.

Peace! here comes my granam *Midnight*.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Midnight.

What, *Peg*! what, ho! what, *Peg*, I say! what, *Peg*, my wench, where art thou, trow?

Peg.

Here, granam, at your elbow.

Mother Midnight.

What mak'st thou here this twatter light? I think, thou'r't in a dream; I think, the fool haunts thee.

Will Cricket.

'Sounds, fool in your face! fool? o monstrous intitution. Fool? o, disgrace to my person: 'sounds, fool not me; for I cannot brook such a cold rasher, I can tell you: give me, but such another word, and I'll be thy tooth-drawer, e'en of thy butter-tooth, thou toothless trot, thöu.

Mother Midnight.

Nay, *William*, pray ye, be not angry; you must bear with old folks, they be old and testy, hot and hasty: set not your wit against mine, *William*; for I thought you no harm, by my troth.

Will Cricket.

Well, your good words have something lay'd my choler: But, granam, shall I be so bold to come to your house now and then to keep *Peg* company?

Mother

Mother Midnight.

Ay, and beshrow thy good heart, and thou dost not; come, and we'll have a piece of a barley bag-pudding, or something; and thou shalt be very heartily welcome, that thou shalt, and *Peg* shall bid thee welcome too: — Pray ye, maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for, by my vay, he's a good proper springold.

Peg.

Granam, if you did but see him dance, 'twould do your heart good: Lord! 'twould make any body love him, to see how finely he'll foot it.

Mother Midnight.

William, prythee, go home to my house with us; and taste a cup of our beer, and learn to know the way again another time.

Will Cricket.

Come on, granam; I'll man you home, y'faith: —
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, and his son Peter, and Churms the lawyer.

Ploddall.

Come hither, *Peter*; hold up your head: Where's your cap and leg, fir boy, ha?

Peter Ploddall.

By your leave, master *Gripe*.

Gripe.

Welcome, *Peter*; give me thy hand; thou'rt welcome: By'r lady, this is a good proper tall fellow, neighbour; call you him a boy?

Ploddall.

A good, pretty, square springold, fir.

Gripe.

Peter, you have seen my daughter, I am sure; how do you like her? What says she to you?

Peter

Peter Ploddall.

'Faith, I like her well, and I have broken my mind to her; and she would say neither ay nor no: But, thank God, sir, we parted good friends; for she let me kiss her hand, and bade, farewell, *Peter*: and therefore, I think, I am like enough to speed. — How think you, master *Churms*?

Churms.

Marry, I think so too; for she did show no token of any dislike of your motion, did she?

Peter Ploddall.

No, not a whit, sir.

Churms.

Why then, I warrant ye: for we hold in our law that, *Idem est, non apparere, et non esse.*

Gripe.

Master *Churms*, I pray you, do so much as call my daughter hither: I will make her sure here to *Peter Ploddall*, and I'll desire you to be a witness.

Churms.

With all my heart, sir.

[*Exit Churms.*]

Gripe.

Before God, neighbour, this same master *Churms* is a very good lawyer; for, I warrant, you cannot speak any thing, but he has law for it *ad unguem*.

Ploddall.

Marry, e'en the more joy on him; and he's one that I am very much beholding to: but here comes your daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia, and Nurse.

Lelia.

Father, did you send for me?

Gripe.

Ay, wench, I did: come hither, *Lelia*, give me thy hand. — Master *Churms*, I pray you bear witness; I here give *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddall*. How now?

[*She plucks away her band.*
Nurse.]

Nurse.

She'll none, she thanks you, sir.

Gripe.

Will she none? Why, how now, I say? What, you puling, peevish thing, you untoward baggage, will you not be ruled by your father? Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this? and will you do as you list? Away, I say; hang, starve, beg; be gone, pack, I say; out of my sight: thou ne'er get'st pennyworth of my goods, for this: think on't, I do not use to jest: be gone, I say; I will not hear thee speak. *[Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.]*

Churms.

I pray you, sir, patient yourself; she's young.

Gripe.

I hold my life, this beggarly scholar hankers about her still, makes her so untoward: But I'll home, I'll set her a harder task; I'll keep her in, and look to her a little better than I ha' done; I'll make her have little mind of gadding, I warrant her. — Come, neighbour, send your son to my house; for he's welcome thither, and shall be welcome; and I'll make *Lelia* bid him welcome too, ere I ha' done with her. — Come, *Peter* follow us.

[Exeunt all but Churms.]

Churms.

Why, this is excellent, better and better still; this is beyond expectation: why, now this gear begins to work. But, beshrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would have yielded; when I saw her father take her by the hand, and call me for a witness, my heart began to quake: but, to say the truth, she had little reason to take a cullian lug-loaf, milkop slave, when she may have a lawyer, a gentleman that stands upon his reputation in the country; one whose diminutive defect of law may compare with his little learning: well, I see, that *Churms* must be the man must carry *Lelia* when all's done.

Enter

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin Goodfellow.

How now, master *Churms*? what news abroad? methinks, you look very spruce; y'are very frolick now a late.

Churms.

What, fellow *Robin*? How goes the squares with you? Y'are waxen very proud a late; you will not know your old friends.

Robin Goodfellow.

'Faith, I e'en came to seek you, to bestow a quart of wine of you.

Churms.

That's strange; you were ne'er wont to be so liberal.

Robin Goodfellow.

Tush, man; one good turn asks another: clear gains, man, clear gains; *Peter Ploddall* shall pay for all: I have gull'd him once; and I'll come over him again and again, I warrant ye.

Churms.

'Faith, *Lelia* has e'en given him the doff off here, and has made her father almost stark-mad.

Robin Goodfellow.

O, all the better; then I shall be sure of more of his custom: But what success have you in your suit with her?

Churms.

'Faith, all hitherto goes well: I have made the motion to her; but as yet we are grown to no conclusion: but I am in very good hope.

Robin Goodfellow.

But do you think, you shall get her father's good will?

Churms.

Tut, if I get the wench, I care not for that, that will come afterward: and I'll be sure of something in the mean time; for I have outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,

debtors, and I'll gather up what money I can amongst them; and *Gripe* shall ne'er know of it neither.

Robin Goodfellow.

Ay, and of those that are scarce able to pay, take the one half, and forgive them the other, rather than sit out at all.

Churms.

Tush! let me alone for that: but, firrah, I have brought the scholar into a fool's paradise: why, he has made me his spokesman to mistress *Lelia*; and, God's my judge, I ne'er so much as name him to her.

Robin Goodfellow.

O, by th' mass, well remember'd; I'll tell you what I mean to do: I'll attire myself fit for the same purpose, like to some hellish hag, or damned fiend, and meet with *Sophos* wand'ring in the woods: O, I shall fray him terribly.

Churms.

I would, thou couldst scare him out of his wits; then should I ha' the wench, cock-sure: I doubt no body but him.

Robin Goodfellow.

Well, let's go drink together; and then I'll go put on my devilish robes, I mean, my *Christmas* calf's-skin suit, and then walk to the woods: O, I'll terrify him, I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos solus.

Sophos.

Will heavens still smile at *Sophos*' miseries,
And give no end to my uncessant moans?
These cypress shades are witness of my woes;
The senseless trees do grieve at my laments;
The leafy branches drop sweet *Myrrha*'s tears:
For love did scorn me in my mother's womb,
And sullen *Saturn*, pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatal stars conspir'd in one

To

To frame a hapless constellation,
 Prefaging *Sophos*' luckless destiny.
 Here, here doth *Sophos* turn *Ixion*'s restless wheel,
 And here lies wrap'd in labyrinths of love,
 Of his sweet *Lelia*'s love, whose sole idea still
 Prolongs the hapless date of *Sophos*' hopeless life.
 Ah! said I, life? a life far worse than death:
 Than death? ay, than ten thousand deaths:
 I daily die, in that I live love's thrall;
 They die thrice happy that once die for all.
 Here will I stay my weary wand'ring steps,
 And lay me down upon this solid earth, [*He lies down.*
 The mother of despair, and baleful thoughts:
 Ay, this befits my melancholly moods.
 Now, now, methinks, I hear the pretty birds
 With warbling tunes record fair *Lelia*'s name,
 Whose absence makes warm blood drop from my heart,
 And forceth wat'ry tears from these my weeping eyes.
 Methinks, I hear the silver-sounding stream
 With gentle murmur summon me to sleep,
 Singing a sweet melodious lullaby.
 Here will I take a nap, and drown my hapless hopes
 In the ocean seas of, *Never like to speed.*
 [*He falls in a slumber, and musick sounds.*

Enter Sylvanus.

Sylvanus.

Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leafy bowers,
 Drawn by the sound of *Echo*'s sad reports,
 That with shrill notes, and high resounding voice
 Doth pierce the very caverns of the earth,
 And rings through hills and dales the sad laments
 Of virtue's loss, and *Sophos*' mournful plaints.
 Now, *Morpheus*, rouse thee from thy fable den,
 Charm all his senses with a slumb'ring trance;
 Whilst old *Sylvanus* send a lovely train
 Of *Satyrs*, *Dryades*, and wat'ry nymphs.

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Out

Out of their bowers to tune their silver strings;
 And with sweet-sounding musick sing
 Some pleasing madrigals and roundelays,
 To comfort *Sophos* in his deep distress. [*Exit Sylvanus.*]

Enter the Nymphs and Satyrs, singing.

THE SONG.

1.

SATYRS, sing, let sorrow keep her cell,
 Let warbling *Echoes* ring,
 And sounding musick yell,
 Through hills, through dales, sad grief and care to kill,
 In him long since, alas! hath griev'd his fill.

2.

Sleep no more, but wake and live content,
 Thy grief the *Nymphs* deplore:
 The *Sylvan* Gods lament
 To hear, to see thy moan, thy loss, thy love,
 Thy plaints to tears the flinty rocks do move.

3.

Grieve not then, the queen of love is mild,
 She sweetly smiles on men,
 When reason's most beguil'd;
 Her looks, her smiles are kind, are sweet, are fair:
 Awake therefore, and sleep not still in care.

4.

Love intends to free thee from annoy,
 His *Nymphs* *Sylvanus* sends,
 To bid thee live in joy,
 In hope, in joy, sweet love, delight's embrace:
 Fair love herself will yield thee so much grace.
 [*Exeunt the Nymphs and Satyrs.*]
Sophos.

What do I hear? what harmony is this,
 With silver sound that glutteth *Sophos*' ears,
 And drives sad passions from his heavy heart.

Prefaging

Prefaging some good future hap shall fall,
 After these blust'ring blasts of discontent?
 Thanks, gentle *Nymphs*, and *Satyrs* too, adieu;
 That thus compassionate a loyal lover's wo,
 When heav'n fits smiling at his dire mishaps.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus.

With weary steps I trace these desert groves,
 And search to find out *Sophos*' secret walks,
 My truest vowed friend, and *Lelia*'s dearest love.

Sophos.

What voice is this sounds *Lelia*'s sacred name?

[*He riseth.*

Is it some *Satyr* that hath view'd her late,
 And's grown enamour'd of her gorgeous hue?

Fortunatus.

No *Satyr*, *Sophos*; but thy ancient friend,
 Whose dearest blood doth rest at thy command:
 Hath sorrow lately blear'd thy wat'ry eyes,
 That thou forget'tst the lasting league of love,
 Long since was vowed betwixt thyself and me?
 Look on me, man; I am thy friend.

Sophos.

O, now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend;
 I have no friend, to whom I dare
 Unload the burden of my grief,
 But only *Fortunatus*, he's my second self:
*Mi Fortunato, ter fortunate venis.*¹

Fortunatus.

How fares my friend? methinks, you look not well;
 Your eyes are sunk, your cheeks look pale and wan:
 What means this alteration?

¹ *Mi Fortunato, ter fortunate Venus.*

Mi Fortunatus, Fortunato Venter. 1623.

Sophos.

My mind, sweet friend, is like a masteless ship,
 That's hurl'd and toss'd upon the furling seas
 By *Boreas*' bitter blast, and *Æ'olus*' whistling winds,
 On rocks and sands far from the wished port,
 Whereon my silly ship desires to land:
 Fair *Lelia*'s love, that is the wished haven,
 Wherein my wand'ring mind would take repose;
 For want of which, my restless thoughts are toss'd,
 For want of which, all *Sophos*' joys are lost.

Fortunatus.

Doth *Sophos* love my sister *Lelia*?

Sophos.

She, she it is, whose love I wish to gain,
 Nor need I wish, nor do I love in vain:
 My love she doth repay with equal meed;
 'Tis strange, you'll say, that *Sophos* should not speed.

Fortunatus.

Your love repay'd with equal meed,
 And yet you languish still in love? 'tis strange:
 From whence proceeds your grief unfold unto your friend,
 A friend may yield relief.

Sophos.

My want of wealth is author of my grief;
 Your father says, my state is too too low:
 I am no hobby bred; I may not soar so high as *Lelia*'s
 love,

The lofty eagle will not catch at flies.
 When I with *Icarus* would soar against the sun,
 He is the only fiery *Phaeton* denies my course,
 And fears my waxen wings, when as I soar aloft:
 He mews fair *Lelia* up from *Sophos*' sight,
 That not so much as paper pleads remorse.
 Thrice three times *Sol* hath slept in *Thetis*' lap,
 Since these mine eyes beheld sweet *Lelia*'s face:
 What greater grief, what other hell than this,
 To be denied to come where my beloved is?

Fortunatus.

Fortunatus.

Do you alone love *Lelia*?
Have you no rivals with you in your love?

Sophos.

Yes, only one; and him your father backs:
'Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddall's* son and heir,
One whose base, rustick, rude desert
Unworthy far to win so fair a prize;
Yet means your father for to make a match,
For golden lucre, with this *Coridon*,
And scorns at virtue's lore: hence grows my grief.

Fortunatus.

If it be true, I hear there is one *Churms* beside
Makes suit to win my sifter to his bride.

Sophos.

That cannot be; *Churms* is my vowed friend,
Whose tongue relates the tenour of my love
To *Lelia's* ears: I have no other means.

Fortunatus.

Well, trust him not: the tiger hides his claws,
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles.
But, stay: here comes *Lelia's* nurse.

*Enter Nurse.**Sophos.*

Nurse, what news? How fares my love?

Nurse.

How fares she, quotha? marry, she may fare how she
will for you: neither come to her, nor send to her of a
whole fortnight! Now, I swear to you by my maiden-
head, if my husband should have serv'd me so when he
came a wooing to me, I would never have look'd on him
with a good face as long as I had liv'd. But he was a
kind a wretch as ever lay'd lips of a woman: he would
a'come through the windows, or doors, or walls, or any
thing, but he would have come to me. Marry, after we
had been married a while, his kindness began to slack;
for I'll tell you what he did: He made me believe he

Y 3

would

would go to *Green-goose* fair; and I'll be sworn, he took his legs, and ran clean away. And I am afraid, you'll prove e'en such another kind piece to my mistress; for she sits at home in a corner weeping for you: and, I'll be sworn, she's ready to die upward for you: and her father o'the other side, he yoles at her, and joles at her; and she leads such a life for you, it passes: and you'll neither come to her, nor send to her: why, she thinks, you have forgotten her.

Sophos.

Nay, then let heav'ns in sorrow end my days,
And fatal fortune never cease to frown:
And heav'n, and earth, and all conspire to pull me down,
If black-oblivion cease upon my heart,
Once to estrange my thoughts from *Lelia's* love.

Fortunatus.

Why, *Nurse*, I am sure, that *Lelia* hears
From *Sophos* once a day at least by *Cburms*
The lawyer, who is his only friend.

Nurse.

What, young master! God blefs mine eyesight; now,
by my maidenhead, y'are welcome home: I am sure, my
mistress will be glad to see you. But what said you of
master *Cburms*?

Fortunatus.

Marry, I say he's a well-wisher to my sister *Lelia*,
And a secret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurse.

Marry, the devil he is; trust him, and hang him:
why, he cannot speak a good word on him to my old
master; and he does so ruffle before my mistress with his
barbarian eloquence,* and strut before her in a pair of
Polonian legs, as if he were a gentleman-usher to the
great *Turk*, or to the devil of *Dowgate*. And if my mistress
would be ruled by him, *Sophos* might go snik-up: but he
has such a butter-milk face, that she'll never have him.

* She means to say eloquence; and so it stands in the edition of 1623.

Sophos.

Sophos.

Can falsehood lurk in those enticing looks ?
And deep dissemblance lie, where truth appears ?

Fortunatus.

Injurious villain, to betray his friend !

Nurse.

Sir, do you know the gentleman ?

Fortunatus.

'Faith, not well.

Nurse.

Why, fir, he looks like a red herring at a nobleman's
table on easter-day, and he speaks nothing but almond-
butter, and sugar-candy.

Fortunatus.

That's excellent.

Sophos.

This world's the *Chaos* of confusion ;
No world at all, but mass of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a map, may see
The high road way from wo to misery.

Fortunatus.

Content yourself, and leave these passions :
Now do I sound the depth of all their drifts,
The devil's device, and *Churms* his knavery ;
On whom this heart hath vow'd to be reveng'd.
I'll scatter them : the plot's already in my head. —
Nurse, hie thee home, commend me to my sister ;
Bid her this night send for master *Churms* :
To him she must recount her many griefs,
Exclaim against her father's hard constraint,
And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *Catse*,
That he may think, she loves him as her life ;
Bid her tell him, that if by any means
He can convey her forth her father's gate
Unto a secret friend of hers,
The way to whom lies by this forest side ;
That none but he shall have her to his bride.

For

For her departure, let her point the time
 To-morrow night: when *Vesper* 'gins to shine,
 Here will I be when *Lelia* comes this way,
 Accompany'd with her gentleman-usher;
 Whose am'rous thoughts do dream on nought but love:
 And if this bastinado hold, I'll make
 Him leave his wench with *Sophos* for a pawn.
 Let me alone, to use him in his kind;
 This is the trap which for him I have lay'd,
 Thus craft by cunning once shall be betray'd:
 And for the devil, I will conjure him.
 Good *Nurse*, be gone; bid her not fail:
 And, for a token, bear to her this ring,
 Which well she knows; for when I saw her last,
 It was her favour, and she gave it me.

Sophos.

And bear her this from me;
 And, with this ring, bid her receive my heart:
 My heart! alas, my heart I cannot give;
 How should I give her that which is her own?

Nurse.

And your heart be hers, her heart is yours; and so,
 change is no robbery: well, I'll give her your tokens,
 and tell her what ye say.

Fortunatus.

Do, good *Nurse*; but, in any case, let not my father
 know that I am here, until we have effected all our
 purposes.

Nurse.

I'll warrant you, I will not play with you, as master
Churms does with *Sophos*; I would ha' my ears cut from
 my head first. [Exit Nurse.]

Fortunatus.

Come, *Sophos*, cheer up yourself, man;
 Let hope expel these melancholly dumps:
 Meanwhile, let's in,
 Expecting how th' events of this device will fall,
 Until to-morrow at th' appointed time,

When

When we'll expect the coming of your love.
 What, man, I'll work it through the fire,
 But you shall have her.

Sophos.

And I will study to deserve this love.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket solus.

Will Cricket.

Look on me, and look of master *Churms*, a good proper man: Marry, master *Churms* has something a better pair of legs indeed; but for a sweet face, a fine beard, comely corps, and a carowfing codpiece,

All *England* if it can,

Show me such a man,

To win a wench, by *Gis*,

To clip, to coll, to kifs,

As *William Cricket* is.

Why, look you now: if I had been such a great, long, large, lobcock'd, loseld lurden, as master *Churms* is, I'll warrant you, I should never have got *Peg* as long as I had liv'd: for, do you mark, a wench will never love a man that has all his substance in his legs. But, stay; here comes my landlord, I must go salute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his son Peter.

Ploddall.

Come hither, *Peter*; when didst thou see *Robin Goodfellow*? he's the man must do the fact.

Peter Ploddall.

'Faith, father, I see him not this two days; but I'll seek him out: for I know he'll do the deed, and she were twenty *Lelias*. For, father, he's a very cunning man; for, give him but ten groats, and he'll give me a powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to me: and when I have her there, I'll use her well enough.

Ploddall.

Will he so? marry, I will give him vorty shillings, if he can do it.

Peter

Peter Ploddall.

Nay, he'll do more than that too; for he'll make himself like a devil, and fray the scholar that hankers about her out on's wits.

Ploddall.

Marry, *Jesus* blefs us! will he so? Marry, thou shalt have vorty shillings to give him, and thy mother shall bestow a hard cheese on him beside.

Will Cricket.

Landlord, a pox on you, this good morn!

Ploddall.

How now, fool? what, dost curse me?

Will Cricket.

How now, fool! How now, caterpillar? It's a sign of death, when such vermin creep hedges so early of morning.

Peter Ploddall.

Sirra foul manners, do you know to whom you speak?

Will Cricket.

Indeed, *Peter*, I must confess, I want some of your wooing manners, or else I might have turn'd my fair bush tail to you instead of your father; and have given you the ill salutation this morning.

Peter Ploddall.

Let him alone, *Peter*; I'll temper him well enough.—Sirra, I hear say, you must be married shortly: I'll make you pay a sweet fine for your house, for this. Ha, sirra? am not I your landlord?

Will Cricket.

Yes, for fault of a better; but you get neither sweet fine, nor four fine of me.

Ploddall.

My masters, I pray you bear witness I do discharge him then.

Will Cricket.

My masters I pray you bear witness; my landlord has given me 'a general discharge: I'll be married presently; my fine's pay'd, I have a discharge for it.

[*He offers to go away.*]

Ploddall.

Nay, prethee, stay.

Will Cricket.

No, I'll not stay; I'll go call the clerk: I'll be cried out upon i'the church presently. — What, ho! what, Clerk, I say? where are you?

Enter Clerk.

Clerk.

Who calls me? what would you with me?

Will Cricket.

Marry, fir, I would have you to make proclamation, that, if any manner of man, o'the town, or o'the country, can lay any claim to *Peg Pudding*, let him bring word to the crier, or else *William Cricket* will wipe his nose of her.

Clerk.

You mean, you would be ask'd i'the church?

Will Cricket.

Ay, that's it; a bots on't, I cannot hit of these marrying terms yet: And I'll desire my landlord here and his son to be at the celebration of my marriage too: — I'faith, *Peter*, you shall cram your guts full of cheese-cakes and custards there. — And, firra, *Clerk*, if thou wilt say amen stoutly, y'faith, my powder-beef slave, I'll have a rump of beef for thee, shall make thy mouth stand o'the tother side.

Clerk.

When would you have it done?

Will Cricket.

Marry, e'en as soon as may be: let me see; I will be ask'd i'the church of sunday morning prayer, and again at evening prayer: and the next holyday that comes, I will be ask'd i'the forenoon, and married i'the afternoon: for, do you mark, I am none of these sneaking fellows, that will stand thrumming of caps, and studying upon a matter, as long as *Hunks* with the great head
has

has been about to show his little wit in the second part of his paltry poetry; but if I begin with wooing, I'll end with wedding: and therefore, good *Clerk*, let me have it done with all speed; for, I promise you, I am very sharp set.

Clerk.

'Faith, you may be ask'd i'the church on sunday at morning prayer; but *Sir John* cannot tend to do it at evening prayer: for there comes a company of players to the town on sunday i'the afternoon; and *Sir John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company, to say evening prayer. For, though I say it, he's a very painful man, and takes so great delight in that faculty, that he'll take as great pains about building of a stage, or so, as the basest fellow among them.

Will Cricket.

Nay, if he have so lawful an excuse, I am content to defer it one day the longer: — And, landlord, I hope you and your son *Peter* will make bold with us, and trouble us.

Ploddall.

Nay, *William*, we would be loath to trouble you: but you shall have our company there.

Will Cricket.

'Faith, you shall be very heartily welcome; and we will have good merry rogues there that will make you laugh till you burst.

Peter Ploddall.

Why, *William*, what company do you mean to have?

Will Cricket.

Marry, first and foremost, there will be an honest *Dutch* cobbler, that will sing *I will noe meare to Burgaine go*, the best that ever you heard.

Peter Ploddall.

What, must a cobbler be your chief guest? Why he's a base fellow.

Will

Will Cricket.

A base fellow ! you may be ashamed to say so ; for he's an honest fellow, and a good fellow : And he begins to carry the very badge of good-fellowship upon his nose ; that, I do not doubt, but in time, he will prove as good a cup-companion, as *Robin Goodfellow* himself : Ay, and he's a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too ; for, I'll tell you what, tie him to the bull-ring, and, for a bag-pudding, a custard, a cheesecake, a hog's cheek, or a calf's head, turn any man i' the town to him, and if he do not prove himself as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turn his body into a barrel of strong ale, and let his nose be the spigot, his mouth the fossot, and his tongue a plug for the bung-hole. And then there will be *Robin Goodfellow*, as good a drunken rogue as lives ; and *Tom Shoemaker* : and, I hope, you will not deny that he's an honest man ; for he was constable o' the town. And a number of other honest rascals, which, though they are grown bankrupts, and live at the reversion of other men's tables ; yet, thanks be to God, they have a penny amongst them, at all times at their need.

Peter Ploddall.

Nay, if *Robin Goodfellow* be there, you shall be sure to have our company ; for he's one that we hear very well of : and my son here has some occasion to use him ; and therefore, if we may know when 'tis, we'll make bold to trouble you.

Will Cricket.

Yes, I'll send you word.

Ploddall.

Why then, farewell, till we hear from you.

[*Exeunt Ploddall, and his son.*]*Will Cricket.*

Well, *Clerk*, you'll see this matter bravely performed ; let it be done as it should be.

Clerk.

I'll warrant ye, fear it not.

Will

Will Crickett.

Why then, go you to fir *John*, and I'll to my wench, and bid her give her maidenhead warning to prepare itself; for the destruction of it is at hand. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lelia sola.

Lelia.

How love and fortune both with eager mood,
Like greedy hounds, do hunt my tired heart,
Rous'd forth the thickets of my wonted joys!
And *Cupid* winds his shrill note buglehorn,
For joy my silly heart so near is spent:
Desire, that eager cur pursues the chase,
And fortune rides amain unto the fall;
Now sorrow sings, and mourning bears a part,
Playing harsh descant on my yielding heart.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse, what news?

Nurse.

'Faith, a whole sack full of news: You love *Sophos*, and *Sophos* loves you; and *Peter Ploddall* loves you, and you love not him; and you love not master *Churms*, and he loves you: And so, here's love and no love; and I love, and I love not; and I cannot tell what: but of all, and of all, master *Churms* must be the man you must love.

Lelia.

Nay, first I'll mount me on the winged wind,
And fly for succour to the furthest *Inde*:
Must I love master *Churms*?

Nurse.

'Faith you must, and you must not.

Lelia.

As how, I pray thee?

Nurse.

Marry, I have commendations to you.

Lelia.

Lelia.

From whom?

Nurse.

From your brother *Fortunatus*.

Lelia.

My brother *Fortunatus*!

Nurse.

No, from *Sophos*.

Lelia.

From my love?

Nurse.

No, from neither.

Lelia.

From neither?

Nurse.

Yes, from both.

Lelia.

Prithee, leave thy foolery, and let me know thy news.

Nurse.

Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your love, to-morrow night will meet you by the forest side, there to confer about I know not what: But it is like, that *Sophos* will make you of his privy council before you come again.

Lelia.

Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the wars?

Nurse.

He is with *Sophos* every day: But in any case you must not let your father know; for he hath sworn, he will not be descried, until he have effected your desires; for he swaggers and swears out of all cry, that he will venture all, Both fame, and blood, and limb, and life, But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia.

Alas, *Nurse*, my father's jealous brain
Doth scarce allow me once a month to go
Beyond the compass of his watchful eyes,
Nor once afford me any conference
With any man, except with master *Churns*,

Whose

Whose crafty brain beguiles my father so,
 That he reposeth trust in none but him :
 And though he seeks for favour at my hands,
 He takes his mark amiss, and shoots awry ;
 For I had rather see the devil himself,
 Than *Churms* the lawyer : therefore
 How I should meet them by the forest side,
 I cannot possibly devise.

Nurse.

And master *Churms* must be the man must work the
 means : you must this night send for him ; make him
 believe, you love him mightily ; tell him, you have a
 secret friend dwells far away beyond the forest ; to whom
 if he can secretly convey you from your father, tell him,
 you will love him better than ever God loved him :
 And when you come to the place appointed, let them
 alone to discharge the knave of clubs : And that you
 must not fail, here receive this ring, which *Fortunatus*
 sent you for a token, that this is the plot that you must
 prosecute ; and this from *Sophos*, as his true love's
 pledge.

Lelia.

This ring my brother sent, I know right well :
 But this my true love's pledge I more esteem,
 Than all the golden mines the solid earth contains :
 And see, in happy time, here comes master *Churms*.

Enter Churms.

Now, love and fortune, both conspire,
 And sort their drifts to compass my desire. —
 Master *Churms*, y'are well met ; I am glad to see you.

Churms.

And I as glad to see fair *Lelia*,
 As ever *Paris* was to see his dear ;
 For whom so many *Trojans'* blood was spilt :

Nor

Nor think, I would do less than spend my dearest blood,
To gain fair *Lelia's* love, although by loss of life.

Nurse.

'Faith, mistress, he speaks like a gentleman; let me
persuade you, be not hard-hearted: *Sophos*? Why, what's
he? If he had lov'd you but half so well, he would ha'
come through stone walls, but he would have come to
you ere this.

Lelia.

I must confess, I once lov'd *Sophos* well;
But now I cannot love him,
Whom all the world knows to be a dissembler.

Churms.

Ere I would wrong my love with one day's absence,
I would pass the boiling *Hellepont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Hero's* love,
Or undertake a greater task than that,
Ere I would be disloyal to my love.
And if that *Lelia* give her free consent,
That both our loves may sympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my love, my life, and all,
Shall ever tend on *Lelia's* fair command.

Lelia.

Master *Churms*,
Methinks 'tis strange, you should make such a motion:
Say, I should yield, and grant you love,
When most you did expect a sunshine day,
My father's will would mar your hop'd-for hay;
And when you thought to reap the fruits of love,
His hard constraint would blast it in the bloom.
For he so dotes on *Peter Ploddall's* pelf,
That none but he, forsooth, must be the man:
And I will rather match myself
Unto a groom of *Pluto's* grisly den,
Than unto such a silly golden ass.

Churms.

Bravely resolv'd, y'faith.

Lelia.

But, to be short :
I have a secret friend that dwells from hence,
Some two days' journey, that's the most ;
And if you can, as, well I know, you may,
Convey me thither secretly,
For company I desire no other than your own,
Here take my hand :
That once perform'd, my heart is next.

Churms.

If on th' adventure all the dangers lay,
That *Europe*, or the western world affords ;
Were it to combat *Cerberus* himself,
Or scale the brazen walls of *Pluto's* court,
When as there is so fair a prize propos'd ;
If I shrink back, or leave it unperform'd,
Let the world canonize me for a coward :
Appoint the time, and leave the rest to me.

Lelia.

When night's black mantle overspreads the sky,
And day's bright lamp is drenched in the west,
'To-morrow night I think the fittest time,
That silent shade may give our safe convoy
Unto our wished hopes, unseen of living eye.

Churms.

And at that time, I will not fail
In that, or aught may make for our avail.

Nurse.

But what, if *Sophos* should meet you by the forest side,
and encounter you with his single rapier ?

Churms.

Sophos ? a hop of my thumb, a wretch, a wretch :
Should *Sophos* meet us there accompany'd with some
champion,

With whom 'twere any credit to encounter,
Were he as stout as *Hercules* himself,
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand,

And

And bandy blows as thick as hailstones fall,
And carry *Lelia* away in spite of all their force.
What? love will make cowards fight;
Much more a man of my resolution.

Lelia.

And on your resolution I'll depend,
Until to-morrow at th' appointed time,
When I look for you: till when, I leave you,
And go make preparation for our journey.

[*Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.*

Churms.

Farewel, fair love, until we meet again. —
Why, so: did I not tell you, she would be glad to run
away with me at length? Why, this falls out, e'en as a
man would say, thus I would have it. But now I must go
cast about for some money too: Let me see, I have out-
law'd three or four of *Gripe's* debtors; and I have the
bonds in mine own hands: the sum that is due to him,
is some two or three hundred pounds. Well, I'll to
them; if I can get but one half, I'll deliver them their
bonds, and leave the other half to their own consciences:
and so I shall be sure to get money to bear charges: when
all fails, well fare a good wit. But, soft; no more of
that: here comes master *Gripe*.

Enter Gripe.

Gripe.

What, master *Churms*? what, all alone? how fares
your body?

Churms.

'Faith, sir, reasonable well: I am e'en walking here to
take the fresh air.

Gripe.

'Tis very wholesome, this fair weather: But, master
Churms, how like you my daughter? Can you do any
good on her? Will she be rul'd yet? How stands she
affected to *Peter Ploddall*?

Z 2

Churms.

Churms.

O, very well, fir; I have made her very conformable :
O, let me alone to persuade a woman. I hope, you shall
see her married within this week at most, — I mean to
myself. [*Aside.*

Gripe.

Master *Churms*, I am so exceedingly beholding to you,
I cannot tell how I shall requite your kindness : But, i'
the meantime, here's a brace of angels for you to drink,
for your pains. This news hath e'en lighten'd my heart :
O, fir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy. Come,
master *Churms*, you shall go home with me : We'll have
good cheer, and be merry for this to-night, i'faith.

Churms.

Well, let them laugh that win. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peg, and her Granam.

Peg.

Granam, give me but two crowns of red gold, and I'll
give you two pence of white silver, if *Robin* the devil be
not a water-witch.

Mother-Midnight.

Marry, *Jesus* bless us ! why, prithee ?

Peg.

Marry, I'll tell you why : Upon the morrow after the
blessed new year, I came trip, trip, trip, over the market
hill, holding up my petticoat to the calves of my legs,
to show my fine coloured stockings, and how finely I
could foot it in a pair of new cork'd shoes I had bought :
and there I spy'd this *Monsieur Muffe*, lie gaping up into
the skies, to know how many maids would be with child
in the town all the year after : O, 'tis a bafe vexation
slave ! How the country talks of the large-rib'd varlet !

Mother-Midnight.

Marry, out upon him ! What a Friday-fac'd slave it is !
think in my conscience, his face never keeps holiday.

*corlet**Peg.*

Peg,

Why, his face can never be at quiet; he has such a cholerick nose, I durst ha' sworn by my maidenhead, (God forgive me, that I should take such an oath) that if *William* had had such a nose, I would never ha' lov'd him.

Enter William Cricket.

Will Cricket.

What a talking is here of noses? Come, *Peg*, we are toward marriage; let us talk of that may do us good: *Granam*, what will you give us toward house-keeping?

Mother Midnight.

Why, *William*, we are talking of *Robin Goodfellow*: what think you of him?

Will Cricket.

Marry, I say, he looks like a tankard-bearer that dwells in *Petticoat-lane* at the sign of the *Mearmaid*; and I swear by the blood of my codpiece, and I were a woman, I would lug off his lave ears, or run him to death with a spit: and for his face, I think 'tis pity there is not a law made, that it should be felony to name it in any other places, than in bawdy-houses: — But, *Granam*, what will you give us?

Mother Midnight.

Marry, I will give *Peg* a pot and a pan, two platters, a dish and a spoon, a dog and a cat: I trow, she'll prove a good hufwife, and love her husband well too.

Will Cricket.

If she love me, I'll love her: — I'faith, my sweet honey-comb, I'll love thee *A per se A*. We must be ask'd in church next Sunday; and we'll be married presently.

Peg.

I'faith, *William*, we'll have a merry day on'r.

Mother Midnight.

That we will, i'faith, *Peg*; we'll have a whole noise of fiddlers there: Come, *Peg*, let's hie us home; we'll make

make a bag-pudding to supper, and *William* shall go and sup with us.

Will Cricket.

Come on, y'faith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Fortunatus, and Sophos.

Fortunatus.

Why, how now, *Sophos*? all amot? still languishing in love?

Will not the presence of thy friend prevail,
Nor hope expel these sullen fits?

Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile,
From those sad drooping looks of thine?

Rely on hope, whose hap will lead thee right
To her, whom thou dost call thy heart's delight:

Look cheerly, man; the time is near at hand,
That *Hymen*, mounted on a snowwhite coach,
Shall tend on *Sophos*, and his lovely bride.

Sophos.

'Tis impossible: her father, man, her father,
He's all for *Peter Ploddall*.

Fortunatus.

Should I but see that *Ploddall* offer love,
This sword should pierce the peasant's breast,
And chase his soul from his accursed corps,
By an unwonted way, unto the grisly lake.
But now th' appointed time is near,
That *Churms* should come with his supposed love:
Then sit we down under these leafy shades,
And wait the time of *Lelia's* wish'd approach.

[*They sit down.*

Sophos.

Ay, here I'll wait for *Lelia's* wish'd approach;
More wish'd to me than is a calm at seas
To shipwreck'd souls, when great god *Neptune* frowns.
Though sad despair hath almost drown'd my hopes,

Yet

Yet would I pass the burning vaults of *Orke*,
 As erst did *Hercules* to fetch his love,
 If I might meet my love upon the strand,
 And but enjoy her love one minute of an hour.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

But, stay: what man, or devil, or hellish fiend comes
 here,
 Transformed in this ugly, uncouth shape?

Fortunatus.

O, peace, a while; you shall see good sport anon.

Robin Goodfellow.

Now I am clothed in this hellish shape,
 If I could meet with *Sophos* in these woods,
 O, he would take me for the devil himself:
 I should ha' good laughing beside the forty
 Shillings *Peter Ploddall* has given me;
 And if I get no more I'm sure of that.
 But, soft: now I must try my cunning, for here he
 fits. —

The high commander of the damned souls,
 Great *Dis*, the duke of devils, and prince of *Limbo* lake,
 High regent of *Acheron*, *Styx*, and *Phlegeton*,
 By strict command from *Pluto* hell's great monarch,
 And fair *Proserpina* the queen of hell,
 By full consent of all the damned hags,
 And all the fiends that keep the *Stygian* plains,
 Hath sent me here from depth of under ground,
 To summon thee to appear at *Pluto's* court.

Fortunatus.

A man, or devil, or whatsoe'er thou art,
 I'll try if blows will drive thee down to hell:
 Belike, thou art the devil's parator,
 The basest officer that lives in hell;
 For such thy words import thee for to be:
 'Tis pity, you should come so far without a fee;

And,

And because I know, money goes low with *Sophos*,
 I'll pay you your fees: [He beats him.
 Take that, and that, and that, upon thee.

Robin Goodfellow.

O good sir, I beseech you, I'll do any thing.

Fortunatus.

Then down to hell; for, sure, thou art a devil.

Robin Goodfellow.

O, hold your hands; I am not a devil by my troth.

Fortunatus.

'Sounds, dost thou cross me? I say, thou art a devil.

[Beats him again.

Robin Goodfellow.

O Lord! sir, save my life; and I'll say as you say,
 Or any thing else you'll ha' me do.

Fortunatus.

Then stand up,
 And make a preachment of thy pedigree,
 And how at first thou learn'dst this devilish trade:
 Up, I say. [Beats him.

Robin Goodfellow.

O, I will, sir: Although in some places

Stands upon a stool.

I bear the title of a scurvy gentleman,
 By birth I am a boat-wright's son of *Hull*,
 My father got me of a refus'd hag,
 Under the old ruins of *Boobies* barn;
 Who, as she liv'd, at length she likewise died,
 And for her good deeds went unto the devil:
 But hell, not wont to harbour such a guest,
 Her fellow fiends do daily make complaint
 Unto grim *Pluto*, and his lady queen,
 Of her unruly misbehaviour;
 Entreating that a passport might be drawn,
 For her to wander till the day of doom
 On earth again, to vex the minds of men,
 And swore she was the fittest fiend in hell
 To drive men to desperation.

To

To this intent her passport straight was drawn,
 And in a whirlwind forth of hell she came :
 O'er hills she hurls, and scours along the plains ;
 The trees flew up by th' roots, the earth did quake for
 fear ;

The houses tumble down ; she plays the devil and all :
 At length, not finding any one so fit
 To effect her devilish charge as I,
 She comes to me, as to her only child,
 And me her instrument on earth she made :
 And by that means I learn'd that devilish trade.

Sophos.

O monstrous villain !

Fortunatus.

But tell me, what's thy course of life,
 And how thou shift'st for maintenance in the world ?

Robin Goodfellow.

'Faith, sir, I am in a manner a promoter,
 Or, more fitly term'd; a promoting knave ;
 I creep into the presence of great men,
 And, under colour of their friendships,
 Effect such wonders in the world,
 That babes will curse me that are yet unborn.
 Of the best men I raise a common fame,
 And honest women rob of their good name :
 Thus daily tumbling in comes all my thrift ;
 That I get best, is got but by a shift :
 But the chief course of all my life,
 Is to set discord betwixt man and wife.

Fortunatus.

Out upon thee, cannibal ! *[He beats him.]*
 Dost thou think thou shalt ever come to heaven ?

Robin Goodfellow.

I little hope for heav'n, or heav'nly bliss ;
 But if in hell doth any place remain
 Of more esteem than is another room,
 I hope, as guerdon for my just desert,
 To have it for my detestable acts.

Fortunatus.

Fortunatus.

Were't not thy tongue condemns thy guilty soul,
I could not think, that on this living earth
Did breathe a villain more audacious:
Go, get thee gone, and come not in my walk;

[*Beats him.*

For, if thou dost, thou com'st unto thy wo.

Robin Goodfellow.

The devil himself was never conjur'd so.

[*Exit Robin.*

Sophos.

Sure, he's no man, but an incarnate devil,
Whose ugly shape bewrays his monstrous mind.

Fortunatus.

And if he be a devil, I am sure, he's gone:
But *Churms* the lawyer will be here anon,
And with him comes my sister *Lelia*;
'Tis he, I am sure you look for.

Sophos.

Nay, she it is that I expect so long.

Fortunatus.

Then sit we down until we hear more news,
This but a prologue to our play ensues. [*They sit down.*

Enter Churms, and Lelia.

But see, where *Churms*, and *Lelia*, comes along:
He walks as stately as the great baboon.
'Sounds, he looks as though his mother were a midwife.

Sophos.

Now, gentle *Jove*, great monarch of the world,
Grant good success unto my wand'ring hopes.

Churms.

Now *Phæbus*' silver eye is drench'd in western deep,
And *Luna* 'gins to show her splendid rays,
And all the harmless quiresters of woods
Do take repose, save only *Philomel*;

Whose

Whose heavy tunes do evermore record,
 With mournful lays, the losses of her love.
 Thus far, fair love, we pass in secret sort
 Beyond the compass of thy father's bounds,
 Whilst he on down-soft bed securely sleeps,
 And not so much as dreams of our depart.
 The dangers past, now think on nought but love;
 I'll be thy dear, be thou my heart's delight.

Sophos.

Nay, first I'll send thy soul to coal-black night.

Churms.

Thou promis'dst love, now seal it with a kiss.

Fortunatus.

Nay, soft, fir; your mark is at the fairest:
 Forswear her love, and seal it with a kiss,
 Upon the burnish'd splendour of this blade,
 Or it shall rip the entrails of thy peasant heart.

Sophos.

Nay, let me do it, that's my part.

Churms.

You wrong me much, to rob me of my love.

Sophos.

Avaunt, base braggard! *Lelia's* mine.

Churms.

She lately promis'd love to me.

Fortunatus.

Peace, night-raven, peace! I'll end this controversy.—
 Come, *Lelia*, stand between them both,
 As equal judge to end this strife:
 Say which of these shall have thee to his wife;
 I can devise no better way than this:
 Now choose thy love, and greet him with a kiss.

Lelia.

My choice is made, and here it is. [*She kisses Sophos.*

Sophos.

See here the mirror of true constancy,
 Whose steadfast love deserves a prince's worth.

Lelia.

Lelia.

Master *Churms*, are you not well?
I must confess, I would have chosen you;
But that I ne'er beheld your legs till now;
Trust me, I never look'd so low before.

Churms.

I know, you use to look aloft.

Lelia.

Yet not so high as your crown.

Churms.

What, if you had?

Lelia.

'Faith, I should ha' spied but a calf's head.

Churms.

'Sounds, cosen'd of the wench, and scoff'd at too!
'Tis intollerable: and shall I lose her thus?
How it mads me; that I brought not my sword,
And buckler with me.

Fortunatus.

What, are you in your sword-and-buckler terms?
I'll put you out of that humour;
There, *Lelia* sends you that by me, [Beats him.
And that, to recompense your love's desires;
And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.
Go, get thee gone, and boast of *Lelia's* love.

Churms.

Where'er I go, I'll leave with her my curse;
And rail on you with speeches vild.

Fortunatus.

A crafty knave was never so beguil'd.
Now *Sophos'* hopes have had their lucky haps,
And he enjoys the presence of his love:
My vow's perform'd, and I am full reveng'd
Upon this hell-bred race of cursed imps,
Now rests nought but my father's free consent,
To knit the knot that time can ne'er untwist;
And that, as this, I likewise will perform.

No sooner shall *Aurora's* pearled dew
 O'erspread the mantled earth with silver drops,
 And *Phæbus* bless the orient with a blush,
 To chase black night to her deformed cell,
 But I'll repair unto my father's house,
 And never cease with my enticing words,
 To work his will to knit this *Gordian* knot:
 Till when, I'll leave you to your am'rous chat.
 Dear friend, adieu: — Fair sister, too, farewell:
 Betake yourselves unto some secret place,
 Until you hear from me how things fall out.

[Exit *Fortunatus*.]

Sophos.

We both do wish a fortunate good night.

Lelia.

And pray the gods to guide thy steps aright.

Sophos.

Now come, fair *Lelia*, let's betake ourselves
 Unto a little hermitage hereby;
 And there to live obscured from the world,
 Till fates and fortune call us thence away,
 To see the sunshine of our nuptial day.
 See how the twinkling stars do hide their borrow'd shine,
 As half asham'd, their lustre is so stain'd
 By *Lelia's* beauteous eyes, that shine more bright
 Than twinkling stars do in a winter's night:
 In such a night did *Paris* win his love.

Lelia.

In such a night, *Aeneas* prov'd unkind.

Sophos.

In such a night, did *Troilus* court his dear.

Lelia.

In such a night, fair *Phyllis* was betray'd.

Sophos.

I'll prove as true as ever *Troilus* was.

Lelia.

And I as constant as *Penelope*.

Sophos.

Sophos.

Then let us solace; and in love's delight,
 And sweet embracings spend the livelong night:
 And whilst love mounts her on her wanton wings,
 Let descant run on musick's silver strings. [Exeunt.]

A SONG.

1.

OLD *Titbon* must forsake his dear,
 The lark doth chant her cheerful lay;
Aurora smiles with merry cheer,
 To welcome in a happy day.

2.

The beasts do skip,
 The sweet birds sing;
 The wood-nymphs dance,
 The echoes ring.

3.

The hollow caves with joy resounds,
 And pleasure ev'ry where abounds:
 The graces, linking hand in hand,
 In love have knit a glorious band.

*Enter Robin Goodfellow, old Ploddall,
 and his son Peter.*

Ploddall.

Hear you, master *Goodfellow*; how have you sped?

Peter Ploddall.

Ha' you play'd the devil bravely, and scar'd the scholar
 out on's wits?

Robin Goodfellow.

A pox of the scholar!

Ploddall.

Nay, hark you, I sent you vorty shillings, and you shall
 have the cheese I promis'd you too.

Robin

Robin Goodfellow.

A plague of the vorty shillings, and the cheefe too!

Peter Ploddall.

Hear you; will you give me the powder you told me of?

Robin Goodfellow.

How you vex me! Powder, quotha? 'Sounds, I have been powder'd.

Ploddall.

Son, I doubt he will prove a crafty knave, and cosen us of our money: We'll go to master justice, and complain on him, and get him whip'd out o' the country for a conycatcher.

Peter Ploddall.

Ay, or have his ears nail'd to the pillory: Come, let's go.

[*Exeunt Ploddall and his son.*]

Enter Churms.

Churms.

Fellow Robin, what news? how goes the world?

Robin Goodfellow.

'Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how: How sped you with your wench?

Churms.

I would the wench were at the devil! A plague upon't, I never say my prayers; and that makes me have such ill luck.

Robin Goodfellow.

I think, the scholar be haunted with some demi-devil.

Churms.

Why, didst thou fray him?

Robin Goodfellow.

Fray him? a vengeance on't! all our shifting knavery's known; we are counted very vagrants: 'Sounds, I am afraid of every officer, for whipping.

Churms.

Churms.

We are horribly haunted: our behaviour is so beastly, that we are grown loathsome; our craft gets us nought but knocks.

Robin Goodfellow.

What course shall we take now?

Churms.

'Faith, I cannot tell: let's e'en run our country; for here's no staying for us.

Robin Goodfellow.

'Faith, agreed: let's go into some place where we are not known, and there set up the art of knavery with the second edition. *[Exit.]*

Enter Gripe solus.

Gripe.

Every one tells me, I look better than I was wont: my heart's lighten'd, and my spirits are reviv'd: Why, methinks, I am e'en young again. It joys my heart, that this same peevish girl my daughter will be rul'd at the last yet; but I shall never be able to make master *Churms* amends for the great pains he hath taken.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse.

Master! now out upon's! well-a-day! we are all undone.

Gripe.

Undone! what sudden accident hath chanc'd? speak; what's the matter?

Nurse.

Alas, that ever I was born! My mistress, and master *Churms* are run away together.

Gripe.

'Tis not possible; ne'er tell me: I dare trust master *Churms* with a greater matter than that.

Nurse.

Nurse.

'Faith, you must trust him, whether you will or no; for he's gone.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will Cricket.

Master *Gripe*, I was coming to desire, that I might have your absence at my wedding; for I hear say, you are very liberal grown o'late: For I spake with three or four of your debtors this morning, that ow'd you hundred pounds apiece; and they told me, that you sent master *Churms* to them, and took of some ten pounds, and of some twenty, and deliver'd them their bonds, and bad them pay the rest when they were able.

Gripe.

I am undone, I am robb'd: my daughter! my money! Which way are they gone?

Will Cricket.

'Faith, sir, it's all to nothing, but your daughter and master *Churms* are gone both one way: marry, your money flies, some one ways, and some another; and therefore 'tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe.

Follow them, make hue and cry after them. My daughter! my money! all's gone, what shall I do!

Will Cricket.

'Faith, if you will be rul'd by me, I'll tell you what you shall do: (Mark what I say; for I'll teach you the way to come to heaven, if you stumble not:) Give all you have to the poor, but one single penny, and with that penny buy you a good strong halter; and when you ha' done so, come to me, and I'll tell you what you shall do with it.

Gripe.

Bring me my daughter: That *Churms*, that villain! I'll tear him with my teeth.

Nurse.

Master, nay, pray you, do not run mad: I'll tell you good news; my young master *Fortunatus* is come home: and see where he comes.

Enter Fortunatus.

Gripe.

If thou hadst said *Lelia*, it had been something.

Fortunatus.

Thus *Fortunatus* greets his father,
And craves his blessing on his bended knee.

Gripe.

Ay, here's my son; but *Lelia* she'll not come: —
Good *Fortunatus*, rise: wilt thou shed tears,
And help thy father moan?
If so, say ay; if not, good son, be gone.

Fortunatus.

What moves my father to these uncouth fits?

Will Cricket.

'Faith, sir, he's almost mad; I think, he cannot tell you: and therefore I, presuming, sir, that my wit is something better than his, at this time, (do you mark, sir?) out of the profound circumambulation of my supernatural wit, sir, (do you understand?) will tell you the whole superfluity of the matter, sir: Your sister *Lelia*, sir, you know is a woman, as another woman is, sir.

Fortunatus.

Well, and what of that?

Will Cricket.

Nay, nothing, sir; but she fell in love with one *Sephor*, a very proper, wise, young man, sir: Now, sir, your father would not let her have him, sir; but would have married her to one, sir, that would have fed her with nothing but barley bag-puddings and fat bacon: Now, sir, to tell you the truth, the fool, ye know, has fortune to land; but mistress *Lelia's* mouth doth not hang for that kind of diet.

Fortunatus

Fortunatus.

And how then?

Will Cricket.

Marry then, there was a certain cracking, cogging, pettifogging, butter-milk flave, fir, one *Cburms*, fir, that is the very quintessence of all the knaves in the bunch: and if the best man of all his kin had been but so good as a yeoman's son, he should have been a mark'd knave by letters patents. And he, fir, comes me sneaking, and cosens them both of their wench, and is run away with her: And, fir, belike, he has cosen'd your father here of a great deal of his money too.

Nurse.

Sir, your father did trust him but too much; but I always thought he would prove a crafty knave.

Gripe.

My trust's betray'd, my joy's exil'd:
Grief kills the heart, my hope's beguil'd.

Fortunatus.

Where golden gain doth bear a father's eyes,
That precious pearl, fetch'd from *Parnassus'* mount,
Is counted refuse, worse than *Bullen* brass;
Both joys and hopes hang of a silly twine,
That still is subject unto sitting time,
That turns joy into grief, and hope to sad despair,
And ends his days in wretched worldly care.
Were I the richest monarch under heaven,
And had one daughter thrice as fair,
As was the *Grecian Menelaus'* wife,
Ere I would match her to an untaught swain,
Though one whose wealth exceeded *Crasus'* store;
Herself should choose, and I applaud her choice,
Of one more poor than ever *Sophos* was,
Were his deserts but equal unto his.
If I might speak without offence,
You were to blame to hinder *Lelia's* choice;
As she in nature's graces doth excel,
So doth *Minerva* grace him full as well.

A a 2

Nurse.

Nurse.

Now, by cock and pie, you never spake a truer word in your life; he's a very kind gentleman; for last time he was at our house, he gave me three pence.

Will Cricket.

O, nobly spoken: God send *Peg* to prove as wise a woman as her mother; and then we shall be sure to have wise children. — Nay, if he be so liberal, old grandfire, you shall give him the good-will of your daughter.

Gripe.

She is not mine, I have no daughter now:
That I should say, I had, thence comes my grief,
My care of *Lelia* pass'd a father's love;
My love of *Lelia* makes my loss the more;
My loss of *Lelia* drowns my heart in wo,
My heart's wo makes this life a living death:
Care, love, loss, heart's wo, living death,
Join all in one to stop this vital breath.
Curs'd be the time, I gap'd for golden gain,
I curse the time, I cross'd her in her choice;
Her choice was virtuous, but my will was base,
I sought to grace her from the Indian mines,
But she sought honour from the starry mount:
What frantick fit possess'd my foolish brain?
What furious fancy fired so my heart,
To hate fair virtue, and to scorn desert?

Fortunatus.

Then, father, give desert his due;
Let nature's graces, and fair virtue's gifts,
One sympathy and happy consort make
'Twixt *Sophos* and my sister *Lelia*'s love:
Conjoin their hands, whose hearts have long been one,
And so conclude a happy union.

Gripe.

Now 'tis too late:
What fates decree can never be recall'd;
Her luckless love is fall'n to *Churms* his lot,
And he usurps fair *Lelia*'s nuptial bed.

Fortunatus.

Fortunatus.

That cannot be; fear of pursuit must needs prolong
His nuptial rights: but if you give your full consent,
That *Sophos* may enjoy his long-wish'd love,
And have fair *Lelia* to his lovely bride,
I'll follow *Churms* whatever betide;
I'll be as swift as is the light-foot roe,
And overtake him, ere his journey's end,
And bring fair *Lelia* back unto my friend.

Gripe.

Ay, here's my hand; I do consent,
And think her happy in her happy choice;
Yet half forejudge my hopes will be deceiv'd.
But, *Fortunatus*, I must needs commend
Thy constant mind thou bear'st unto thy friends:
The after-ages wond'ring at the same,
Shall say 't's a deed deserveth lasting fame.

Fortunatus.

Then rest you here, till I return again;
I'll go to *Sophos*, ere I go along,
And bring him here to keep you company:
Perhaps, he hath some skill in hidden arts,
Of planets' course, or secret magick spells,
To know where *Lelia*, and that fox lies hid,
Whose craft so cunningly convey'd her hence.

[Exit *Fortunatus*.]

Gripe.

Ay, here I'll rest an hour or twain,
Till *Fortunatus* do return again.

Will Cricket.

'Faith, fir, this same *Churms* is a vety scurvy lawyer;
for once I put a case to him, and, methought, his law was
not worth a pudding.

Gripe.

Why, what was your case?

Will Cricket.

Marry, fir, my case was a goose's case; for my dog
wearied my neighbour's sow, and the sow died.

A a 3

Nurse.

Nurse.

And he sued you upon wilful murder?

Will Cricket.

No; but he went to law with me, and would make me either pay for his sow, or hang my dog: now, fir, to the same retourner I went.

Nurse.

To beg a pardon for your dog?

Will Cricket.

No; but to have some of his wit for my money: I gave him his fee, and promised him a goose beside for his counsel. Now, fir, his counsel was to deny all was ask'd me, and to crave a longer time to answer; though I knew the case was plain: So, fir, I take his counsel; and always when he sends to me for his goose, I deny it, and crave a longer time to answer.

Nurse.

And so the case was yours, and the goose was his: and so it came to be a goose's case.

Will Cricket.

True: but now we are talking of geese, see where Peg and my granam *Midnight* comes.

*Enter Mother Midnight, and Peg.**Mother Midnight.*

Come, *Peg*, bestir your stumps, make thyself smug, wench; thou must be married to-morrow: let's go seek out thy sweetheart, to prepare all things in readiness.

Peg.

Why, granam, look where he is.

Will Cricket.

Ha, my sweet tralilly: I thought, thou couldst spy me amongst a hundred honest men. A man may see, that love will creep where it cannot go. Ha, my sweet and two sweet: shall I say the tother sweet?

Peg.

Ay, say it and spare not.

Will Cricket.

Nay, I will not say it, I will sing it.

Thou

*Thou art mine own sweet heart,
 From thee I'll never depart;
 Thou art my Ciperlillie,
 And I thy Trangdidowne-dilly:
 And sing, Hey ding a ding ding,
 And do the tother thing:
 And when 'tis done, not miss
 To give my wench a kiss:
 And then dance, Canst thou not hit it?
 Ho, brave William Cricket!*

How like you this, granam?

Mother Midnight.

Marry, God's benison light o'thy good heart for't: Ha, that I were young again! y'faith, I was an old doer at these love-songs when I was a girl.

Nurse.

Now, by the mary mattens, Peg, thou hast got the merriest wooer in all womanshire.

Peg.

'Faith, I am none of those that love nothing but, *tum, dum, diddle*: If he had not been a merry shaver, I would never have had him.

Will Cricket.

But come, my nimble las,
 Let all these matters pass,
 And in a bouncing bravation,
 Let's talk of our copulation.

What good cheer shall we have to-morrow? — Old grand-fire *Thickskin*, you that sit there as melancholy as a mantle-tree, what will you give us toward this merry meeting?

Gripe.

Marry, because you told me a merry goose case I'll bestow a fat goose on ye: and God give you good luck.

Mother Midnight.

Marry, well said, old master: e'en God give them joy indeed; for, by my vay, they are a good, sweet young couple.

Will

Will Cricket.

Granam, stand out o' the way; for here come gentlefolk
will run o'er you else.

Enter Fortunatus, Sophos, and Lelia.

Nurse.

Master, here comes your son again.

Gripe.

Is *Fortunatus* there? — Welcome, *Fortunatus*;
Where's *Sophos*?

Fortunatus.

Here *Sophos* is, as much o'er-worn with love,
As you with grief for loss of *Lelia*.

Sophos.

And ten times more, if it be possible:
The love of *Lelia* is to me more dear,
Than is a kingdom or the richest crown,
That ere adorn'd the temples of a king.

Gripe.

Then welcome, *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now,
Than any man on earth, to me or mine:
It is not now with me as late it was;
I low'r'd at learning, and at virtue spurn'd:
But now my heart, and mind, and all is turn'd.
Were *Lelia* here, I soon would knit the knot
'Twixt her and thee, that time could ne'er untie,
Till fatal sisters victory had won,
And that your glass of life were quite out-run.

Will Cricket.

'Sounds, I think, he be spurblind: why, *Lelia* stands
hard by him.

Lelia.

And *Lelia* here falls prostrate on her knee,
And craves a pardon for her late offence.

Gripe.

What, *Lelia* my daughter? stand up wench:
Why, now my joy is full;

My

My heart is lighten'd of all sad annoy :
 Now farewell, grief, and welcome home, my joy. —
 Here, *Sophos*, take thy *Lelia's* hand :
 Great God of heav'n your hearts combine,
 In virtue's lore to raise a happy line.

Sophos.

Now *Phaeton* hath check'd his fiery steeds,
 And quench'd his burning beams that late were wont
 To melt my waxen wings when as I soar'd aloft ;
 And lovely *Venus* smiles with fair aspect
 Upon the spring-time of our sacred love. —
 Thou great commander of the circled orbs,
 Grant that this league of lasting amity
 May lie-recorded by eternity.

Lelia.

Then wish'd content knit up our nuptial right ;
 And future joys our former griefs requite.

Will Cricket.

Nay, and you be good at that, I'll tell you what we'll
 do : *Peg* and I must be married to-morrow ; and if you
 will, we'll go all to the church together, and to save fir
John a labour.

All.

Agreed.

Fortunatus.

Then march along, and let's be gone,
 To solemnize two marriages in one. [Exeunt Omnes.]

F I N I S.

THE END OF VOL. III.

WILL BROUGHT

My heart is lightened of all sad annoy:
Now farewell, grief, and welcome home, my joy —
Here, where the lady's hand:
Great God of heaven, your hearts combine,
In virtue's love to raise a happy line.

Now I answer back, his holy deeds,
And quench'd his burning beams that late were wet;
To meet my steady wings, when as I torn'd aloft;
And lovely harmonies with fair notes
Upon the strings of our sacred love —
I then great commander of the choired choir,
Grant that this be the lasting choir:
May his recorded be eternally.



I then with content, my own happy light:
And future joys on my dear heart to light:
I, and you, I'll tell you when we
do: I'll read a rhyme to-morrow; and a
will, well as all to the church together, and to the
of a nation.

Then mark, where, and let's be gone,
To solemnize two marriages in one,
[Lament Omen]

FINIS

The End of Vol. III.